Mar. 1, 1969

THE NEW YORKER

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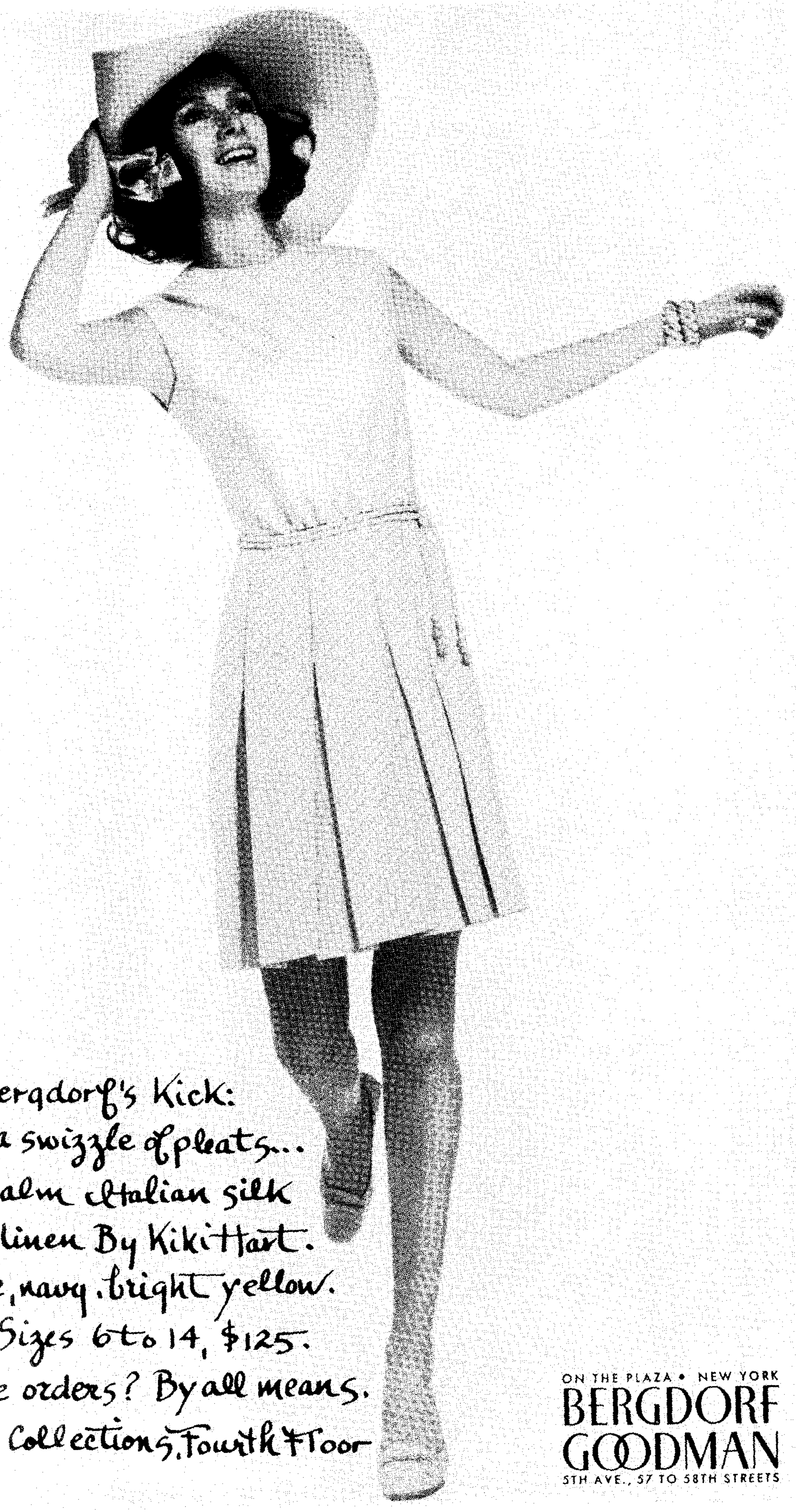

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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PLAYS

Adaptation and **Next**—Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May—that together make the funniest evening imaginable. Gabriel Dell and James Coco are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

APA Repertory Company—The current offering is Shakespeare's **HAMLET.** Previews Friday, Feb. 28, at 8:30; Saturday, March 1, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, March 2, at 7:30. Opens officially on Monday, March 3, at 7:15. Other performances Tuesday, March 4, at 8:30; Wednesday, March 5, at 2 and 8:30; Thursday and Friday, March 6-7, at 8:30; and Saturday, March 8, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

Big Time Buck White—The second half of this play, which originated in Watts and ran for three years in Los Angeles, simulates a meeting of a black-militant organization; the first half is taken up with the extremely comic antics of the leader's lowlife followers. Dick Williams gives a remarkable performance as Buck White, and everyone else is very good, too. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. 989-7736. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Boy on the Straight-Back Chair—A play by Ronald Tavel. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, March 22.)

But, Seriously. . .—A comedy by Julius J. Epstein, with Tom Poston and Bethel Leslie. Directed by John Allen. Opens Thursday, Feb. 27. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

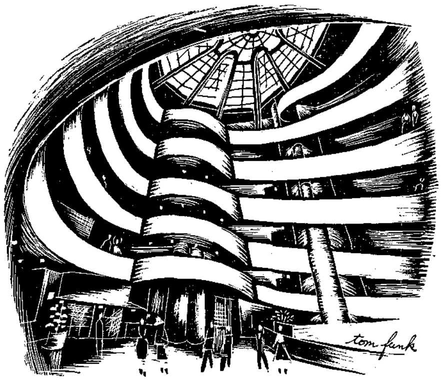
Ceremonies in Dark Old Men—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. The performances, under Edmund Cambridge's direction, are as good as the script, which couldn't be better. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. With Rosalind Cash, William Jay, and Douglas Turner. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 9.)

Cities in Bezique—Two strange one-act plays by the poet Adrienne Kennedy. Compounded of private imagery and Expressionistic action, they are frequently baffling and always fascinating. The fine Negro cast, under Gerald Freedman's direction, includes Moses Gunn and Cynthia Belgrave, as well as a promising newcomer named Joan Harris. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Thursday and Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 9; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 5 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 2.)

A Corner of the Bed—A play by Allen Jack Lewis. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Does a Tiger Wear a Necktie?—Hal Holbrook and David Opatoshu in a play by Don Petersen. The director is Michael A. Schultz. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Forty Carats—A bauble that has been set spinning at just the right speed and that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, and other charmers. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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2	3	4	5	6	7	8

Geese—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Great White Hope—A deafening and bedazzling account, by Howard Sackler, of the life of the great Negro heavyweight Jack Johnson, superbly portrayed by James Earl Jones. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hadrian VII—A melodrama based on the novel by Frederick Rolfe. Alec McCowen is sensationally effective in the title role. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jimmy Shine—Dustin Hoffman does his brave best to make us believe that this non-play by Murray Schisgal is a touching comedy about the ignominy of young manhood; for all his bravery and talent, it is not enough. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40.)

Little Murders—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago by devising exactly the right comic style for its performance and finding the right actor for every part. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—Robert Shaw has taken the Eichmann case out of history and into melodrama, and it makes for an exciting if preposterous couple of hours. Donald Pleasence acts his tireless head off in the only part that matters. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

National Theatre of the Deaf—A two-week engagement by a company of twelve actors and two narrators in a repertory of plays and dramatized poetry. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 8.)

Open 24 Hours—A pair of dismal one-acters. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Thursday and Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 2.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen has written a play for himself to star in. Mr. Allen is funnier than his play, and has wisely taken care to surround himself with pretty girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Heinar Kipphardt's **IN THE MATTER OF J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER,** translated by Ruth Speirs and with Joseph Wiseman in the title role, will be the third production in this season's series of four plays. Previews through Wednesday, March 5. Opens officially on Thursday, March 6, at 7, and will run through Saturday, April 19. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Tango—A Polish play, by Slawomir Mrozek, which deals with such abstract matters as art, liberty, coercion, and totalitarianism in the form of a tragi-farce about a young aristocrat who tries to snap his disorderly, bohemian family into line. The play is interesting, but it is badly served by a dim production. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tea Party and **The Basement**—The components of these fascinating one-act entries by Harold Pinter are, as should be expected, threat, suspicion, mischief, and wildly original comedy. (Eastside Playhouse, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

To Be Young, Gifted and Black—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:30, and Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 2.)

The Wrong Way Light Bulb—Leonard Spigelgass's autobiographical play, with James Patterson and Claudia McNeil. Stephen Porter directed. Previews through Monday, March 3. Opens officially on Tuesday, March 4. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly,

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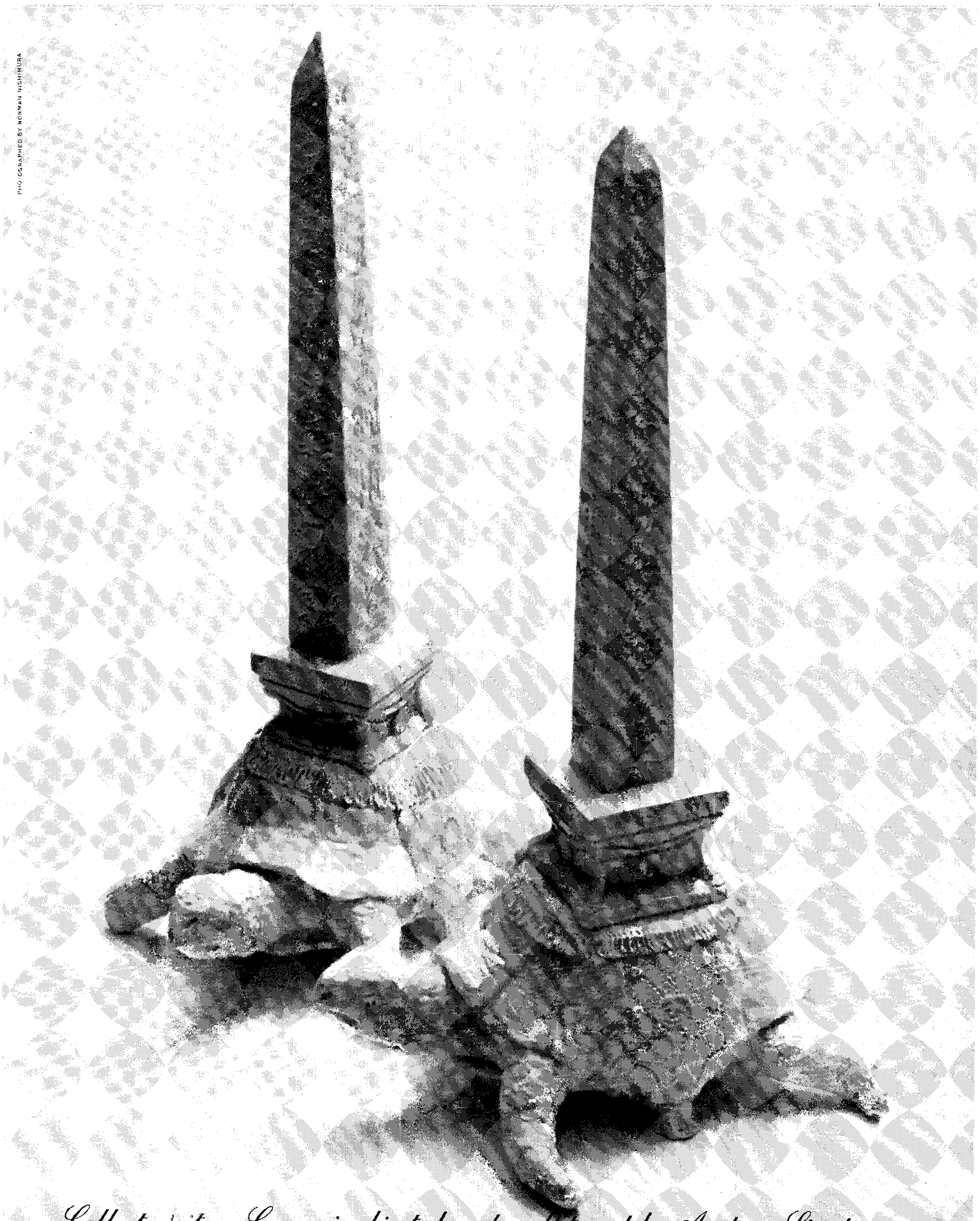

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

ZELDA—Ed Begley and Lilia Skala in a comedy by Sylvia Regan. Directed by Delbert Mann. Previews through Tuesday, March 4. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 5. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—THE BOYS IN THE BAND: A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Barbara Baxley (substituting for Maureen Stapleton for several months) and E. G. Marshall are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **SCUBA DUBA:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

CANTERBURY TALES—In which poor Chaucer and Merrie England take a terrible drubbing. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

CELEBRATION—Young love and old age as Cro-Magnon man might have known them, and as we do, too, at least in musicals. The authors, Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, also invented "The Fantasticks," and if you liked that little show you'll like this big one. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

DAMES AT SEA—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, with a suitable score by Jim Wise, suitable book and lyrics by George Haimsohn and Robin Miller, and a delightful performance by Bernadette Peters, as a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. Neal Kenyon, who was both director and choreographer, has hit just the right note of foolishness in his bits of stage business and in his elaborate production numbers. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DEAR WORLD—A musical version of "The Madwoman of Chaillot," worth seeing for the sake of Angela Lansbury and her pink boa. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

PEACE—Aristophanes' funny satire on war, brought up to date and turned into a musical, with songs by Al Carmines and words by Tim Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds' words are good enough, but it is Mr. Carmines' score, along with his dynamic presence at the piano, that makes the show the delight it is. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PROMISES, PROMISES—A musical as nearly perfect as no matter, starring Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The amusing book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

RED, WHITE, AND MADDOX—A musical satire that makes broad, merciless, schoolboy fun of the bizarre Governor of Georgia. Jay Garner plays Maddox as a squeaky-voiced, gibbering Strangelove, and it is possible that this is to make Maddox less dangerous than he is. (Cort, 48th St., E. 245-4289. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

ZORBA—A passionate old Greek is to be seen playing God under stormy Mediterranean skies. With Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova and a large, swarthy cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS: A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) ... **CABARET:** How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** He added in a preacher's tone: For this, O dearly beloved, is the genuine Christine: body and soul and blood and ouns. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Harry Goz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **GEORGE M!:** Joel Grey in a musical about the disgruntled Broadway genius, George M. Cohan. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **HAIR:** A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. Thelma Carpenter fills in for Miss Bailey on Wednesday afternoons. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Jane Morgan is now Auntie. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Robert Wright plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. David Holliday substitutes for Mr. Wright at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET—Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8:30: "Konservatoriet," "The Lesson," and "Astarte."... ¶ Friday, Feb. 28, at 8:30: "Konservatoriet," "Opus 65," "Secret Places," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 2:30: "Cello Concerto," "Sea Shadow," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 8:30: "Konservatoriet," "The Lesson," and "Astarte."... ¶ Sunday, March 2, at 2:30: "Cello Concerto," "Sea Shadow," "Pas de Trois," and "Façade."... ¶ Sunday, March 2, at 8: "Pas des Déesses," "Nightwings," "Fanfarita," and "A Light Fantastic."... ¶ Tuesday, March 4, at 8:30: "Konservatoriet," "The Lesson," and "Astarte."... ¶ Wednesday, March 5, at 8:30: "A Light Fantastic," an unnamed ballet (première), and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Thursday, March 6, at 8:30: "Gamelan;" the new, unnamed ballet; and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Friday, March 7, at 8:30: "Gamelan," "Nightwings," and "Astarte."... ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 2:30: "Pas de Dix," "Secret Places," "Pas de Trois," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Pas des Déesses," and "Astarte." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, March 23.)

AL MINNS AND LEON JAMES—Jazz dancers. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, March 1, at 2:30.)

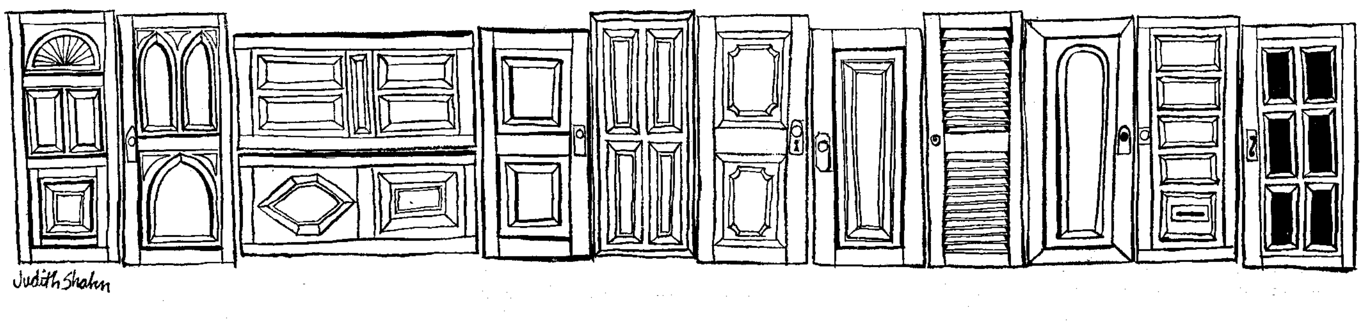
JEAN ERDMAN THEATRE OF DANCE—Appearing for a single performance. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Fourth Ave. at 8th St. Friday, March 7, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

MISCELLANY

AN EVENING WITH MAX MORATH—A one-man show to raise the spirits. Mr. Morath, at the piano and on his feet, reintroduces us to some of the foolish popular songs that prevailed at the turn of this century, and to the intrusion of cheeky, wonderful ragtime. His words may sag a bit occasionally, but his music is always stylish, bracing, and merry. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

PRODUCTIONS D'AUJOURD'HUI—Racine's "Phèdre," performed in French by this company from Paris. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8:30; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 28-March 1, at 4 and 8:30; and Sunday, March 2, at 4.)

BLUE HILL TROUPE—Presenting selections from Gilbert and Sullivan. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Sunday, March 2, at 2:30. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, must be obtained at



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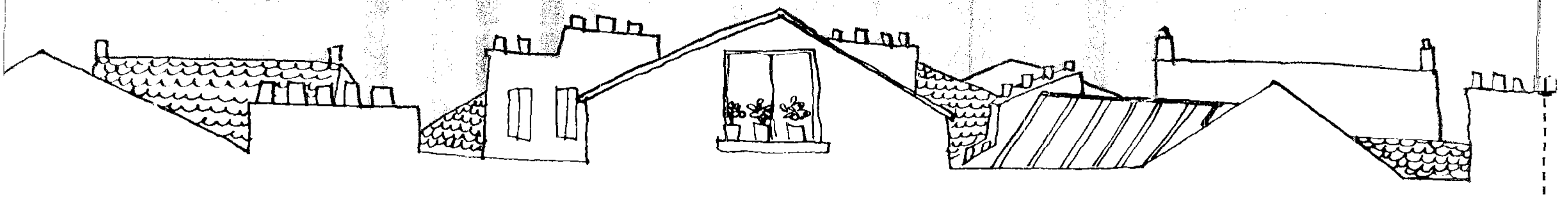

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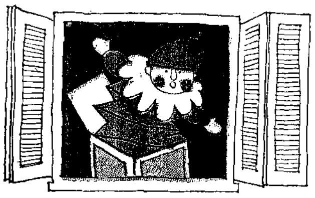
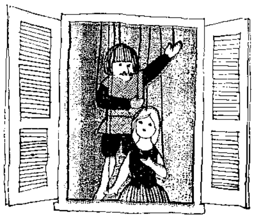


Magasins de jouets

Superb continental toys can be seen and bought at: Le Chaperon Bleu 14-bis, ave. Hoche; Farandole 48, ave. Victor-Hugo; Au Nain Bleu 406-410, rue St.-Honoré, Paris' oldest toy store with celebrity customers from all over the world and a stock to fit; Baby Train 9, rue du Petit-Pont, fantastic miniature train store, the bulk of whose customers, needless to say, are adults.

les Baby-sitters

You can find suitable baby-sitters through these organizations: L'Association des Etudiants en Médecine ODEon 25-44; Comité des Oeuvres des Etudiants ODEon 06-70; Azur Baby-Sitter 265-69-26. In addition, For Children Only offers half-day and full-day chaperoned excursions for young people through Taylor Travel Service ANJou 68-31. The number to call for help concerning children arriving in Paris alone is 225-91-88.

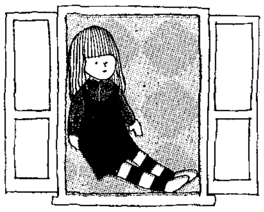


Marionnettes

The famous Guignol shows are performed during the summer months once or twice every afternoon in the Tuileries, Luxembourg and Champs-Elysées Gardens (the last being the oldest puppet show in Paris). In the winter months: André Blin Marionnettes 2, rue Emile Boutroux (Thursdays only); and Claude & Daniel Brazilier 76, rue Mouffetard.

Vêtements

The children's wear departments of the large department stores are a good place to find reasonably-priced clothes—the kind Parisian children wear. In addition, the following shops offer the fancier type of things you'd expect to find in Paris: Bellina 7, Fbg. St.-Honoré, top luxury togs; Celine 3, ave. Victor-Hugo, shoes for boys and girls; La Châtelaine 170, ave. Victor-Hugo, the kind of clothes visiting royalty buys to bring home; Jones 39, ave. Victor-Hugo, extraordinary collection of clothes for boys and girls from infancy to 18; Baby Dior 28, ave. Montaigne, the name says everything.

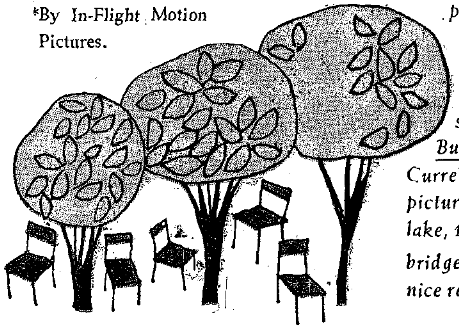


Curiosités

Excursions to the following will delight almost any child: Dog Market 106, rue Brancion, Sundays, 2-4 PM; Donkey and Mule Market, same place, Mon. Wed. Fri. mornings; Miniature Trains 6, cité du Midi, 3 & 8 PM (except Wed.), children can drive miniature trains; Musée Grevin 10, blvd. Montmartre, 2-7 PM daily, fantastic and historical waxworks tableaux; Open-Air Stamp Market corner, aves. Garbriel & Marigny, Thurs. Sat. Sun.; Paris Metro, the illuminated mechanical map is a must—you press a button for your destination and the route lights up; Eiffel Tower, a trip up, up, up, is even more fun for children than for adults. You can arrange to have the Eiffel Tower flood-lit just for the kids at a time of your choice; all you need is two days' notice to the Cabinet du Préfet de la Seine, and $55.00 an hour; Seine Boat Rides, from Alma (right bank) and Jena (left bank) Bridges, boat tours leave almost every half-hour from 10:30 AM to 5 PM.

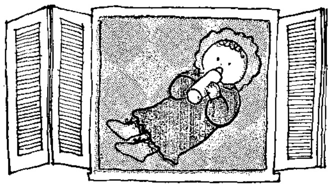
Parcs

There's a real amusement park with rides, funny mirrors, a miniature train, and a miniature motor-racing track at the Jardin d'Acclimatation (zoo to you). The zoo part has lions, bears, etc. Open from 9 AM to nightfall. Also here, a bowling alley open until 2 AM. Plus a miniature golf-course 57 rue Cuvier. Other parks with special-interest events include: Jardin des Plantes, with a winter-garden, live animals, reptiles, aquarium, stuffed animals, paleontology, etc.; Buttes Chaumont, Place Armand Currell at Belleville, is the most picturesque park in Paris—small lake, 100 ft. waterfall, a suspension bridge, puppet theater, swings, nice restaurant.



Théâtres

For the very young (for whom language is not yet a problem): Théâtre des Enfants Modèles, Salle-Chopin-Pleyel 252, Fbg. St.-Honoré, 3 PM; Théâtre des Enfants, Théâtre de la Porte Saint-Martin, 3 PM; Théâtre le Kaléidoscope 5, rue Frédérique-Sauton, 2:30 and 4:45 PM.

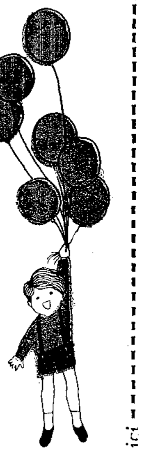


les Snacks

The best ice-cream in Paris? Try Berthillon 31, rue St. Louis-en l'Ile. When the kids must have a hamburger or milkshake, Le Drugstore 133, Champs-Elysées, and the Pam-Pam and Wimpy luncheonettes.

Vocabulaire

yes: oui
toilet: lavabo
I am hungry: j'ai faim
I am thirsty: j'ai soif
ice-cream: la glace
please: s'il vous plaît



Numéros de téléphone

To get you and the kids to Paris, call your travel agent or Air France:

New York, 759-9000
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the information desk after 1:30 on the day of the concert.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—A good name for a place where the benches have been shoved close together and the strongest drink is jasmine tea. Through Sunday, March 2, pop singer Dion will share the bill with folk singers Bunky and Jake. On Wednesday, March 5, folk singer Don Crawford and a pair of comic singers called the Times Square Two will take over. Things begin at nine-thirty. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—A congenial downstairs coffeehouse whose acoustics are about what you'd expect in a long, narrow cellar. Tim Hardin, a young man with an ingrained feeling for an honest song, sings through Sunday, March 2. On that day, at four and at nine, there will also be performances by a jazz group led by James Stevenson. On Tuesday, March 4, singer-guitarist Danny Kalb, formerly of the Blues Project, will arrive. Shows at eight and eleven-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Sweaters and open collars will get you in the door. It's a casual corner, with a brief Italian menu and room for dancing. Anita O'Day sings, and the Roy Eldridge-Richie Kamuca quintet—which consists of these two musicians plus Roland Hanna's trio—plays. Between sets, somebody usually operates the jazz-filled jukebox. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, Freddy Moore, and Marshall Brown play Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—plinks and plunks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play winningly from nine until three or four each night.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A frabjous sort of place in a somewhat frumious neighborhood. A long wooden bar, some tables, and music by the Lee Morgan quintet, beginning at about nine. On Tuesday, March 4, the Stanley Turrentine quintet, with Blue Mitchell on trumpet, will move in. Some early performances, before the regular sessions: Saturday, March 1, from five to nine, the Benny Powell quintet; Sunday, March 2, from five to nine, the Sonny Brown octet. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, the Junior Mance trio takes the stand at about ten. On Tuesday, March 4, the Gary Burton quartet will replace the J.M. three. Grilled dinners are available. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, Feb. 28-March 1, the Jerry Butler quartet takes turns with blues singer Esther Marrow. Friday and Saturday, March 7-8, the Herbie Mann septet will alternate with Dizzy Gillespie's quintet. Mondays, from eight-thirty, are devoted to various soul and rock musicians.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—It's in the basement. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 27-March 1, and Thursday through Saturday, March 6-8: the Freddie Hubbard quintet and singer Novella Nelson, with starting time at about nine-thirty. Mondays are turned over to the large, loud Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Closed Sundays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking in an unlikely, deserted part of town. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—The banjo bag again. On weekends, people line up on the sidewalk, waiting to get in. Once they *get* in, they find a moose head on the wall. The banjos twang from nine until closing every night. From four-thirty to nine on Sundays, a Dixieland band performs.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Looking-glass people favor this glib, sleekly run palace of pop-chic. It has waiters with spangly neck chains, a small dance floor, and loud recorded rock that alternates with the loud sounds of live groups. Dancing from nine until three or four. Some dining. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. Some of the records are oblique (one wouldn't be surprised to hear Joan Sutherland singing "Eleanor Rigby"), and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to discs from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—The Circus will be open Friday and Saturday, Feb. 28-March 1, with Sirocco making some live sounds. Then it will close until renovations are completed, with reopening scheduled for Friday, March 28.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, but the mood is closer to that of Cambridge, Mass. Neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—A suave sort of spot existing from ten until three or four in what by day is a restaurant called the Penthouse Club and by night—thanks to some revolving lights, some strong records, and an ambience of reverberating luxe—becomes a discothèque. Snacks are served. The view of the Park is fine.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and golden leaves (golden leaves?) are supposed to make you think you're in merry old Egypt. The records—which are mostly juke but may include some Victrola—are played by a disc jockey who interlards them with, uh . . . hip comments. He is interrupted from time to time by some people known as Ruby and the Romantics, who do some singing. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. You might not think you're in some Ruritanian village, but then again, after gazing at the phony trees a while, you might. Dancing to records from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—If you're looking for a place to dance to some now-type records, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, this might be it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the live sounds of the Pumpkins. On Tuesday, March 4, the

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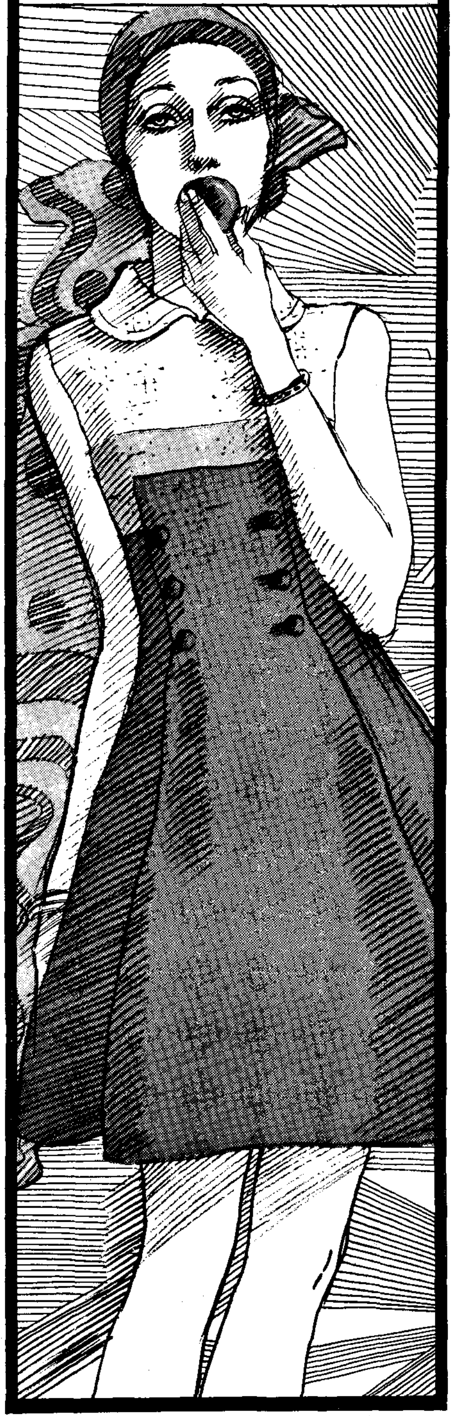

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Pumpkins depart, and the Detroit Wheels arrive. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—you'll find white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations—for whatever they're worth—are needed.) *Everything is all right.*

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Prime time: that's the mood of the Café Pierre, where there's music every night—Phil Wayne's band Monday and Tuesday, Stanley Worth's band the other nights—that goes on until well past the theatre. The interludes between the Worth sessions are occupied by Ellen Harwicke's commendable piano and voice. . . . **El Morocco**, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): They shall not pass this way again, those Knights of the Round Table, but the halls in which they jousted and jested have been converted into museum pieces. Music all the time, some of it taken from life (Lester Lanin's smoothies) and some of it taken from a wall plug. Closed Sundays. . . . **Delmonico's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Good-behavior medals can be handed out to practically all participants in the dinner-and-supper *dansant* (Ernie Warren's band is *régisseur*) that goes its leisured way from eight until one or two in the restaurant. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . . **The Riverboat**, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): Very, very public-domain. The main event of the evening, rising crystal-pure above the hurly and the burly, is the band assembled by Bobby Hackett, whose horn is 99 and 44/100ths per cent pure silver. Maxine Sullivan, still the lightsome summer breeze, keeps her arias in tune with it. Urbie Green's band, not at all a bad secondary platoon, sets to at six-thirty, and the Hacketts join in two hours later. No music Sunday nights. . . . **Roseland Dance City**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Functional City is just as good a name for this portion of *soi-disant* Fun City. But the floor is ample, and so is the music—Argueso's Latin bandsmen and a pair of Up North orchestras. No—absolutely no—sock-and-roll. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty and Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—There is no taming of the shrew when Joan Rivers takes the stand, which she does at ten during the week, and nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. She bears repeating, which happens later each evening, for she's a firm, facile, and funny girl. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Hercules would never clean out this Aegean stable. The denizens are all within easy reach of the Aegean—Israelis, Greeks, and Armenians, blending voices and instruments. The joker is the namesake, Avram Grobard; among the principal musicians is the oudist George Mgrdichian. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Dancing, both domestic and imported. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Free Fall" is the name of the game—the fun-and-games revue that is having its trial runs across the minute stage. Nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Caterina Valente, the little Roman empress who has been using the Royal Box as her dinner and supper Forum, sings her last ditty on Saturday, March 1. The establishment reopens on Tuesday, March 4, to admit Buddy Greco, who can extract nourishment out of almost any pop tune, and George Carlin, a humorist who has his moments. Lee Evans' orchestra, which sounds the way all dance bands should sound, will return to action the same night.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness are the desiderata of the fado songs intoned calmly and collectedly by Amalia Rodrigues, who doesn't get over from Lisbon anywhere near often enough. She is preceded by a *motley* but merry crew of flamencan foot-and-mouth *flâneurs*. The dance music, an art in itself, inclines to idiomatic Latin, even for the customers. Seven days a week. . . . ¶ In the Flamenco Room, the smallest of all colosseums, flamencan voice and flamencan guitar bewail the difficulties of winding up the affairs of the heart. Both repositories are in service every single night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The course in music appreciation is currently given by Tony Bennett, who is *vox populi*, yes, but also *vox humana*, a jolly good fellow, and a shrewd judge of musicianship, which is plentifully supplied for him by the boys in the mighty Basie band. No dark nights, ever. . . . ¶ The ground-floor bar is not only tropical but typical of what might be termed Las Vegaries of night life on the Nevada desert. Music to suit, and no nights off.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—No skating in the urban winter palace called the Persian Room, but everything else—warmth, wine, and song (John Gary, at dinner and supper), not to mention dance (the band run by Burt Farber, plus Mark Monte's serenaders). Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **Plaza 9—and All That Jazz**, the Newport Jazz All-Stars (that is to say, Red Norvo, George Wein, Barney Kessell, Ruby Braff, Don Lamond, and Larry Ridley) end their eloquent plea for free enterprise in American music on Sunday, March 2. On Tuesday, March 4, the four-hand-drive Oscar Peterson brings in his threesome. Mousie Alexander's dance crew stays on. Dinner (and music) at eight; the music plays on and on, but there is no supper. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ O Hotel Splendide, wherever you are, your counterpart in the Western World is the Palm Court. Piano and violin (Sandu Marcu) commune blissfully from four-thirty until six-thirty for crumpets and tea, and violin (nearly always Gunnar Hansen's worldly, Old Worldly one) takes flights of fancy from eight until one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ The Marcu flotilla operates in the Edwardian Room from seven until nine, though not on Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Nothing could be more on the up and up than the sixty-fifth floor, and this applies as well to the local ambience, of which there is a lot. During dinner and supper, Carmen McRae, voice of experience, demonstrates that self-possession is nine-tenths of the law governing the songs of the people. Joe Cabot's foursome acts as dance master. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, that generous matriarch, is lending a hand to beginning young ladies, such as (right now) Daniele Dorice, a Canadian swallow, and (as of Monday, March 3) Jana Mason, an American swallow. Since two swallows, however sweet, cannot make a winter, the management has added grandiose décor and the energetic bands of Quintero and George Cort. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, across the way, leads a more sylvan life—merely the collaboration of Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti, who have been making dining fiddle-and-piano since the beginning of time—3/4 time, anyway. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, the sounds of rock and of—well, rock candy are neatly interwoven by the Re Vells, and there is standard-gauge dance music, too. During dinner and supper, there are tenor detonations by Robert Goulet, man-about-town, man-about-musical-comedy. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, a catch-as-catch-can trio does marching music throughout dinner and supper, from Tuesday to Saturday every week, and ahead of that, beginning at four in the afternoon, there is piano a cappella, except Saturdays and Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Double, but never double-or-nothing, piano

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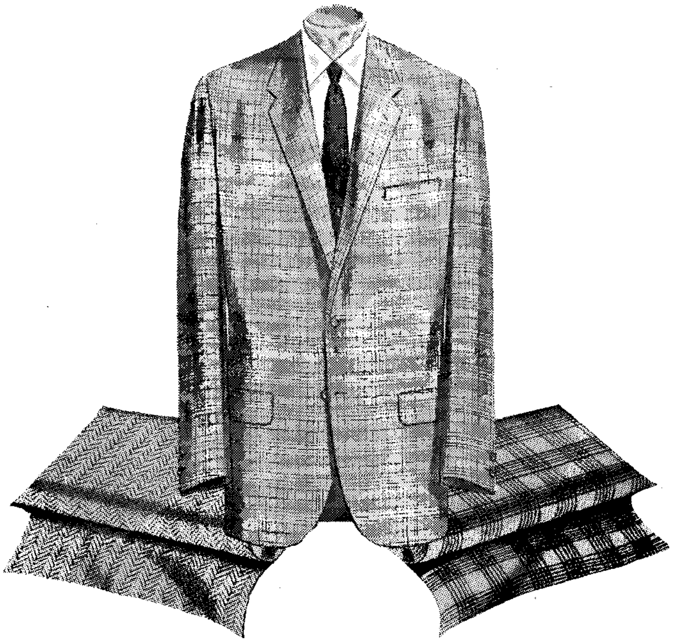
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Louis Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders) takes root around eight, and not long afterward the transient guests begin to mingle on the clubhouse lawn with the permanents. Fraternal freewheeling from then until early morn. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Coëducational junior college, specializing in the social graces. Chuck Wayne's triad, which underlies the conversation, is happy, go-go, and lucky. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Where the luxuries of life go hand in hand with the necessities, among which must be included Blossom Dearie—songs of the moment and songs of blessed memory, done to a turn with a lacing of exotic herbs. She withdraws on Saturday, March 1; on Monday, March 3, Bobby Short will be back at his piano and his carols about the gloriously misspent way of life. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Second Avenue, that raunchy simulacrum of the Barbary Coast, is rarely a source of valid troubadours, but in this particular piano bar Charles De Forest does *Nacht* words and *Musik* meant for those of us who do not believe in stoics. He stays home Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): As the zimbalons and such slowly go mad before one's very eyes, a replica of Old Budapest begins to take shape. Béla Babai is the inexhaustible leader of the band; Tibor Rakossy is chevalier and tenor. The attendant sopranos can be flighty, but that's Hungarian music for you. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The premises are august indeed, but the mood is full-fledged February in midtown. Beginning with cocktails and ending with after-the-theatre supper, the piano is in the hands of Dick Hankinson, who is on duty every evening but Sunday. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Which is not at all like nighttime in Morpheus Arms. Here, at least from Tuesday through Saturday every week, we can brush up on our cruise-ship Calypso vocabulary at the hands and guitar of an itinerant minstrel or two, who commence at eight or nine and float about until one or two. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): A sort of family affair, for which Rita Dimitri, a soubrette of music-hall tradition, acts as compeer and (at nine-thirty during the week and nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays) as *diseuse*. Modest and leisurely dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): Nearer in mien and menu to London Bridge than it is to the Queensboro, but Lynn Richards, whose fingers and voice are at the piano between nine and two (except on Sundays and Mondays), qualifies as All-American girl. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The minimum speed is 78 r.p.m., the pace at which the staff whiles away its working hours with swatches of any Italian opera that happens to be lying around. Closed Mondays. . . . **PIER 52,** 144 W. 52nd St. (245-6652): A captain's-table operation, neatly done and ornamented. In the bar, which is ditto ditto, George Taylor, seated halfway up the mainmast, addresses his songs and piano to the deck passengers from nine until two, except Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty at all about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern coöp. The piano (almost always by that old romanticist Herman Arminski) is proffered every night but Sunday, and the fiddle (two hearts that beat as one) is done by Norbert Faconi, the in-perpetuity gallant. Sundays and Mondays, Mr. F. is a private flier, though. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A pomp-and-circumstance sector of an eternal city where itinerant musicians take the place of chatter. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The signa-



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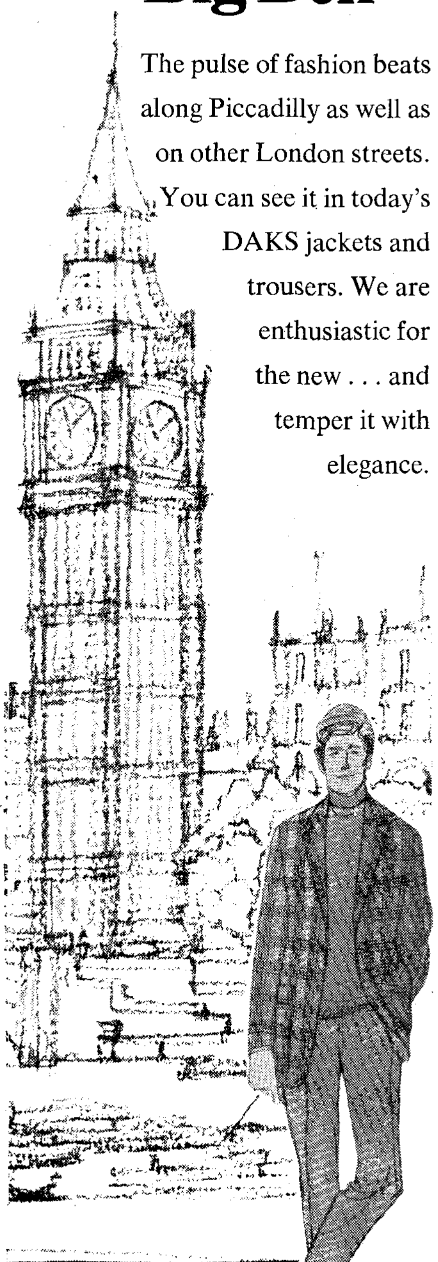

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ture of the artist who did this town house over Mediterranean style must surely be S.P.Q.R. There is piano from six to midnight in the bar, except on Sundays. . . . **FOUR SEASONS**, 99 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-4300): The glittery Park Avenue showroom now puts out supper, too, from ten to one, while Jimmy Lyons, who at times has been the piano background for Mabel Mercer (what better recommendation?), does his solo flights of fancy. No music Saturdays or Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A decorators' fantasy that goes well enough with the guitar, all Iberian in content, of Rogelio Reguera, who just about amounts to being a classicist. He sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): This is the closed circuit along which, table by table, Herman Honigsberg and his serenading violin make their benevolent way, followed by a train of acolyte musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The decorous old period piece is the realm of George Feyer, whose lapis-lazuli piano is in service from eight-thirty until one-thirty, though not on Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): Up, up one flight to perhaps a Mystic Isle, a villa on the Bosporus—who can tell? In one room of the suite, a piano muses from six until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): A welcome wide-open space for us cramped citizens of New York is the Casino-on-the-Park. Seated at quite a grand piano, Bob Kail does his constructive work between six-thirty and one, but he vacations Sundays and Mondays. . . . **POLO BAR**, in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The circumspect old homestead. Over by the bar itself sits Joe Miles, who executes mannerly études from nine-thirty until one. His time-outs are Sunday and Monday. . . . **UMBERTO**, 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): The architecture is modern *ristorante* rather than Restoration, but the sound is the age-old one of strolling minstrel, tenor and guitar at the ready, who patrols from seven until midnight. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

RAIMUND ABRAHAM—An aural and visual experiment with sensations of space; through Thursday, March 6. (Architectural League of New York, 41 E. 65th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

PETER AGOSTINI—Figurative drawings and a number of terra-cotta sketches; through March 15. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEO AMINO—Structures in colored plastic, some hung from the ceiling; through March 14. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE AULT (1891-1948)—Thirty watercolors of Bermuda, Provincetown, and New Jersey; through Saturday, March 8. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN—Wooden boxes and reliefs containing allusive objects; through Saturday, March 8. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM BUCK—Naïve watercolors of the slave trade on the coast of West Africa by a nineteenth-century sea captain; through March 11. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

DORIS CAESAR—Bronzes of the female nude; through March 29. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

MARTIN CANIN—Optical paintings; through March 13. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

FANGOR—"Color" paintings by a Polish artist who now lives in the United States; through March 9. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

JARED FRENCH—A twenty-five-year retrospective showing the development of this American symbolist figure painter; through Saturday, March 8. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

WOLF KAHN—Indistinct grayish landscapes in oil and pastel; through Friday, Feb. 28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

HOWARD KANOVITZ—Tableaux of life-size cutouts representing figures of the New York art world; through March 22. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CRAIG KAUFFMAN—Vacuum-molded Plexiglas wall reliefs; through March 15. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

KONRAD KLAPHECK—Neat paintings of machines and parts of machines, with rather obvious symbolic titles, by a young German artist; through Saturday, March 1. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

JOHN KOCH—Figures in interiors and still-lifes; through Saturday, March 8. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN—Color paintings in triangular form; through Saturday, March 8. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MORRIS LOUIS (1913-62)—Ten paintings, very much alike in format, done in 1958; through March 13. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RÓMULO MACCIÓ—Expressionist versions of the figure by an Argentine painter; through March 9. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

RONALD MALLORY—Transparent constructions containing globules of mercury activated by the spectator; through Saturday, March 8. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALFRED H. MAURER (1868-1932)—An exhibition of paintings by this American vanguardist of the first part of the twentieth century; through Saturday, March 8. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

JAMES MCGARRELL—Figure paintings with repeated images of the artist; through Saturday, March 1. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

MALCOLM MORLEY—Photo-realist treatment of human subjects; through Thursday, March 6. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAL PAULEY—Sculptures composed of electric light moving through translucent plastic; through Saturday, March 8. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

ADAM PEIPERL—Moving light sculptures consisting of water-filled bowls in which plastic elements circulate and change color; through March 12. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PICASSO—Paintings and drawings, 1967-68; through March 15. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

REGINALD POLLACK—Figurative paintings; through Saturday, March 8. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD HENRY POTTHAST—Landscapes, figures, and beach scenes by an American Impressionist; through Friday, Feb. 28. (Chapellier, 22 E. 80th St.)

LARRY RIVERS—Collages to accompany poems by Kenneth Koch; through Saturday, March 1. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

JASON SCHOENER—Semi-abstract landscapes of Greece, California, and Maine; through Saturday, March 1. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

BEN SHAHN—Drawings and lithographs; through Saturday, March 1. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

NEAL SMALL—About twenty Plexiglas boxes in which light is reflected by forms inside; through Wednesday, March 5. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

HYDE SOLOMON—Abstract seascapes in high-keyed hues; through March 13. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

TAKIS—Works, some created at M.I.T., featuring effects of electromagnetism through motions, signals, and suspensions; through Saturday, March 1. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

BOB THOMPSON—A retrospective of paintings by this black American who worked in Europe until his death three years ago at the age of

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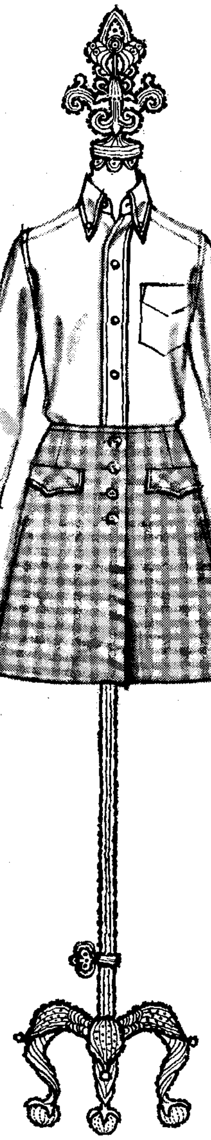

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

twenty-nine; through March 11. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

PAT TRIVIGNO—Patterned abstractions by a New Orleans artist; through March 15. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA**, 63 E. 57th St.: Drawings, pastels, and watercolors by more than fifty artists, most of them eminent; through Saturday, March 8. . . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Drawings and watercolors by twentieth-century artists, among them Matta, de Chirico, Dubuffet, and Matisse; through Friday, Feb. 28. . . . **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by Kuwayama, Budd, and Wofford; through Saturday, March 8. (Closed Mondays.). . . **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: An exhibition of Mexican folk art—papier-mâché figures, wooden carvings, pottery, toys, costumes, and ceremonial and festival objects—collected in villages remote from big cities; through Saturday, March 8. . . . **LEVER HOUSE**, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St.: The twenty-ninth annual exhibition of leisure-time art by art directors of commercial agencies; through March 9. (Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.). . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Watercolors and drawings by Kirchner, Nolde, Schmidt-Rottluff, Klimt, and other German Expressionists; through March 11. (Closed Mondays.). . . **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Drawings and constructions by six members of the Chicago "Hairy Who" group, who work in the comic-strip mode; through March 14. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Harlem on My Mind," the show that is causing all the noise. Photographs, slides, captions, voices, sound, and music, going back sixty years, from which Harlem emerges as the capital of urban black culture in the United States; through April 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Drawings, pastels, collages, and sculptures by Julio González, a pioneer in welded-iron sculpture; through March 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred and twenty-five European and American works from the collection of Peggy Guggenheim, the celebrated patron of twentieth-century artists; through March 23. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Forty-six paintings by Helen Frankenthaler, a "second-generation" Abstract Expressionist; through April 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and twelve items of American printmaking from 1670 to 1821; through March 23. . . . ¶ A hundred prints and drawings collected by the Museum during the past thirty years, including examples ranging from Dürer and Rembrandt through Matisse, Miró, and Albers; through April 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Photographs and engravings that focus on the endeavors in research, exhibition, and education made by the Museum in its hundred-year history. Contents of the recently located cornerstone are also unveiled. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Sculptures, watercolors, and drawings by William Zorach (1887-1966); starting Saturday, March 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and porcelains created from 1279 to 1368 A.D., when China was ruled by the Mongols; through Sunday, March 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—Medieval art, from the fifth century to the first quarter of the sixteenth, lent by private American collectors and made up of two hundred and twenty illuminated manuscripts, paintings and drawings, sculptures, ivories, metalwork, goldsmiths' work, enamels, stained glass, and embroideries and tapestries; through March 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Tuesdays, admission is $1.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Drawings by artists who were active in Naples during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries; through April 12. . . . ¶ Art from the collection of Jacques Kaplan, a fur stylist who is a familiar figure in the contemporary art world; through March 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—A comprehensive exhibition of the works and life of Grandma Moses (1860-1961), America's most popular "primitive;" through March 30. . . . ¶ Paintings by thirty-seven American artists, among them Ryder, Sargent, Homer, Hartley, Hopper, the Soyers, and Shahn; through March 16. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Eighty works by European contemporaries, including Bacon, Bury, Fahlström, Kitaj, Magritte, Matta, Soulages, Tàpies, and Vasarely; through March 16. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—Drawings by Al Hirschfeld, a draftsman well known for his theatre caricatures in the *Times;* through April 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—An auspicious loan of a hundred and thirty-eight drawings (Italian, Flemish and Dutch, French, and Swedish) from the Nationalmuseum of Sweden; through Saturday, March 1. . . . ¶ "The Poet's Hand," a display of autograph manuscripts (1440-1940) by English and American poets; through March 15. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Religious objects of New Guinea, including carved figures, masks, shields, ornaments, and musical instruments; through May 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Diverse items from the Museum's collection: costumes, paintings and prints, photographs, toys, and theatre memorabilia (the most memorable being Gypsy Rose Lee's garter belt and sets of false teeth [Mr. Hyde's] once used by Fredric March); through Sunday, March 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Eighty watercolors by American Indians, craft objects (such as kachinas, pottery, and blankets), and seventy-five photographs of Navajo life; through June 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

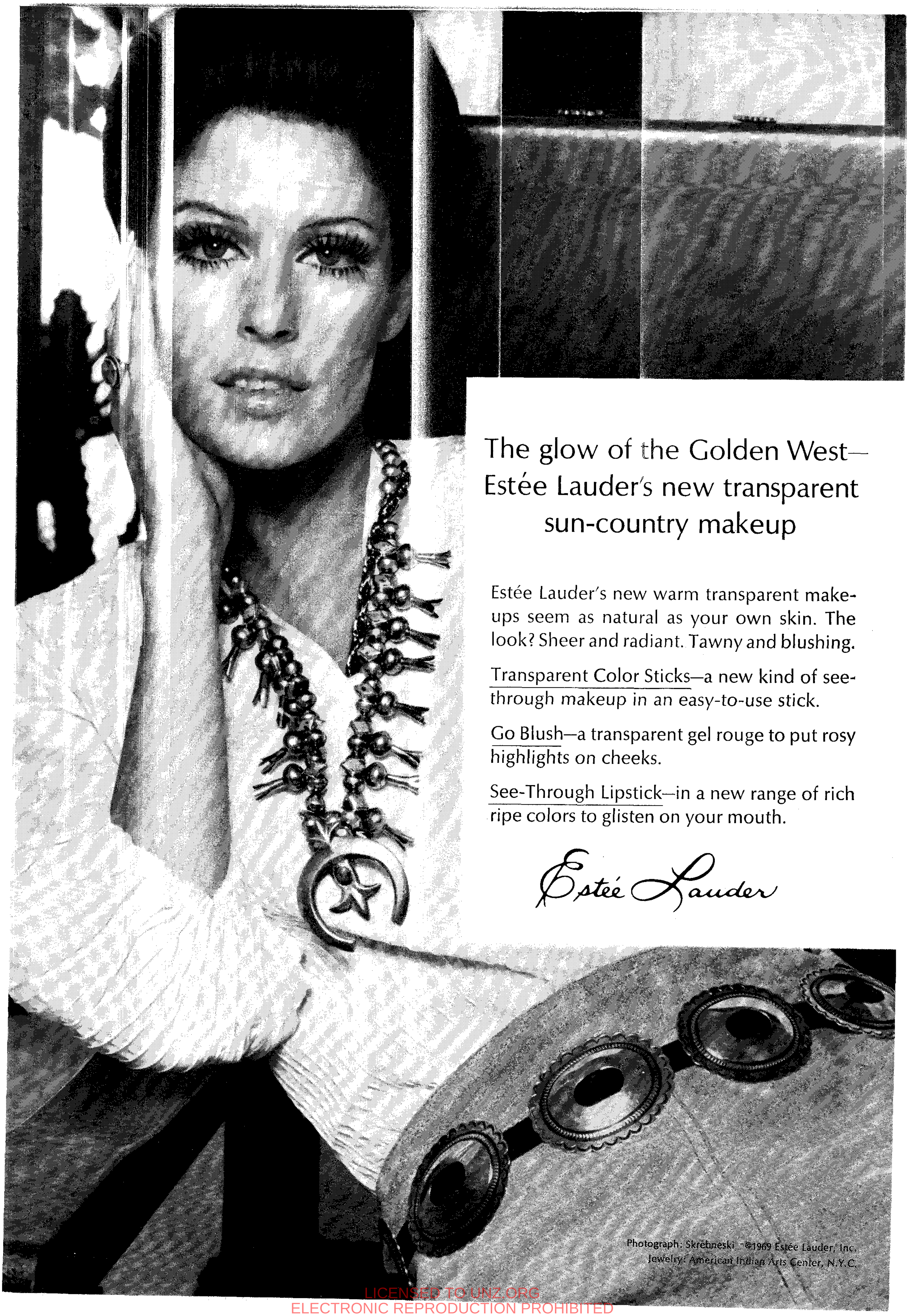
STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Contemporary paintings and sculptures by approximately thirty self-taught black artists of Haiti, accompanied by tapes of the country's music and language, slide projections of the land and the people, and objects and designs related to the voodoo religion; through March 30. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Christa Ludwig, Judith Raskin, Evelyn Lear, Rosalind Elias, Walter Berry, Flaviano Labò, and Rudolf Knoll. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 28, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Anna Moffo, Nicolai Gedda, Renato Bruson, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 1: "Die Walküre," with Birgit Nilsson, Régine Crespin, Josephine Veasey, Jon Vickers, Thomas



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Stewart, and Martti Talvela. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 8: "Tosca," with Leonie Rysanek, Sándor Kónya, Gabriel Bacquier, and Paul Plishka. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Monday, March 3, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Roberta Peters, Nicolai Gedda, Renato Bruson, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 4, at 8: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Christa Ludwig, Irene Dalis, James King, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 5, at 8: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Martina Arroyo, Placido Domingo, Theodor Uppman, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Thursday, March 6, at 8: A new production of Verdi's "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Grace Bumbry, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, and John Macurdy. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.) . . . ¶ Friday, March 7, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Régine Crespin, Reri Grist, Evelyn Lear, Rosalind Elias, Otto Edelmann, John Alexander, and Rudolf Knoll. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 2: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Christa Ludwig, Irene Dalis, James King, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 8: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Sándor Kónya, Gabriel Bacquier, and Paul Plishka. (A non-subscription performance.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Thursday, Feb. 27, at 7:45: The company's première of Borodin's "Prince Igor" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Joy Davidson, Julian Patrick, and William Chapman. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 28, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Francesca Roberto, Kay Creed, Lino Savoldi, and Richard Fredricks; and "Pagliacci," with Peggy Bonini, Timo Callio, Chester Ludgin, and Thomas Jamerson. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 2:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Kay Creed, Tibor Kelen, and William Murray. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 8:15: "Manon," with Carol Bayard, Lois Crane, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Joshua Hecht. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 877-7652.). . . ¶ Sunday, March 2, at 1:15: "Prince Igor" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Joy Davidson, William Chapman, and Roy Samuelsen. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 2, at 7:15: "La Traviata," with Anne Elgar, Kay Creed, Tibor Kelen, and William Murray. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 4, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Janet Winburn, Tibor Kelen, and William Murray. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 5, at 8:15: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Janette Moody, Veronica Tyler, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Will Roy. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 6, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Beverly Evans, John Stewart, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Friday, March 7, at 8:15: "The Ballad of Baby Doe," with Anne Elgar, Frances Bible, Chester Ludgin, and Joshua Hecht. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 2:15: "La Bohème," with Veronica Tyler, Carol Neblett, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Janet Winburn, Lino Savoldi, and Seymour Schwartzman. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 20.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall—Seiji Ozawa conducting on Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8:30; Saturday, March 1, at 8:30; and Monday, March 3, at 7:30 (all with Yuji Takahashi, piano); and Thursday, March 6, at 8:30; Friday, March 7, at 2; and Monday, March 10, at 7:30 (all with Tossy Spivakovsky, violin). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, March 8, at 8:30 (with Eugene List, piano).

MOSCOW STATE SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall, the final performances of the engagement—Friday, Feb. 28, at 8:30: Evgeni Svetlanov conducting, with Leonid Kogan, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 8:30: Maxim Shostakovich conducting an all-Shostakovich program, with Mr. Kogan. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 2, at 3: Maxim Shostakovich conducting, with Grigory Sokolov, piano.

MINNESOTA ORCHESTRA—At Carnegie Hall, Stanislaw Skrowaczewski directing—Monday, March 3, at 8:30: With Philippe Entremont, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 6, at 8:30: The New York première of Krzysztof Penderecki's "The Passion and Death of Jesus Christ According to St. Luke," with soloists and several choruses.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Wolfgang Sawallisch conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, March 4, at 8:30.)

VERDI'S REQUIEM—Carlos Piantini directing eighty-five members of the New York Philharmonic in a benefit concert, with Clarice Carson, soprano; Joann Grillo, mezzo-soprano; Flaviano Labò, tenor; Justino Díaz, bass; the Harvard Glee Club; and the Radcliffe Choral Society. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Clifford Curzon, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, March 1-2, at 8:30. All seats have been sold for the first concert, and only standing room is left.)

MASTER VIRTUOSI OF NEW YORK—Gene Forrell conducting a program of Russian music. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 7, at 8:30.)

ISRAELI CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Gary Bertini conducting, with Rema Samsonov, mezzo-soprano, and Alexander Tal, violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 8, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

JANET BAKER—Mezzo-soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

POLDI MILDNER—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.)

VLADIMIR ASHKENAZY—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

WAVERLY CONSORT—Renaissance music of Germany and baroque music of England and France. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 348-1500. Saturday, March 1, at 8:30.)

JENNIE TOUREL AND LEONARD BERNSTEIN—Mezzo-soprano and piano, in a benefit concert of French, German, and Russian songs. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 2, at 8:30.)

JACQUELINE DU PRÉ AND DANIEL BARENBOIM—Cello and piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, March 2, at 8:30.)

ROBERT GOLDSAND—Piano, playing four Chopin scherzos and Bach's Goldberg Variations. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 5, at 8:30.)

BORIS GOLDOVSKY AND THE CURTIS STRING QUARTET—The last in a series of concerts of chamber music for piano and strings, with comment by Mr. Goldovsky. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Wednesday, March 5, at 8:30.)

ARVED KURTZ—Violin, in a benefit concert of French chamber music, with assisting artists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 348-1500. Wednesday, March 5, at 8:30.)

BEAUX-ARTS STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 6, at 8:30.)

HERMANN PREY—Baritone. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, March 6, at 8:40.)

CHARLES CASTLEMAN—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 7, at 8:30.)

MUSIC OF THE ROYAL COURT—"Philip II and the Spanish Renaissance," the second in a series of five programs, this one (which was postponed from Feb. 21) performed by the First Lute Quartet, with Jean Hakes, soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday, March 7, at 8:30.)

SABICAS—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Friday, March 7, at 8:30.)

CLIFFORD CURZON—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, March 8, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN STRING TRIO—With Ronald Roseman, oboe. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A.,

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Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 348-1500. Saturday, March 8, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Ten Years After and John Mayall—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 28-March 1, at 8 and 11:30.

The Temptations, Gladys Knight and the Pips, and Moms Mabley—Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.

Clark Terry's Band, the Newport Jazz All-Stars, Thelonious Monk's Sextet, Herbie Hancock's Sextet, and Billy Taylor's Trio—Fillmore East. Sunday, March 2, at 7.

Buffy Sainte-Marie, Ian and Sylvia, and the Great Speckled Bird—Fillmore East. Friday, March 7, at 8 and 11:30.

Peter, Paul & Mary—Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, March 7-8, at 8:30.

O.C. Smith and the Checkmates, Ltd.—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, March 7, at 8:30.

Thad Jones Quintet—Town Hall. Saturday, March 8, at 2:30.

Vanilla Fudge, the Amboy Dukes, and Sirocco—Fillmore East. Saturday, March 8, at 8 and 11:30.

MISCELLANY

Pierre Boulez—Conducting a chamber ensemble and playing the piano, with Bethany Beardslee, soprano. Also, Charles Rosen will play M. Boulez's Third Piano Sonata. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 60th St. 535-5350. Friday, March 7, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden Center—Saturday, March 1, at 8:35: Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 4, at 8:35: Knicks vs. Detroit.

Hockey—Rangers vs. St. Louis. (Madison Square Garden Center. Sunday, March 2, at 7:05.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:05; through Thursday, March 6. The John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, March 1.

Track Meet—I.C.A.A.A.A. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden Center. Saturday, March 8, at 7:30.)

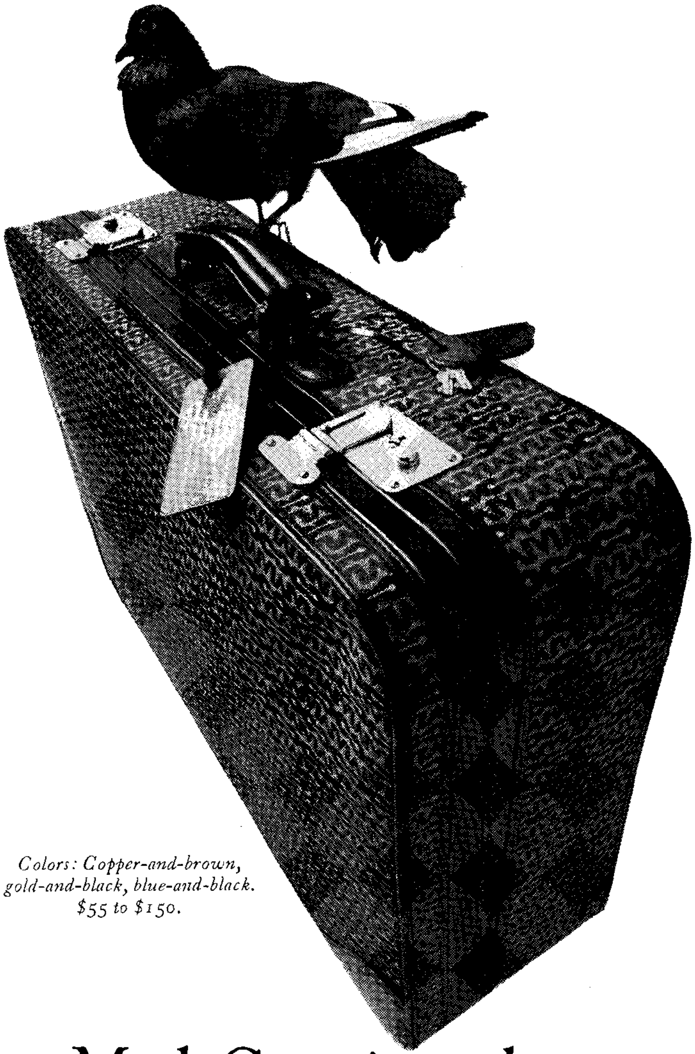
Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, March 4. . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8, from Wednesday, March 5, through Saturday, May 24. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA**: Siegfried Landau directing, with the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, March 1, at 2:30.) . . . **YOUNG PEOPLE'S SATURDAY THEATRE**: Jean Ritchie, Oscar Brand, and others, in a program of folk music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. Saturday, March 1, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By **BIL AND CORA BAIRD'S MARIONETTES**: "The Wizard of Oz," Friday, Feb. 28, at 3:30, and Saturday and Sunday, March 1-2, at 1 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "Winnie-the-Pooh," Friday, March 7, at 3:30 and 7:30, and Saturday, March 8, at 1 and 3:30. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS**: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE**: "Alice Through the Looking Glass," Saturday, March 1, at 1 and 3, and Sunday, March 2, at 2. . . . ¶ "Rumpelstiltskin," Saturday, March 8, at 1 and 3. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and mosaics by children in the public schools



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of Harlem, in a display entitled "Young Harlem Creates," arranged to coincide with the Metropolitan's special exhibit, "Harlem on My Mind." Through April 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "To the Edge of the Universe." Starting Tuesday, March 4, there will be a new show, "Sunrise at Stonehenge." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Rose Benét speaking about her brother Stephen Vincent Benét, and Ray Middleton reading from the works of Mr. Benét. (Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle. 581-2311. Sunday, March 2, at 4.)

NATIONAL ANTIQUES SHOW—The twenty-fifth annual affair, at which, this year, two hundred and fifty dealers are offering everything from breakfronts to buttons, and you will find displays of sculpture in glass, historical hardware, theatrical memorabilia, and whatnot. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 27-March 1, from 1 to 11, and Sunday, March 2, from 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, March 1, at 1:45: Furniture and decorations, belonging to several collectors. ...¶ Wednesday, March 5, at 10:15 and 1:45: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 28. ...¶ Thursday, March 6, at 10:15 and 1:45: Bisque birds and statuettes (modelled by Edward Marshall Boehm), Royal Worcester bird statuettes and flowers (modelled by Dorothy Doughty), and other European porcelain and pottery; from many sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 1.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Feb. 27 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Cover Girl" (1944), with Rita Hayworth and Gene Kelly. ... ¶ Feb. 28 at 2 and 5:30: "Craig's Wife" (1936), with Rosalind Russell and John Boles. ...¶ March 1 at 11:30: "The Little Colonel" (1935), with Shirley Temple and Bill Robinson. ...¶ March 1 at 3 and 5:30: "The Reckless Moment" (1949), with James Mason and Joan Bennett. ...¶ March 2 at 2 and 5:30: "Shockproof" (1949), with Cornel Wilde and Patricia Knight. ...¶ March 3 at 2 and 5:30: "Two in a Taxi" (1941), with Anita Louise. ...¶ March 4 at 2: "The Little Colonel" (1935), with Shirley Temple and Bill Robinson. ...¶ March 4 at 5:30: "Last Summer Won't Happen," a film by Peter Gessner and Thomas Hurwitz. ...¶ March 5 at 2 and 5:30: "In Again, Out Again" (1917), with Douglas Fairbanks. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

BASEBALL—Exhibition games: Yankees vs. Giants, at Yankee Stadium, April 5-6. ...¶ First league games at home: Mets vs. Montreal, at Shea Stadium, April 8-10; and Yankees vs. Washington, at Yankee Stadium, April 15-17.

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden Center: March 11, 15, and 19.

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden Center—Golden Gloves New York City finals, March 21. ...¶ Don Fullmer vs. Frank DePaula, light heavyweights, 10 rounds; and Buster Mathis vs. Jerry Quarry, heavyweights, 12 rounds, March 24.

GOLF—Masters Tournament. (Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga. April 10-13.)

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden Center on March 9, 12, 16, 23, and 30. ...¶ Stanley Cup playoffs start about April 3.

HUNT RACING—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. April 5.)...¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. April 12.)...¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. April 12.)

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** March 10-May 31. ... **AINTREE,** England: The Grand National Steeplechase, March 29.

TENNIS—Garden Challenge Bowl. (Madison Square Garden Center. March 25-29.)

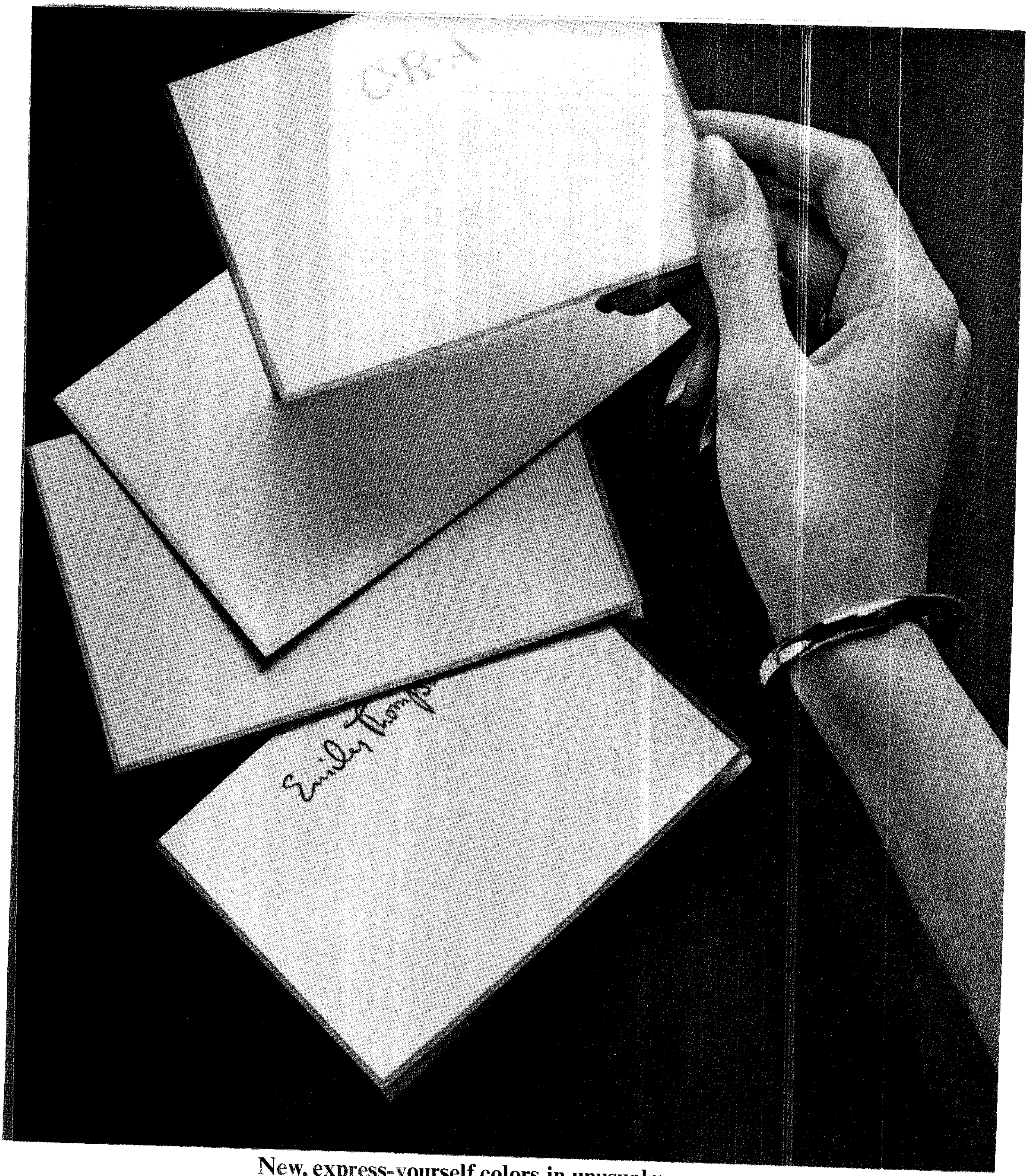
TRAPSHOOTING—Amateur Championships of America at Clay Targets, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. March 29-30.)

TROTTING—At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: April 10-Nov. 15.

MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA,** Lincoln Center (799-4420): The season continues through April 19. ... **PHILHARMONIC HALL** (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 17. ... ¶ Washington National Symphony, March 9 and 16. ... ¶ Little Orchestra Society, March 11. ... ¶ Rudolf Serkin, piano, March 18. ... ¶ Boston Symphony, March 19 and 21. ... ¶ João Carlos Martins, piano, March 23. ... ¶ Montserrat Caballé, soprano, April 9. ... **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): American Symphony Orchestra, March 9-10 and 23-24. ... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, March 11 and 25. ...¶ Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, March 12. ...¶ Vienna Choir Boys, March 15-16. ... ¶ Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, March 17. ...¶ Leonid Kogan, violin, March 20. ...¶ Boston Symphony, March 22. ... ¶ Hartford Symphony Orchestra, March 23. ...¶ American Opera Society, March 26 and April 9. ...¶ Emil Gilels, piano, March 29. ...¶ St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra, March 31. ...¶ English Chamber Orchestra, April 5. ... **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Municipal Concerts Orchestra, March 14. ... ¶ Clarion Concert, March 18. ... ¶ Paul Zukofsky, violin, March 26. ...¶ Rey de la Torre, classic guitarist, March 27. ... **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Misha Dichter, piano, March 21. ...¶ Hermann Prey, baritone, March 29. ... **HUNTER COLLEGE** (535-5350): Christoph Eschenbach, piano, March 22. ... ¶ Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano, March 27.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "The Dozens," a comedy by Laird Koenig, with a Negro cast made up of Al Freeman, Jr., Paula Kelly, and Morgan Freeman. ...¶ Ray Bolger in a musical, "Come Summer," based on Esther Forbes' novel "Rainbow on the Road." Will Holt wrote the book and lyrics and David Baker the score. ...¶ A musical, "1776," with music and lyrics by Sherman Edwards, book by Peter Stone, and a cast that includes William Daniels, Howard Da Silva, Paul Hecht, Clifford David, and Roy Poole. ...¶ A comedy by Jack Sharkey called "Here Lies Jeremy Troy," in which Will Hutchins will appear. ...¶ "Billy," a musical suggested by Herman Melville's novella "Billy Budd." Ron Cowen and Stephen Glassman are responsible for the libretto; Ron Dante and Gene Allen did the music and lyrics; and in the cast are Laurence Naismith, John Beal, John Devlin, and Robert Salvio. ...¶ Jackie Mason and Mike Mortman are the authors of "A Teaspoon Every Four Hours," a comedy starring Mr. Mason.

OTHER DATES—International Flower Show, at the Coliseum, March 8-16. ...¶ New York Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, March 10-15. ...¶ St. Patrick's Day is Monday, March 17. ...¶ The first day of spring is March 20. ...¶ The Circus, at Madison Square Garden Center, April 1-May 11. ... ¶ International Automobile Show, at the Coliseum, April 5-13. ...¶ Easter Sunday is April 6. ...¶ Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1968 and estimates for 1969 are due Tuesday, April 15.



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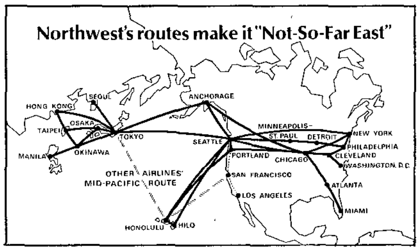

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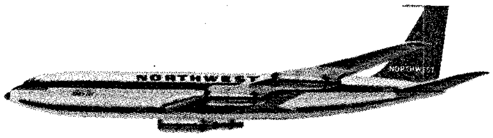

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MOTION PICTURES

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À Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; March 3-5.)

Bedazzled (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 28.)

Belle de Jour—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

Boudu Saved from Drowning (1931)—A Jean Renoir comedy starring Michel Simon. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; March 3-5.)

Bullitt—There is a good chase over the hilly streets of San Francisco in this routine and pointless police melodrama, which is, however, given some tension by the competent director Peter Yates and some interest by Steve McQueen, with his low-key charisma. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050.)

Bye Bye Braverman (1968)—Wallace Markfield's satire on New York Jewish intellectuals. With George Segal, Joseph Wiseman, Godfrey Cambridge. Sidney Lumet directed. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through March 4.)

Dr. No (1963)—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. With Sean Connery as Bond. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; and Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445; through March 4.)

Faces—Sexual desire among middle-aged people who have nothing else to live for, acted out in a desperately naked realistic style. John Cassavetes, who directed this psychodrama about alienation and lechery in southern California, has so strongly resisted the commercial possibilities in his theme that this movie is likely to be taken as seriously as he intended. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123.)

Funny Girl—The extraordinary performance of Barbra Streisand makes this one of the most enjoyable movie musicals in years. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Goldfinger (1964)—Sean Connery as the elastic and inexhaustible James Bond, who bungles every encounter but the last. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; and Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445; through March 4.)

Greetings—A pleasantly tawdry underground version of a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255.)

The Immortal Story—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's "The Immortal Story," about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Lion in Winter—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole is robust and in good voice. With Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Miracle in Milan (1951)—Directed by Vittorio De Sica. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through March 2.)

The Night They Raided Minsky's—The parodies of the old burlesque routines are so affectionate and so funny that one can forgive the general disorganization. With Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Britt Ekland, Elliott Gould, and, memorably, Joseph Wiseman in a classic comedy performance. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting March 5.)

Oliver!—Carol Reed directed this beautifully made version of "Oliver Twist," and it's what big musicals are supposed to be and so rarely are. With a fine cast of singer-actors. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Paths of Glory (1957)—Humphrey Cobb's novel about the madness generated by war. Kirk Douglas, Adolphe Menjou, and George Macready. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through March 4.)

Persona (1967)—A study of the problem of identity. Directed by Ingmar Bergman and starring Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through March 5.)

Pierrot le Fou—Jean-Luc Godard turns an American crime novel by Lionel White into a daring, explosive movie about gunrunners and betrayal, and manages to introduce a satire on television commercials as well. Photographed in startling, hard-edge color by Raoul Coutard. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Pretty Poison—A new young American director, Noel Black, makes his début with a fine, small thriller, written by Lorenzo Semple, Jr., and quietly and splendidly played by Tony Perkins and Tuesday Weld. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

Rachel, Rachel—A gentle, piercingly active film about a thirty-five-year-old schoolteacher, played by Joanne Woodward. Out of its period; better than "Marty." Paul Newman directing, for the first time. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through March 4. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting March 5.)

Repulsion (1965)—Directed by Roman Polanski, with Catherine Deneuve and Ian Hendry. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through March 5.)

Romeo and Juliet—Zeffirelli's version is rather like "West Side Story" performed in a nineteenth-century Italian theatre: teen-age kids and extravagant grand passions. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

The Sea Gull—This carelessly made version of the Chekhov play gives one an almost Chekhovian sense of missed opportunities, but Vanessa Redgrave is an extraordinary tubular and girlish Nina, and there are suggestions of what the other roles should be in the performances of James Mason, David Warner, Denholm Elliott, Kathleen Widdoes, Eileen Herlie, Harry Andrews, and the miscast Simone Signoret. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Shame—Ingmar Bergman's vision of what men do on their last days on earth. A simple, lucid masterpiece, with a great performance by Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030; through March 2.)

Simon of the Desert—Luis Buñuel's little comedy (forty-five minutes long) about a desert anchorite takes place at the point when saintliness turns into foolishness. Claudio Brook is Simon, and Silvia Pinal provides the temptations. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through March 2.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of the Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, and Martin Balsam. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting March 5.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-two years later, in a universe billions of years old where time and space shrink beyond the imaginings of Einstein. Kubrick introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; and Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332.)

Ulysses (1967)—A sortie into the Joyce country. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through March 4.)

War and Peace (1968)—Sergei Bondarchuk's seventy-millimetre, six-hour film of Tolstoy's novel, in two parts. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663. Part II: through March 4. Part I: March 5-11. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Weekend—Jean-Luc Godard's satire on modern depravity is a revolutionary, visionary poem of destruction. With Mireille Darc. In French. (Evergreen, 53 E. 11th, 533-5325.)

The Whisperers (1967)—Edith Evans as a very old woman living alone in the industrial North of England. Bryan Forbes directed. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 28.)

Yellow Submarine—A Pop Art animated feature with hippie heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) fighting the Blue Meanies with love and music. Good-natured, full of verbal-visual jokes, and surprisingly entertaining, though the love is less impressive than the music (ten songs by the Beatles). (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

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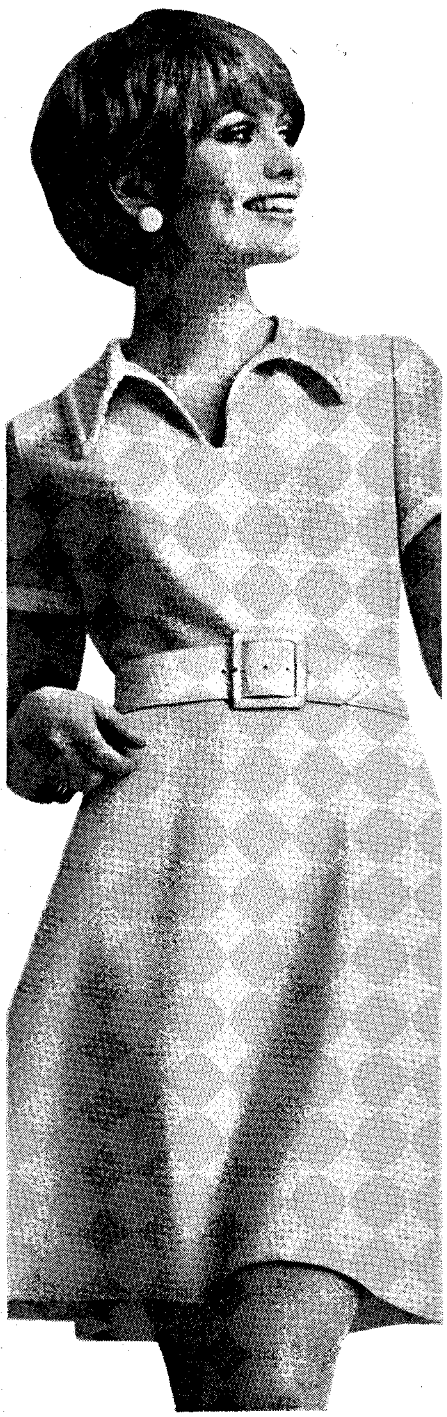


*Du Pont registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or fashions.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
WEEKEND (in French).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
PRETTY POISON.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through March 4: **ULYSSES**; and **PATHS OF GLORY.**
From March 5: **RACHEL, RACHEL**; and **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
BULLITT.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Monterey Pop," a documentary on the 1967 Monterey International Pop Festival.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
GREETINGS.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Hell in the Pacific," Lee Marvin, Toshiro Mifune.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through March 4: "They Came to Rob Las Vegas," Gary Lockwood, Elke Sommer.
From March 5: "The Big Bounce," Ryan O'Neal, Leigh Taylor-Young.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through March 2: **SHAME** (in Swedish).
From March 3: "Stolen Kisses" (in French), Jean-Pierre Léaud.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE SEA GULL.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through March 1: "Candy," Charles Aznavour, Marlon Brando.
From March 2: "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie," Maggie Smith.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
WAR AND PEACE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Joanna," Genevieve Waite.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Very Happy Alexander" (in French), Philippe Noiret.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Killing of Sister George," Beryl Reid, Susannah York.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Changes," Kent Lane.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Twisted Nerve," Hayley Mills.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
PIERROT LE FOU (in French).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
BULLITT.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Three in the Attic," Christopher Jones, Yvette Mimieux.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," Gina Lollobrigida.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through March 2: **MIRACLE IN MILAN** (in Italian); and **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French).
March 3-5: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** and **BOUDU SAVED FROM DROWNING** (both in French).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through March 4: **RACHEL, RACHEL.**
From March 5: **THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S**; and "Will Penny" (1968), Charlton Heston, Joan Hackett.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through March 4: "The Three Sisters" (in Russian).
From March 5: "Don Quixote de la Mancha" (1949; in Spanish).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
Through March 4: "The Brotherhood," Kirk Douglas, Alex Cord.
From March 5: "Up Tight," Raymond St. Jacques, Ruby Dee; and "Skidoo," Jackie Gleason, Carol Channing.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through March 4: **GOLDFINGER**; and **DR. NO.**
From March 5: "Grazie Zia" (in Italian), Lisa Gastoni.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through March 5: **REPULSION**; and **PERSONA** (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
BULLITT.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

State 1, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

State 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," Dick Van Dyke, Sally Ann Howes. (Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Extra performances Saturday and Sunday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
"The Shoes of the Fisherman," Anthony Quinn, Oskar Werner. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Ice Station Zebra," Rock Hudson, Ernest Borgnine. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Star!," Julie Andrews. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
YELLOW SUBMARINE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Mayerling," Omar Sharif, Catherine Deneuve.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Daredevil in the Castle" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Don't Look Now" (in French), Terry-Thomas, Bourvil.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Model Shop," Anouk Aimée, Gary Lockwood.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FACES.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE IMMORTAL STORY; and **SIMON OF THE DESERT** (in Spanish).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. (TR 4-2424)
March 2 at 2 and 4: "Magical Mystery Tour," the Beatles.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
Through March 4: **GOLDFINGER**; and **DR. NO.**
From March 5: "The Stalking Moon," Gregory Peck, Eva Marie Saint.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

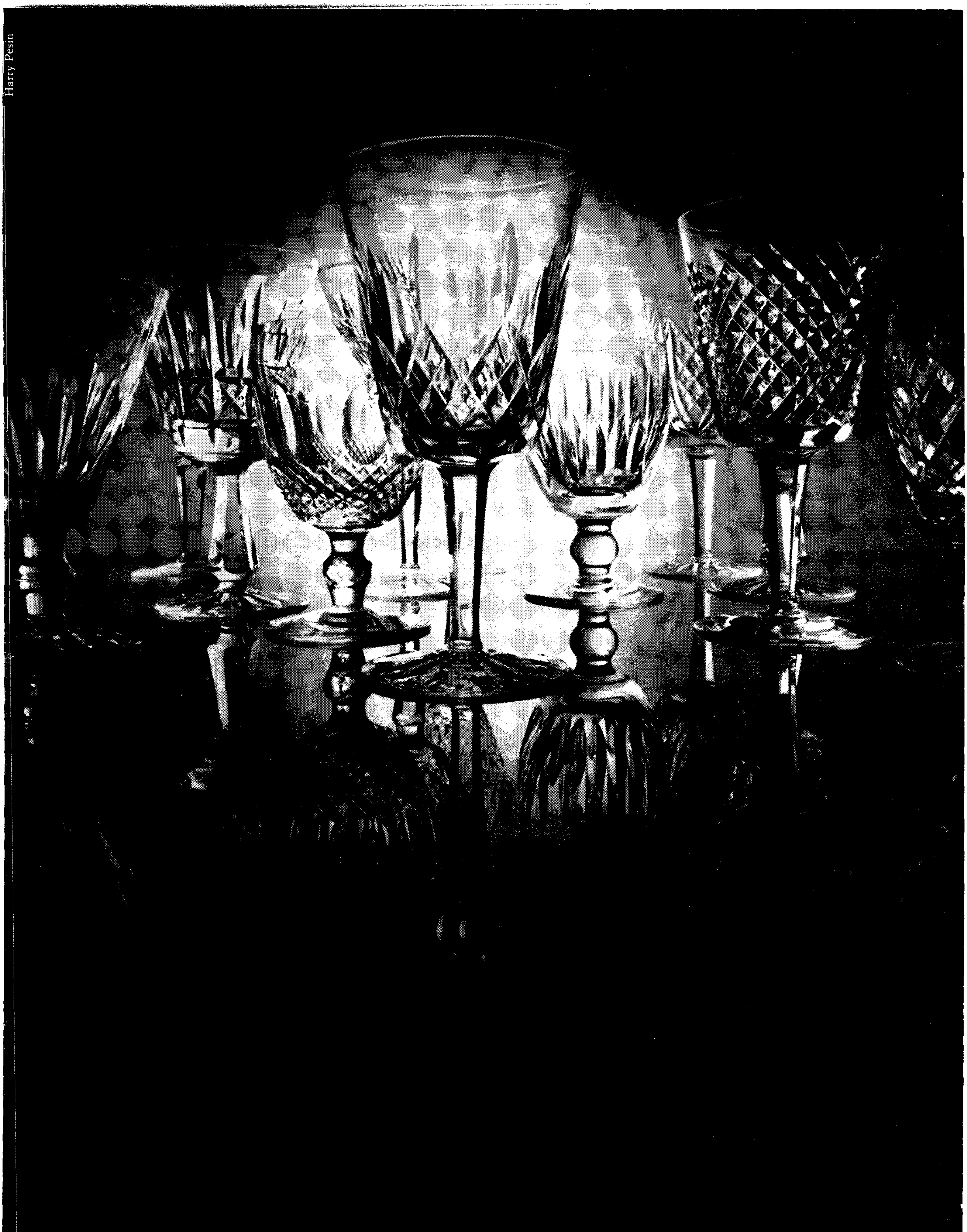
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 1: "Not Reconciled," "Machorka-Muff," and "The Bridegroom, the Comedienne, and the Pimp," all Jean-Marie Straub films, in German.
From March 2: "Six in Paris" (in French; six episodes, six directors).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 4: **RACHEL, RACHEL**; and **BYE BYE BRAVERMAN.**
From March 5: **THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S**; and "The Private Navy of Sgt. O'Farrell" (1968), Bob Hope, Phyllis Diller.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Feb. 27: "No More Excuses" and "Chafed Elbows," both Robert Downey films.
From Feb. 28: **BEDAZZLED**; and **THE WHISPERERS.**

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through March 4: "The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film.
From March 5: "Grazie Zia" (in Italian), Lisa Gastoni.

Harry Pesin



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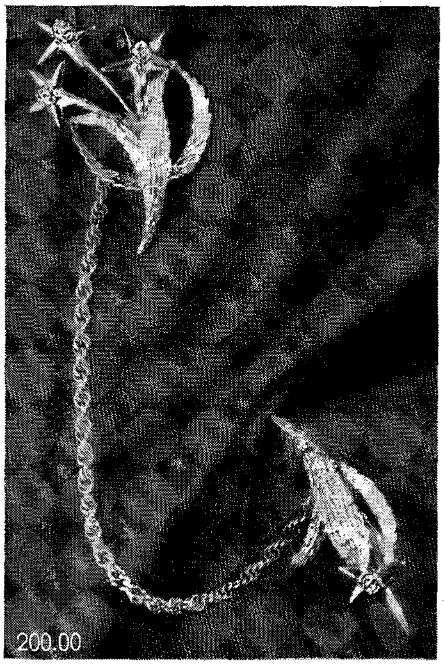
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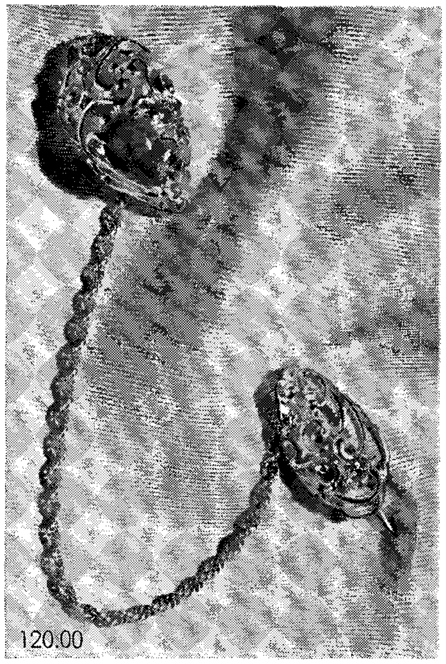
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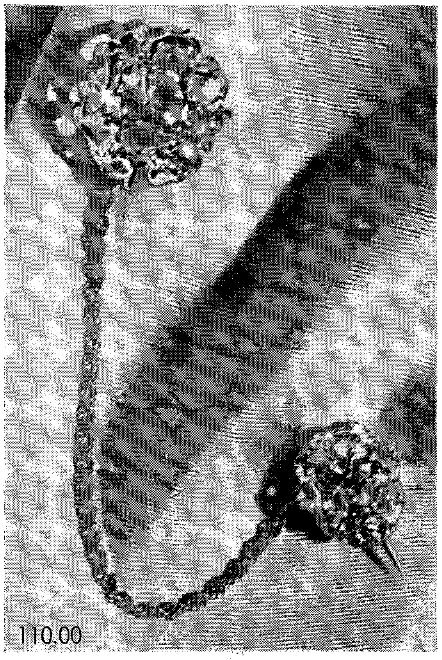
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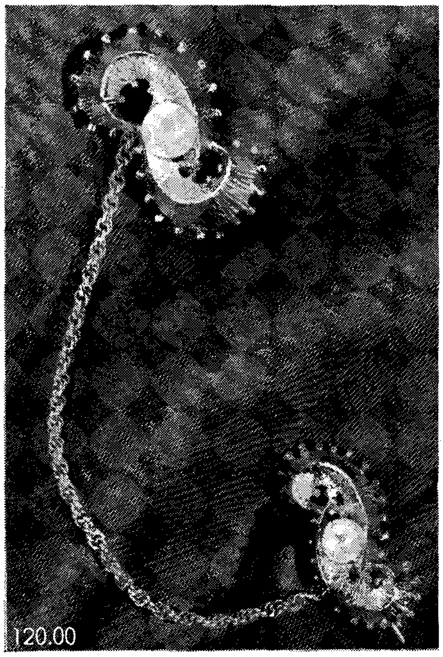
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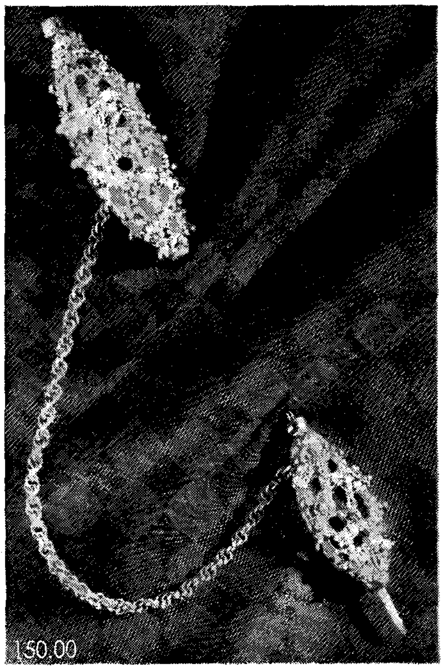
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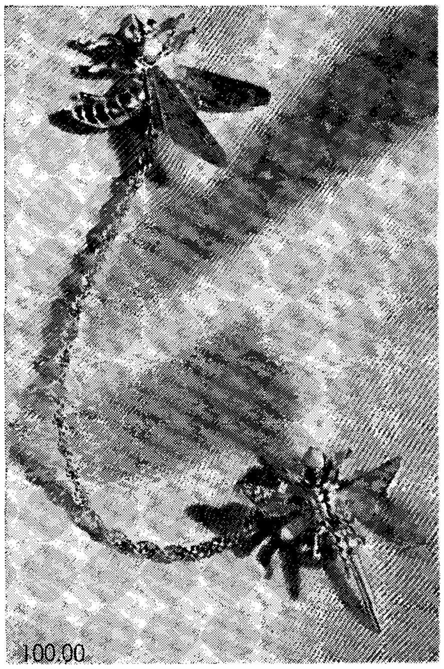
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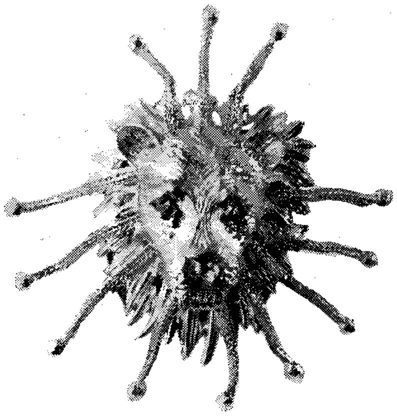

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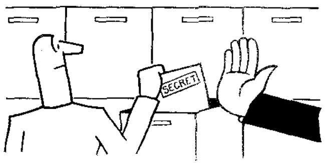
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

DESPITE appearances, we believe that the world does progress. Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, for example, is no longer confined in her moviegoing to films that have been approved for sixteen-year-olds. For the first time, Her Majesty is going to be allowed to see an adult film, "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie," although a spicy interval of some ten seconds' duration will be deleted from the command performance. This excised material will be restored in the performance intended for the general public, which, presumably, is less easily demoralized than the Royal Family.

We are pleased to observe an extraordinary degree of progress in our military establishment, too. The Pentagon has decided that articles appearing in magazines and newspapers are to cease being stamped "Secret" in military files. The impeccable reasoning behind this move is that any information to be found in general circulation cannot truly be considered, when one looks at the question from every side, to be much of a secret.



To the military we also owe the discovery of a remarkable new chemical compound that promises to be of immense benefit to, of all people, florists. While pursuing research in natural camouflage, Army scientists have concocted a mixture that prevents wilting or loss of color in plant material for as long as six weeks. The exact nature of this preservative, unfortunately, remains a secret.

At Queens College, meanwhile, a conservative group called the Student Coalition has determined to put an end to violent demonstrations on campus. To further this aim, its members ransacked the office of the Queens College newspaper, overturning tables and scattering files. That was to chastise the paper for "condoning violence" during a recent campus uproar. Moreover, a spokesman for the group threatened to "make it impossible" for the college president to function in office, and vowed that "the disruptions will continue until the administration decides to do something to stop the violence." We have received no word about the Coalition's pickets, but we imagine that their signs express such sentiments as "Away with Us!" and "We Demand Expulsion Unless We Mend Our Ways." Similarly, a thoughtful group of students at Grinnell College, out in Iowa, attended a campus speech by a representative of *Playboy* and elected to protest that publication's "sensationalism of sex." They protested by taking off their clothes. And then there are the student activists at colleges scattered across the nation who sporadically threaten to set fire to a puppy by way of protesting the war in Vietnam. We draw great encouragement from this gesture—that is, when we reflect that such moonstruck brutality is limited to the human species. We find it difficult to imagine a pack of dogs setting fire to a pussycat in order to protest cruelty to puppies by high-minded nitwits.

Rembrandts

THIS year is the three-hundredth anniversary of the death of Rembrandt Harmenszoon van Rijn (or van Ryn), and we decided to observe the occasion in a manner in keeping with contemporary sociological, ideological, psychological, and technological approaches to art. That is to say, we avoided looking at any of Rembrandt's paintings, although there are quite a few in town, and, instead, went directly to the Manhattan Telephone Directory, where we found eleven Rembrandts.

Concentrating first on a technological approach, we assembled a telephone, a pencil, and a pad of Easyrite Steno Paper and placed them near each other in an interesting arrangement in the center of our desk before making our first call—to Rembrandt Frocks, Inc., at 498 Seventh Avenue. The sound of the dial tone and the ring at the other end of the line, together with the hexagonal tangibility of the pencil in our hand, gave us a great deal of pleasure, for we knew we were participating in a real multi-media communication pattern. In fact, we had forgotten why we were on the phone when we were suddenly connected with Nat Rubin, the president of Rembrandt Frocks, Inc. Mr. Rubin sounded puzzled to find himself addressing thin air, so we quickly asked him, point-blank, whether Rembrandt had any relevance to our times. "Sure," he replied. "I get letters addressed to Mr. Rembrandt. People think *I'm* Rembrandt." Mr. Rubin went on to say that although he has great respect for the late painter, he has not planned any celebration of the tercentenary. "We make ladies' dresses—young, chic, up to a hundred and fifty dollars retail. We took the name Rembrandt thirty-five years ago, in the middle of the Depression, when everybody in this industry had a slogan. Ours was 'Every Dress a Masterpiece.' We considered a couple of other names, like van Gogh and Gauguin, but when we tried them out on our buyers, they said 'Who?' " Mr. Rubin, who started the firm, with two partners and eight hundred and twenty-five dollars, said his company now has a volume in millions

of dollars and no longer uses the slogan. "It got corny," he explained, and he went on to inform us that he had never received an inspiration for a dress design from a Rembrandt painting or any other painting. "Rembrandt didn't do many females. Besides, they were mostly portraits. He never painted much from the foot up. Now, you take Rubens. He painted a lot of women sitting on the ground eating cracked eggs, with cupids flying around, and he'd throw in a dog or two, but his women weren't wearing much."

Thanking Mr. Rubin, we pressed on with our calls, and communicated with the Rembrandt Art Gallery, Inc., at 1051 Madison Avenue. Oddly, it was a Mr. Artman who answered the phone. And it was Mr. Artman, one of the gallery's proprietors, who gave us the proper psychological approach to Rembrandt when he said, "My partner and I chose the name, about six years ago, because Rembrandt is considered the finest painter of the soul. He reached the highest expression of the spirit of his characters." Clearing his throat, Mr. Artman added, softly, "We have no Rembrandts, unfortunately. When anyone asks about Rembrandt, we direct them to the Metropolitan Museum. It's just a block away."

The concept of Rembrandt as a soul painter led us quite naturally into the ideological aspects of his work, and these were clearly outlined by our next respondent—Albert J. Cooperman, the owner of Rembrandt Painters, at 570 Seventh Avenue, a firm that paints walls and hangs wallpaper. "We do fine showroom and residential work," he said. "Rembrandt the painter did high-quality work, too. That's why I took his name. I thought about using Michelangelo or Leonardo da Vinci, but Rembrandt sounded better. If I was just Joe Blow, painter, I wouldn't be beyond the realm of the ordinary, would I?"

We said he wouldn't, and continued our pursuit of the extraordinary by calling Jewels by Rembrandt, Inc., at 80 West End Avenue, which provided us with a sociological frame of reference. "We're costume-jewelry wholesalers," an official said gravely. "We have five or six corporations under different names, and when we come up with a pin or necklace we want to feature under the Rembrandt name, we put the name on the pin card or on the necklace tag."

That pragmatic humanism was echoed by Alex Weingarten and Murray Smolek, president and vice-president, respectively, of Rembrandt Lingerie, Inc., at 38 East Thirty-second Street. "We tied the name Rembrandt in with the idea of an ideal advertising tie-in—an artistic, creative tie-in with lingerie. We're strictly sleepwear," said Mr. Weingarten. Mr. Smolek came on the line to add that they had decided on the name Rembrandt after considering another name, Miss Mural, which didn't seem to fit so well with the firm's slogan—"Pretty As a Picture by Rembrandt." Mr. Smolek told us that he wears pajamas, and said that he personally didn't believe Rembrandt ever wore pajamas. "I would say he wore a nightshirt," Mr. Smolek said.

Having got busy signals or no-answers from five other Rembrandt listings, we completed our investigation by calling the Rembrandt Room of the Stanhope Hotel, at 995 Fifth Avenue. We were gratified to learn from Paul T. Underhill, the hotel's general manager, that he is aware of the tercentenary and is, in fact, trying to decide how to celebrate it in the Rembrandt Room, which has four copies of Rembrandt paintings hung against dark-crimson velvet. Mr. Underhill, it turned out, even knew that Rembrandt had died on October 4th. "We may have a special lunch that day," he said.

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THE trade publication *Practical Builder* has changed its name to *Professional Builder*.

Zoo Meeting

A GOOD many wild animals are threatened with extinction, but their fans, apparently, are not. The New York Zoological Society, which used to hold one annual meeting, now has so many members (seventy-five hundred) that this year it held three, in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf—two in the evening, one in the afternoon. We decided to attend the afternoon session. According to a Society notice, this session was aimed partly at "school-age children." John Pierrepont, who is a trustee of the Society and its treasurer, and whom we ran into at the special exhibits of Zoo and Aquarium inmates in the foyer, pointed out that there was another target, too. "Some old people don't like to go out at night," he said. "Some potential philanthropists are diurnal."

Judith Shahn

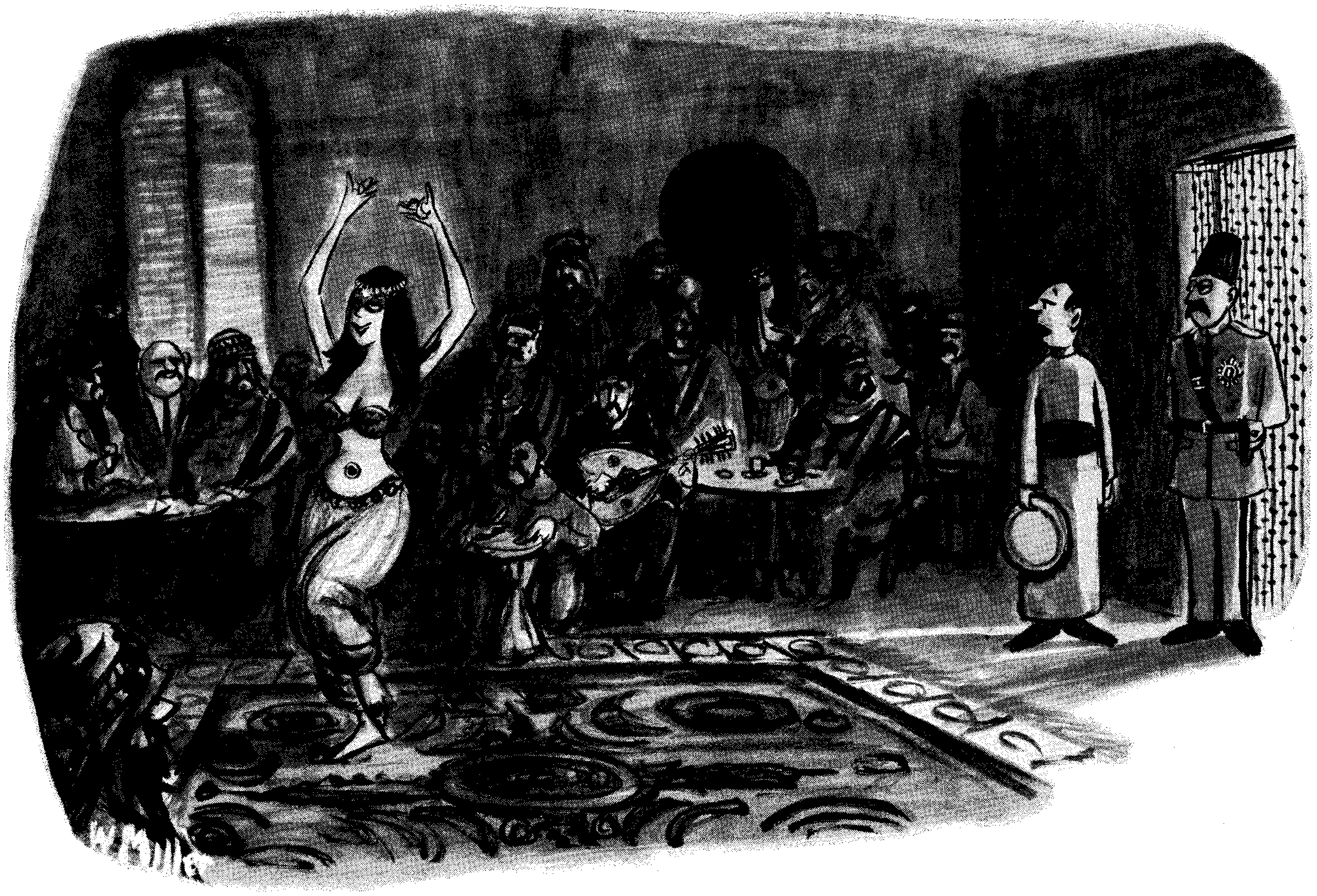
As if to lend support to this statement, a well-dressed oldster in a wheelchair was poked in front of us by his attendant to look at a case of poison-arrow frogs (genus *Dendrobates*). The frogs were tiny and brilliantly colored. "The natives in Central America squash them and smear them on their spears," a uniformed keeper said. "When you're speared, you die."

Surrounded by parents and children—some of the children were of *pre*-school age, and were perched on their fathers' shoulders—we inspected a Thomson's gazelle; some copperheads, sun bitterns, black-banded sunfish, and butterfly fish; a domestic spotted skunk; and an Australian tawny frogmouth. All exemplified the principle of adaptive coloration. The frogmouth, a big bird resembling a big broken branch, was sitting, immobile, on a big broken branch. "It's a member of the nighthawk family, related to the whippoorwills," its keeper said. "It eats large insects, small birds, and small animals, who think that it's a broken branch until it pounces."

"Look at them jump!" a little girl said, staring at a film of lively baboons. This was in the ballroom, where a program of movies followed a brief talk by William G. Conway, the general director of the Society. "Our afternoon meeting, held for the first time last year, has had four hundred more acceptances this year than last," he said. Although it was only four o'clock, Mr. Conway was wearing a dinner coat. This sartorial novelty was explained when he revealed that the second evening meeting was in the immediate offing. "We presented our Gold Medal to Dr. Harold J. Coolidge, president of the International Union for Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources, last night," he said. "We're going to present it to him again tonight."

The first movie, "The Incredible Sea Horse," had been taken at the Society's Aquarium, and it featured a birth scene in which a batch of sea horses popped, like soap bubbles, from the breeding pouch of their father. "A hundred and fifty are born in ten minutes," the film's narrator said. "Those who cannot find food at once die. Their life span is two to three years."

The second picture showed recent Zoo acquisitions: three young giraffes from Africa, who immediately became



"Is anyone in here driving a Cadillac, license 21X4? It's blocking an alley."

• •

adjusted to their new habitat and started munching the leaves of the Bronx; an eighteen-foot-long, fifty-eight-hundred-pound killer whale from Seattle, named Lupa, who for a while consumed a hundred and eighty pounds of fish daily, and then, regrettably, died "of a long-standing lung infection;" an assemblage of black-footed South African penguins; and a scarlet ibis, bred, atypically, in captivity.

This movie was followed by some words from Mr. Pierrepont. "I'm not asking for money today," a few of them ran. "United States zoos had ninety million visitors last year, which is quite something. . . . We have a new president . . . Laurance Rockefeller, and, fortunately, Fair Osborn's counsel will still be available to us. . . . We hope to get a new Lupa." As a friend of conservation, he concluded with a plea to the ladies present not to buy fur coats made from such "rare cats" as the ocelot and the jaguar.

We left after the next, and penultimate, movie, "Vocalizations of Wild Chimpanzees," which was peppered with louder-than-life hoots, grunts, whimpers, barks, temper-tantrum screams, and peals of immoderate laughter. From the apes, that is. The children in the audience laughed softly and incredulously.

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A FRIEND of ours who has been recuperating from a minor operation in the Stamford Hospital was somewhat cheered the other morning to discover on his breakfast tray a straw enclosed in a wrapper that read "Thank You for Stopping In."

Victory

"JOHN LINDSAY and Nelson Rockefeller will be at our New York Republican County Committee's Lincoln Day Dinner and Ball," Jerome Kirschenbaum said to us over the telephone. "Lindsay and Rockefeller are the nuts and bolts of the dinner, all right?" Mr. Kirschenbaum went on. "Ray Bliss, chairman of the Republican National Committee, will be our guest of honor, all right? Would you like to come?"

"Of course," we said to Jerome Kirschenbaum, whose father, Irving Kirschenbaum, is treasurer of the Republican County Committee and was serving as chairman of the Lincoln Day Dinner and Ball.

"I had this idea of showing two movies right there at the dinner," Mr. Kirschenbaum said. "I saw this movie, 'The World of 1968,' on the Smothers Brothers television show, and I thought, That might be pretty cool, so I got a print of this movie and showed it to my dad, and he said O.K., all right? Then I found out that the same guy who made this movie also made one called 'An American Time Capsule.' I checked it out with my dad, and now we're going to show *both* movies right there at the dinner."

"Why?" we asked.

"Two reasons," Kirschenbaum said. "First, Abe Lincoln is part of the dinner. And these movies *say* a heck of a lot. They're pretty patriotic, in their own way. Second, I'm a history nut. But the decision was made by my dad. He's in charge of all the hard-core preparations."

"Will the guests sit still for *movies?*" we asked.

"They're fast movies," Kirschenbaum said. "Four minutes for the one about 1968 and three minutes for the other one. Seven minutes for movies, all right?"

"Who made these movies?"

"A young fellow on the Coast who

works for the Smothers Brothers. His name is Charles Braverman. Chuck. We invited him to come to the dinner and to be our guest at the Hampton House. That's a hotel my dad operates, O.K.?"

"And you?" we asked Kirschenbaum. "What is your part in the dinner?"

"I'm in charge of public relations, O.K.?" he said.

"O.K.," we said.

And so we sat, along with sixteen hundred and fifty-three Republicans, right back in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf, studying a menu that included items named Caprice de Fruits "Lincolnian," Filet de Bœuf "President," and Crème à la Glace "Republican." We sat at Table No. 25, stationed front and center below the main dais, upon which, left to right, sat a lot of weary-looking Republicans with familiar faces: Joseph F. Carlino, former Speaker of the New York State Assembly; Gertrude Hess Parker, executive secretary of the New York Republican County Committee; Louis J. Lefkowitz, New York State Attorney General; Vincent F. Albano, Jr., president and chairman of the New York Republican County Committee; United States Senator Jacob K. Javits; and the Messrs. Irving Kirschenbaum, Lindsay, Rockefeller, and Bliss. All of them were chewing joylessly on their Filet de Bœuf "President." Around us at Table 25 were a lot of peppy, satisfied Kirschenbaums—Jerome and his wife, and his brothers Bruce and Stephen and *their* wives—and the young moviemaker from California, Chuck Braverman. They looked as though someday every one of them would be sitting on the dais.

We asked Mr. Braverman, a pleasant, dark-haired young man with developing sideburns, how he liked his hotel.

Mr. Braverman seemed to consider his answer carefully, in the time-honored tradition of Hollywood caution. "Very nice," he said, at last. "Very nice." He stared at a bronze bust of Abraham Lincoln behind the guests on the dais. Surrounding the bust were thirty-two American flags. "That Lincoln looks like Lyndon Johnson," he said. "There's a waiter up there—the one serving Rockefeller? He looks like Lyndon Johnson, too."

In a small balcony on the opposite side of the ballroom, a fourteen-piece orchestra was playing "I Could Have Danced All Night." Several of the Kirschenbaums left the table to dance to it.

"Good audience for the movies?" we asked Braverman.

"Some of these people paid as much as two hundred and fifty dollars a ticket," he said. "The highest admission ever paid to any film, I guess."

"Are you glad you came all the way from California for the dinner?" we asked.

"Having my films shown to a lot of politicians does not hurt," he said. "A lot of these politicians will be running for office. I can make films about them. I think films are very powerful and can say things. I would hope to be an influence in helping to elect certain people to office. That's my way of contributing to the betterment of the country. Eventually, I want to make feature films, and I *will*, too."

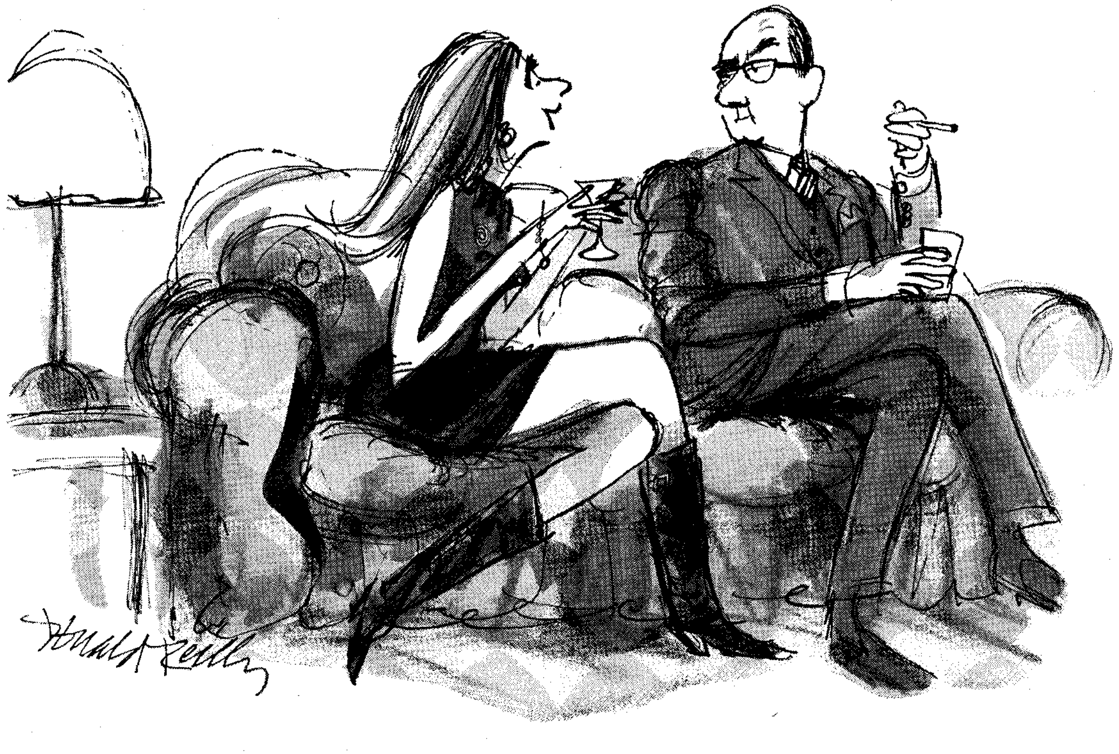
"Why did you make such short movies?" we asked.

"Because it's a way of giving you a great deal of visual information in a short period of time," he said. " 'An American Time Capsule' gives you two hundred years of American history in three minutes. The other film gives you more than a thousand still photographs and about twenty film clips, all of them about what happened in 1968, in only four minutes. The process used in photographing the stills is called kinestasis. It's rephotographing them with an animation camera and animation techniques. It's taught at the University of Southern California, where I majored in cinema."

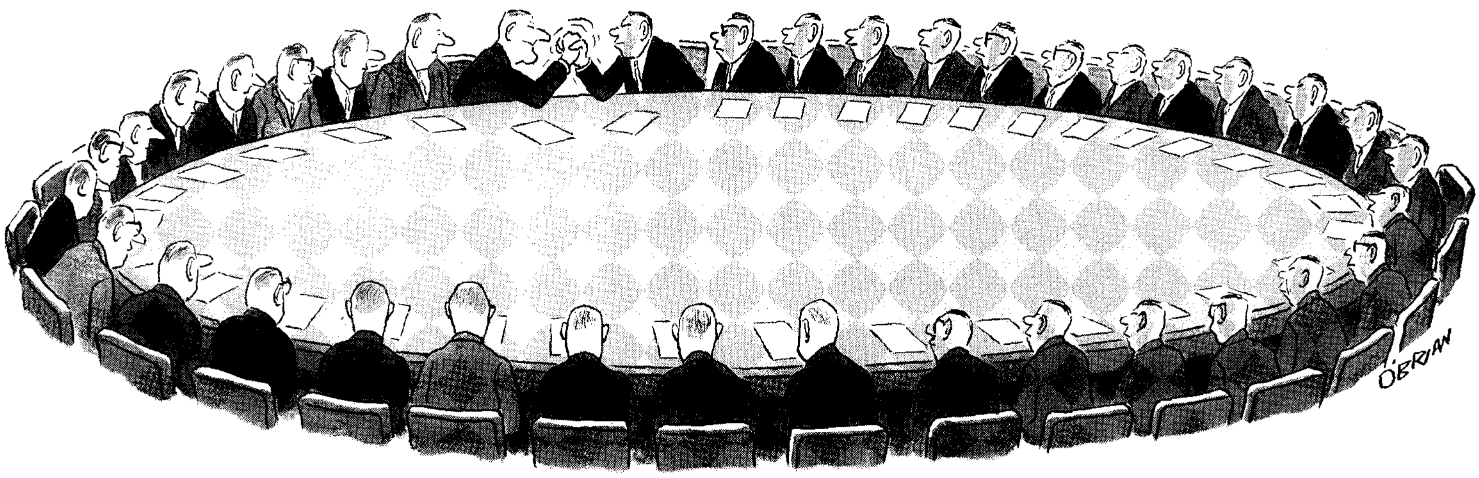
We glanced at the dance floor. The Kirschenbaums were still dancing, to a merengue. On the dais, everybody was chewing and minding his own business.

"How did you happen to make the movies?" we asked Braverman.

"Well, to begin with, I come from a family that's been in the visual media," he said. "My father was Herbert Braverman, a writer-producer for N.B.C. My mother, Chuckie Bradley, started out as an actress in live television and now does commercials and theatre. My younger brother, Bart, is a very talented actor who was a child star in 'Have Gun, Will Travel,' '77 Sunset Strip,' 'Playhouse 90'—everything. I was a child actor, too, but I didn't like it. I was doing photographic stills for my high-school paper, and a friend of mine's father, a correspondent for C.B.S. News, suggested buying a movie camera and shooting news stories. I was like eighteen, and within a few months I was doing hard-news stories for C.B.S. on a free-lance basis. I graduated from U.S.C. in 1967. Then the film director Carl Foreman picked me, along with three others, to spend several weeks with him on location in Utah and Arizona making our own films about *his* making the film 'MacKen-



"Gee, Mr. Markham, when it comes to insight, you're a regular Eric Sevareid!"



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na's Gold.' He had four films made about it, in addition to one made by a professional crew that he had full time making a documentary about his making of 'MacKenna's Gold.' My film was about Foreman himself. He's a very bright, sensitive, concerned person. I came to admire him a great deal. And he has a lot to say. And he's an honest person, too."

The Kirschenbaums returned from the dance floor, and everybody ate Crème à la Glace "Republican." We took a bite out of a white dinner mint trimmed with red and blue. The orchestra was playing a swinging rendition of "Manhattan." Up on the dais, Kirschenbaum was talking into Rockefeller's ear. Then he moved on and talked into Lindsay's ear, and then he moved on and talked into Javits's ear.

We asked Braverman how he had got together with the Smothers Brothers.

"My mother met Tommy Smothers playing pool at The Factory," he said. "I owe a lot to her. Tommy showed me a kinestasis film about art—three thousand years of art in three minutes. That means twelve pictures per second. Tommy asked me if I'd like to do one on sculpture. I said that that would be boring, so we both came up with the idea of the history of the United States. After I made the film, he gave me a job on his staff. One of the beautiful things about television—thirty-five million people saw my film in one night."

"Do you *read*?" we asked.

"I've never been much of a reader," Braverman said. "I'm just starting to read now. Because I'm trying to find the right novel for a feature film."

Coffee was being served. Kirschenbaum came to the microphone on the dais and asked everyone to look at one of the far corners of the ballroom, where a movie screen had been set up. Then the lights went off. To the accompaniment, on the sound track, of the kind of drums used over those Jamaica television commercials, the movie "The World of 1968" was shown. For the first two and a half minutes of it, the audience was quiet. Then images of Richard Nixon were flashed on the screen, and there was some mild applause. The last image showed the moon. The house lights went on.

Kirschenbaum stepped to the microphone. "Was there ever a year like the one just past?" he asked. "For sheer volume of emotional shock and unpredictable happenings, is there an equal to 1968?"

The audience looked a little bewildered.

Kirschenbaum went on, "The film you just saw and the one you are about to see bring to the eye the glory, the tragedy, the yearnings, the dreams, the failures, the victories, the complete odd and fascinating drama of America. One can look at this film and say, 'After all this time, have we come to a year like this? Will tomorrow, in fact, *be* better? Or are we trapped in the folds of history, spectators to the inevitable?' "

The guests on the dais looked *more* bewildered.

"We here tonight, as Americans involved in the course of our country, must shout an emphatic 'No!' " Kirschenbaum continued. "We must be convinced that the inevitable *is not* the inevitable. And we must be impatient for our tomorrows."

The waiters started picking up half-finished plates of Crème à la Glace "Republican." Some of the guests grabbed their plates back.

"Was there ever a year like 1968?" Irving Kirschenbaum asked. "Of course there was—1776, 1861, 1932, 1941. To the people who lived them, they were just as disturbing. All were epic years. They were part of the greater fabric of our own personal history. All part of our national adventure."

The house lights went off again.

"What the hell is going on around here?" a male Republican nearby inquired.

"An American Time Capsule" was shown, starting with a quarter-of-a-second glimpse of the signing of the Declaration of Independence and winding up with a half-second glimpse of Richard Nixon. The house lights went on. There was some applause.

"The spotlight on the maker of these films, Charles Braverman!" Kirschenbaum called out.

Braverman took a bow in the spotlight. There was some more applause. He sat down. The spotlight returned to the dais.

"I think they're a little stunned," Braverman said.

"We've had a breakthrough, all right?" Kirschenbaum said to us. "We've just witnessed a *first* at a Lincoln Day dinner."

The waiters resumed taking dishes away. The speeches on the dais were starting. The audience began to stir comfortably.

"I tell you now, Ray Bliss is one of the unsung heroes of the Republican Party . . ." Governor Rockefeller was saying into the microphone, and the Lincoln Day Dinner and Ball came into focus.

Words

A MAN we know likes to spend part of his lunch hour, weather permitting, on a bench in Bryant Park. The other day, he shared his bench with a young couple who were obviously still suffering the afterchills of a serious argument. The young man at last made some placatory overtures, but he was resolutely ignored by the girl. "O.K.," he said, rising and taking a few steps backward. "*Stay* polarized!"

NOTHING PERSONAL

WALLY TRIMBLE used to be as happy as a Lark (with the Gas-Trap filter), and then he got home from work one Wednesday evening last July to find a letter waiting for him from the *Saturday Evening Post*. "Dear POST subscriber," the magazine's letter began, "I am sorry to tell you that we will be unable to continue sending you THE SATURDAY EVENING POST after the July 27th issue. . . ." It was signed by Noble Acuff, Director of Circulation.

"Probably a computer error," suggested Trimble's wife, Beryl, who had been waiting in the living room of their apartment on West Eleventh Street with Mr. Acuff's letter in her hand.

"That must be it," Trimble said, nervously clearing his throat as he reread the letter for a third time. "The computer probably mixed me up with some other Trimble." He'd heard about the *Post's* computerized campaign to upgrade the quality of its readership by weeding out subscribers who were elderly or who lived at unfashionable addresses, but he'd never dreamed that he himself—forty-two, the assistant Eastern sales manager for a California manufacturer of prefabricated swimming pools—would be one of those to go. "I mean, as I understand it," Trimble said, "the *Post* is dropping only subscribers over sixty-five and, like, deadbeats."

"And you're not over sixty-five," said Beryl.

"Nowhere near over sixty-five," said Trimble, sloping off to the kitchen to mix himself a double Gibson.

For the next couple of days, Trimble went around feeling vaguely depressed about being lopped off by the *Post*, but by the weekend he'd snapped out of it and had pretty much forgotten Mr. Acuff's little insult. On Monday evening, however, when he came whistling in the door at six, he found Beryl waiting for him again, this time with a whole sheaf of letters.

"What's this?" he asked.

"*Life*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Harper's*, *Look*, and *Organic Gardening*—they've dropped you, too," Beryl said.

"But, dammit, this is every magazine we subscribe to!" Trimble cried. "I thought that the *Post* was the only one cutting off subscribers."

"So did I," said Beryl. "But I guess others are, too—in certain cases."

"What do you mean 'in certain cases'?" Trimble demanded. "Why in *my* case? Why me?"

"I don't know, Wally," Beryl said. "I just don't know."

IN August, Trimble's junk mail stopped. Suddenly, after years of coming home each evening to a stack of third-class letters that had to be pried out of his crammed mailbox, he would find nothing awaiting him but two or three bills. Nothing else. No invitations to join highbrow book clubs, no special introductory offers from L.P.-record societies, not even a circular from Bohack's plugging weekend pot-roast specials. When Trimble indignantly called the post office to find out what was going on, he was told by a bored clerk named Mancuso that third-class mail had simply stopped coming through for Wallace G. Trimble, Apartment 8-B, 147 West Eleventh Street. "Hell, for Apartment 8-B we're not even getting stuff addressed to 'Occupant,' " Mancuso said.

"But *why*?" Trimble demanded to know, his voice beginning to break.

"Search me," said Mancuso. "I mean, we just deliver the mail, Mister, we don't send it, too."

As Labor Day approached, Wally began getting more mail, but it was scarcely good news. Curt notices informed him that he had been kicked out of Carte Blanche, Mensa, and the Fruit-of-the-Month Club; Rogers Peet, B. Altman, and E. J. Korvette cancelled his charge accounts; and Montgomery Ward sent a special-delivery notice saying that they wanted their fall-winter catalogue back. Then his stationer stopped delivering the *Times*.

"I don't get it. What's going on? What have I done wrong?" Trimble asked his wife again and again, pounding his fists against his temples as he paced dejectedly back and forth.

"I don't know, Wally," Beryl invariably replied, with her back to him. "I just don't know." She had taken to staring out of the bedroom window a lot.

In September, Trimble got home from work one evening to find that they had taken out his telephone. "I don't *believe* it!" he shouted when Beryl informed him that two men from the New York Telephone Company had come to the apartment that afternoon and removed the phone. "We've always paid our bill," Trimble said.

"That's what I *told* them, but they took it anyhow," Beryl said, and she went out by herself to Loew's Sheridan.

The Telephone Company's business offices were closed for the night, but the next morning, promptly at nine, Trimble dialled 811 from a booth in a Whelan's drugstore and was eventually put through to a Miss O'Flanagan.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Trimble, we've discontinued your service," said Miss O'Flanagan in a hard-edged metallic voice.

"I *know* you've discontinued my service!" Trimble yelled furiously into the phone. "What I want to know is, Why?"

"Due to the enormous demand these days for expanded telephone service, the New York Telephone Company has regretfully been forced to terminate service to certain computer-selected subscribers," Miss O'Flanagan intoned. "However, the New York Telephone Company hopes that it will again be able to offer its services to you when the present demand for phones has been met, in three or four years."

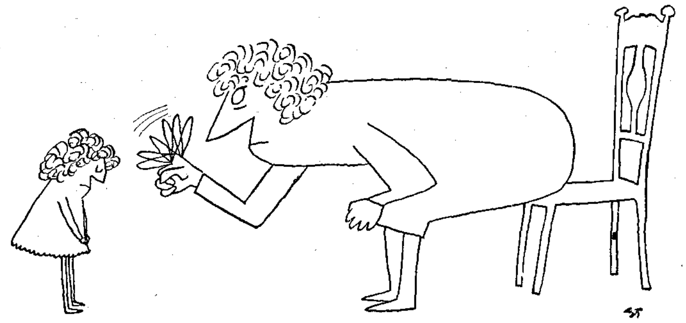
"Three or four years!" Trimble said.

"Or maybe five," said Miss O'Flanagan.

Two days later, shortly before September 15th, Trimble received a notice from the Internal Revenue Service informing him that he was no longer required to pay his quarterly estimated-tax installments. "Well, this is more *like* it," Wally said to his wife. "I mean, this is good news, isn't it?"

Beryl, standing at the bedroom window, said nothing.

THINGS went on the same after that. Night after night, Beryl would silently hand him the latest batch of letters: He'd been thrown out of the Diners Club, expelled from the Evelyn Wood Reading Dynamics course, asked by the Red Cross, the March of Dimes, or the United Jewish Appeal to kindly stop sending contributions. One Friday at the office, he noticed that his pay-



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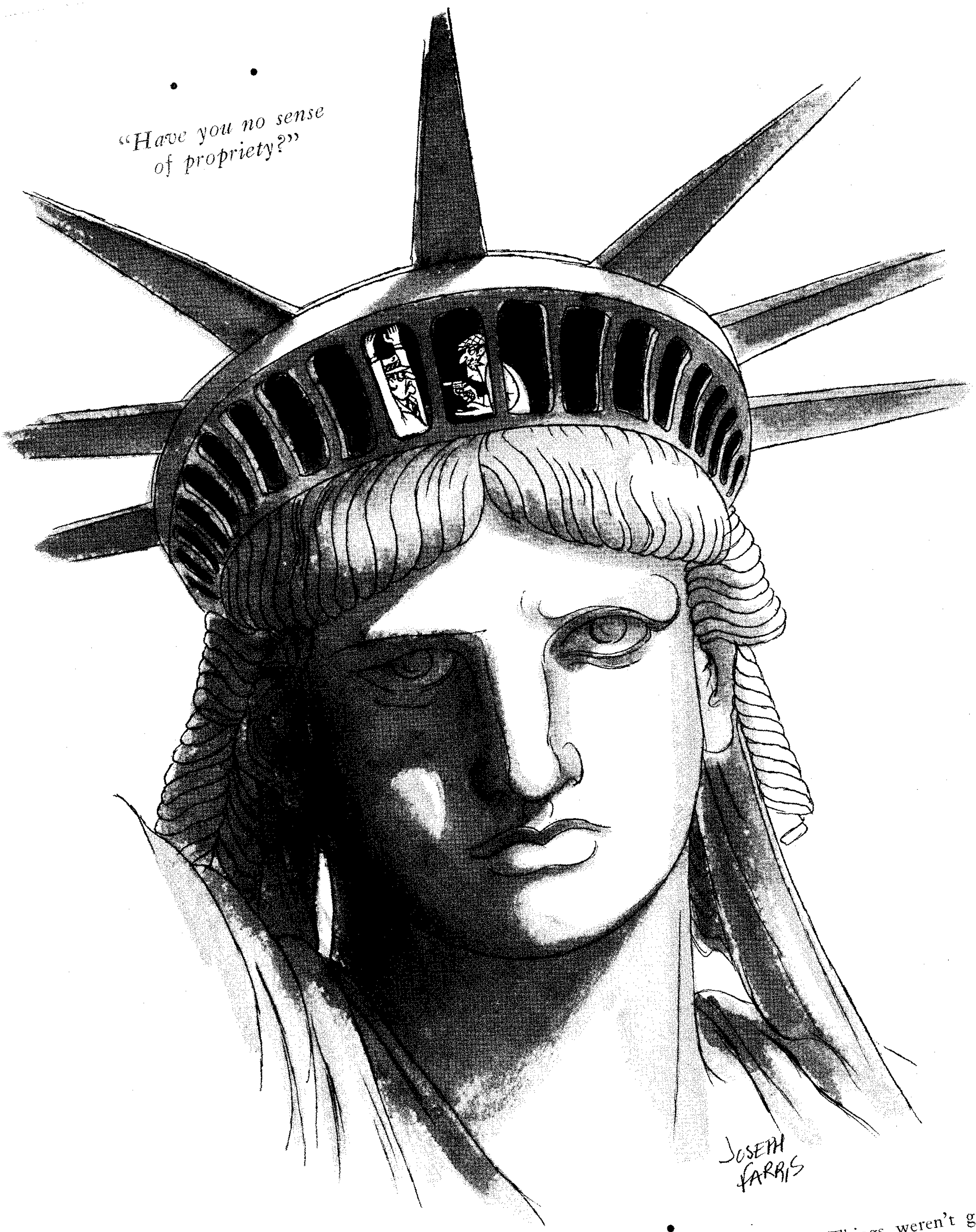

"Have you no sense of propriety?"

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check was larger than usual, but when he asked about it at the accounting office he was told that his Social Security had been cut off.

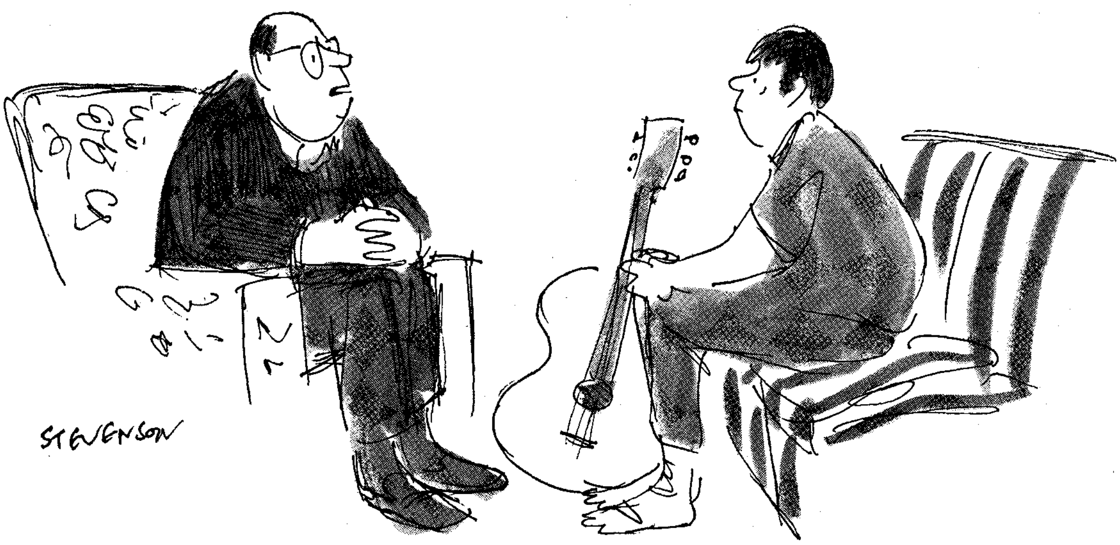
"But that's against the law," Trimble said.

The woman in Accounting, Mrs. Gorbusch, said, "They've decided in Washington that there's too much of everything these days. Too many services, too many people to keep track of, too many pieces of paper going and coming. It's got to stop somewhere, and so they're stopping some Social Security, at random."

"And I'm—" Trimble said.

"You're at random," Mrs. Gorbusch said.

Things weren't going well at the office anyway. The six-man sales force for which Trimble was principally responsible, the New England division, hadn't sold a swimming pool in weeks. Of course, swimming-pool sales normally take a downward seasonal dip after Labor Day, but this was the first autumn that Trimble's section had



“Maybe, Son, your generation already has enough spokesmen.”

come up absolutely goose egg. Trimble began to sense a change among his fellow-workers. Whenever he approached the gang to join the mid-afternoon chitchat around the water cooler, they *all hurriedly* scattered. Trimble felt like the man in that television commercial who had failed to read the *Wall Street Journal*, and his eyes took on a sad, frightened look. Then, one gray, damp afternoon toward the middle of October, he was cut dead on Twenty-third Street by Charlie Moodus, who had been his roommate at college, the best man at his wedding, and, all in all, his closest friend. “Charlie, Charlie!” Trimble shouted. “What have I done? Where have I gone wrong?”

Moodus dodged swiftly across the street and, glancing nervously back over his shoulder, ducked into the Flatiron Building.

Late in October, Trimble got home from work one evening to find that they had turned off his electricity. The heat seemed to be off, too. “Uh-oh,” he said. He could hear Beryl’s foot tapping on the parquet floor across the dark living room. The next morning, Trimble was on the phone in Whelan’s to Con Ed, but it was no use.

“In order to provide a wider range of service to New York’s busy users of electricity, Con Ed has reluctantly been forced to become more selective in its choice of subscribers,” said Miss Hanrahan in the Con Ed business office. “In short, Mr. Trimble, we’re not putting out electricity for just anybody anymore.”

“But what about the electric stove, the refrigerator, and the Water Pik?” Trimble said, with tears in his eyes. “Not to mention the lights and the TV. I mean, how are we supposed to live?”

“I’m afraid that’s your problem, Mr. Trimble, not Con Ed’s,” said Miss Hanrahan.

“Well, when can *I* expect service again?” Trimble asked.

“That’s rather difficult to say,” said Miss Hanrahan. “But we certainly can’t promise you anything before 1974.”

“1974!” Trimble said.

“At the very earliest,” said Miss Hanrahan.

“DEAR HUSBAND,” said Beryl’s letter, which was waiting for Trimble upon his return to the chill, pitch-dark apartment one sleety night not long after Thanksgiving, “I am sorry to tell you that I will be unable to continue being your wife as of this date.” The note, which Trimble read forlornly in the light of a kerosene lamp, went on to say that she had gone home to her mother in East Orange, and that he would be hearing soon from her attorneys about the divorce terms. Later that evening, Trimble called Beryl from Whelan’s. “These things—the magazines, the phone, the lights, and all—they haven’t been my fault, Beryl,” Trimble said.

“Maybe not,” Beryl said. “But, like, you must be doing something wrong.”

“But what, what, *what*?” Trimble screamed into the phone. He got no answer, however, for Beryl had hung up on him.

In December, the roof caved in. Wally Trimble was fired, evicted from his apartment, excommunicated by the Catholic Church, and kicked out of the R.C.A. Record Club. He began hoping vaguely that he might at least catch the Hong Kong flu, like everybody else, but the epidemic passed him by. And the A. & P.—where he’d been picking up TV dinners to eat, half thawed over matches, in his kitchen—stopped giving him Plaid Stamps. They gave them to the people ahead of him in the checkout line, and they gave them to the people behind him in line, but they *didn’t give them* to him, and Trimble didn’t even ask why.

Since being fired, on Christmas Eve, Trimble has had no luck in landing another job in his field, swimming-pool sales. In fact, he hasn’t been able to find a job of any sort. A couple of weeks ago, for example, he was turned down by the New York Transit Authority when he applied for work as a member of the cleanup crews that pick up litter between the subway tracks in the early hours of the morning. “Sorry, Mac, nothing personal, but we can’t use you,” the man in the Transit Authority’s personnel office told him. “You see, we’re not hiring just anybody these days.” And when Trimble tried to take the subway home after this rebuff, the man in the change booth refused to sell him a token.

Trimble lives in a Y.M.C.A. now, but they’ve told him to get out by next Sunday, and after Sunday he doesn’t know where he’ll be living. Under the terms of the divorce settlement, Beryl got everything—the contents of their apartment, Trimble’s savings, and six hundred dollars a month in alimony. At the moment, in fact, Trimble has exactly $3.65 left in the world and doesn’t know where his next nickel is coming from. The *Saturday Evening Post*, which started all of Wally Trimble’s troubles, went out of business the other day, but Trimble can’t afford newspapers, so he missed the news. Nowadays, one can sometimes see him wandering at dusk on Sixth Avenue, unshaven, red-eyed, and shivering, in a worn Navy peajacket that was all he got from a pawnshop in exchange for his Rogers Peet raincoat. As he shuffles along the pavement, one can hear him mumbling the same words over and over again: “Why me? Why me? Why *me*?” Poor Wally. Still, if it had to happen to someone, better to him than to you or me.

—THOMAS MEEHAN

THE CREMATION

THE phone rang. I picked it up before the dog began to bark and gave my number.

"Is that you, John?"

"Hello, Dad, yes. What's the weather like your end?" He's only twenty-five miles along the coast, at Lancing, but we always compare climates.

"Bit blowy. You were quick picking up the phone. Expecting a call?"

"Not really. I didn't want the dog to start barking. We've got a dog. Collected him yesterday from the kennels. Name of Peter. Got him on approval for a week. Take him back Wednesday if he don't suit."

"Cross between a hedgehog and a grindstone, I suppose?"

"Sort of. Border collie, mainly. Anyway, what's new? Car still going O.K., I hope. You don't want any more trouble with that gearbox." I lit a cigarette and pulled over an ashtray. I could hear my father lighting his pipe. Their television was on, with the sound turned low. It was the news.

"Turn it up a bit," I said. "I want to hear whether they've caught that killer." But then I heard the music being played that follows the bulletin. My clock must be slow. The dog had settled down again by the fire. He was going to be all right.

"It's finished. They've not caught him. The other policeman died this afternoon in hospital. Know who it was?"

"No. Why, do you, then?"

"Yes. It was old Arthur."

"Old Arthur? You mean Arthur Vivian, who used—"

"That's him. I wondered whether you'd remember him. We've still got that helmet somewhere he gave you when you were a nipper. Poor old Arthur. Fine thing when your schoolmates get shot in the stomach. Jenny phoned to let us know about six o'clock. I don't know what to make of it all, I'm sure. The two of them came to see us, not above five or six weeks ago, when he was on holiday. Who'd have thought that a thing like this was going to happen? Jenny wondered whether I'd come to the funeral, but I don't know about that. Birmingham's a long way to go this weather, and the car's still playing up a bit. What's the weather like your end?"

"Blowy, the same. Forecast says snow tonight, drifting if this wind doesn't give over. When's the funeral going to be? Bit soon to know for sure, I should think. I'm sorry it had to be old Arthur, Dad."

"They'll have him—two policemen dead, they'll have every man available out with dogs. Jenny thinks it'll be Wednesday or Thursday, but she'll be letting us know. I suppose I could go up on the train. I think I ought to go. I don't really want to, but I think I ought to. He's going to be cremated. I've never been to a cremation before. I don't like the idea of cremations. Seems all wrong to me."

"Yes, that's what I think. I had to go to a cremation once. One of my pupils. Only thirteen, he was. All through the term he came to school, every day. We could see he was dying; every day he looked whiter. This time of year it was, and he died just as we'd got used to him being there every day. I used to correct his homework just as if he wasn't going to—"

"I remember you writing about it. I've got the letter somewhere. Funny thing, you had a new dog then, didn't you? The one with the white star on its head. Got run over, didn't it? I hope you'll have better luck with this new one. Is it all right with the children?"

"Very good, so far. Look, Dad, I don't go back to work until Friday. Why don't you let me drive you up? You don't want to be bothered with trains, having to cross London and waiting about on Paddington Station. Never mind the snow. If we started out early enough, we could take it gently and we'd be more certain to get you there on time than if you went by train. Anyway, it might have cleared by then. I've got a pair of new tires on the back wheels and I've had the heater repaired. We'd do it in comfort. Does Mum want to come? Mum could come, too. She used to go to school with Jenny, didn't she? I expect she'd like to come. If the cremation's in the afternoon, let's see, say five hours' drive should do it, then we could leave at seven and do it easily."

"Jenny said it would be in the afternoon. Wednesday or Thursday. It's nice of you to offer, John. Can you spare the time, though? I know you're busy. Didn't you say something about having to go and see about the dog on Wednesday? I wouldn't want to take your time. I don't really want to go,

"Buzz off, Sugar Plum! This one's mine!"

THE VETERANS: A DREAM

On this green plain, their ennial caravans
Recur each summer, ripe with veterans
Who age and winter in each later year
That strings them out to tendons, fleshes their
Mid-continents with one more ring of fat,
And dims the bare rheums of their eagle eyes.
They come. A gliding through the moteless air,
A thrill of unheard wheels, and the vast barn-
Red hulls of vehicles as large as arks
Now nose and graze the meadows. In the first,
A grand march of mute couples—men in dress-
Blue uniforms, women in white ball gowns—
Marches in place, in silence, toward the bow
Under a boxcar-colored canopy.
The second is low-sided; it contains,
Above its freeboard, a long row of blue-
Black locomotives—rather, old-time trucks
Got up like locomotives—prinked with brass,
Abuzz with bells and whistles, manned by men
In Sam Browne belts and flat French officers'
(Or possibly conductors') saucepan hats.
The wheels rotate upon a treadmill track;
The men command, cajole, gesticulate,
Pump whistle lanyards, squeeze the ultimate
Speed out of throttles, slap their cabs, and cheer.
The third float, gross as any zeppelin—
Its sides chased with sign-painters' renderings
Of Spads in combat and crude lettering,
"Tim Hodgins' Flying Circus"—makes a hum
Faint as a honeybee. The men inside
Sit fossil fighters, choker-collared, scarved,
Gloved, goggled, tunicate, in petrified
Stringers and longerons. The old V-8
Hispano-Suizas swing the hickory screws
So slowly you can see them, like the fans
On soda-parlor ceilings. Castrol smoke
Curls blue around exhaust stubs. Ailerons
And elevators wag and nothing moves.

Here is the great parade of the veterans
To their ententment on the old campground
We all of us will cover: rictic grins
Confining shining dentures, gentian eyes
Pinned under magnifying glass and lapped
In welt-edged pockets of machine-seamed skin,
Knurled chins programmed to haver, sparse hair gone
To thin-sun yellow, all surmounted and
Suborned by ornament and uniform—
Legions of ribbons of the Croix de Guerre,
Vineyards of Concord-Purple Hearts, a whole
Necropolis of crosses on the slopes
Of human breastbones marching as to war.
Not so, though; these inveterate corporals,
And, ah, their wives, their wives in half sizes
Besprent with tucks and gussets, pleats and bows,
Peplums and scallops, and a velvet rose
Stuck up beside their S. S. Kresge pearls,
Step on, linked, to the grassy bivouac
Where hope springs back and forward to retrieve
Some sense from time of having started and
Concluded private wars of pride and lust,
And—even such is time, which takes in trust
Our service and discharges us in dust—
Of going absent with official leave.

—L. E. Sissman

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like I said. I'd have to catch the six-seventeen from here. If the funeral's not going to be over before half past three, I wouldn't be able to get back before the next day, and I don't want to have to have two days off. Already this year I've had four days off with my chest. Can't push it too much, you know. No, I don't think I'll bother. The weather's going to be a bit ribby, and you've got your dog to see to; old Arthur wouldn't know, one way or the other. He used to think the world of you, you know."

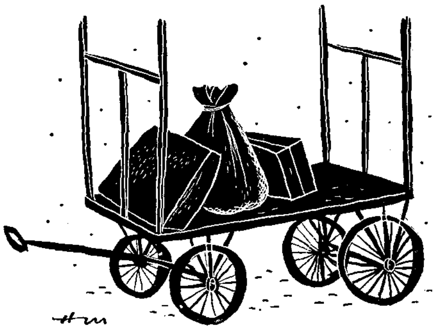
"I've got to go now, Dad. There's somebody at the door. Daresay you can hear the dog barking. Give us a ring when you know which day, Wednesday or Thursday, and I'll pick you up. Mind how you go tomorrow, if it does snow. Go to work on the bus. I'm very sorry. Don't worry, I'll get you there. Good night, Dad."

"Good night, John. Your mother says good night."

"Good night."

There was nobody at the door. I suppose it was a car door slamming that made the dog bark. But I didn't ring back. I took the dog for a walk in the snow. When we got back, our prints had been refilled, as if we hadn't left the house.

Wednesday it was. I got up in the dark, but by the time I was ready to leave the sun was up. The snow was pink or blue, according to whether you looked into the light or away from it. It lay deep along the beach, and the windless, frozen sea lay dirty and still all along it. I whistled the dog and put him in the back of the car, where he shook himself and lay quiet. The heater whined as I drove down the empty coast road packed with yellow sand and tired ice. My father was waiting at his gate, holding a rough bunch of large-bloomed chrysanthemums and a blue canvas bag.



"Mum not coming?"

"We can't go in this. Look at it. There'll be ten-foot drifts upcountry."

"Nonsense. No snow fell all day yesterday. They'll have cleared the trunk roads. So long as we keep going gently, we'll be all right. Say hello to Peter."

He put the flowers and the bag in the front and leaned over to stroke the dog. He looked chilled and his cheeks were sunken, as though he'd had his teeth out. When I started the engine, he turned round in the seat and shut the door.

For the first twenty miles, he wouldn't talk. I noticed how his right foot pressed down gently as we approached corners; I couldn't see his foot, but I could hear the paper wrapping round the flowers crinkle as he pumped an imaginary brake.

"When you were a little boy," I said, "did you stand at the front of a tram and pretend to be driving it?"

He grinned and picked up the flowers and put them in the back. "If that blackhearted limb of Satan chews up

"He's sure taking long enough. Probably figuring his new bracket if he sinks it."

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old Arthur's flowers, I'll wring its neck. Sorry. I know how irritating it is. Look at those ducks on the ice."

"Geese."

"Geese, then. I could do with a hot drink. What about you?"

"We ought to keep going. Another hundred and thirty miles yet."

"Papers were full of it again this morning. Reckon they'll catch him before the weekend. The snow's hampered them. Suppose the dogs can't work properly if the scent's smothered up."

"They were dropping hay bales from helicopters as I drove over this morning."

"Be for the cattle."

"Yes."

"Cattle won't dig down for food. Sheep do."

"I know."

"Perhaps if old Arthur had been shot after the snow fell, they might have caught that swine. Dogs won't dig out the scent—or can't."

"You sure of that? Peter dug something up out of the snow on the beach first thing this morning. Some scrap. Somebody had a fire there last night. Bits of black wood half burned and a hole in the snow. Kids had a barbecue, I daresay. Anyway, Peter dug up something to eat."

"Fresh, though, see? No hopes after a day or two."

"Let's stop and have a shiver for a minute. We've made good time. Averaged thirty-five and not a skid, even with your trampling on the flowers."

"Nice flowers. Mrs. Loveland did them up. Yes, I've got a thermos of coffee in here. Want a sandwich?"

It was the top of a hill. A row of trees looked stunted, sucked down in a drift. There were cattle standing still behind their breath. I thought it had started snowing again, but it was only a few flakes dislodged by a crow in the tree by us.

"Want to drive?"

"No, you drive."

"We'll have to keep going now till we get there. Don't like the look of the sky up north."

"We could still turn back, if you don't fancy it. It's always two overcoats colder in Birmingham. It wouldn't matter. I could go back to work this afternoon and you could stop a bit and talk to your mother. She'd like to see the dog. I'm not keen on burials."

"Cremations."

"Nor them. Come on, turn round before we cross the Thames. No harm done. Been a nice drive."

"No. I'm going to get you there. You ought to go. You'll be glad once you've got there."

"I'm not so sure about that."

"Have a bit of sleep. I'll give you the nudge when we're in Warwickshire."

I was surprised when he slumped down and slept, straightaway. As soon as I was sure he was well away, I went faster on the straight stretches. He stirred now and again when I slowed down or stopped in thick traffic, but he didn't wake up or speak. My eyes were tired with the snow. As we entered Stratford, I shook him. "Please remove your hat for Shakespeare," I said. But by the time he had come to, the statue was left behind. He looked out as we were passing a news agent's. He didn't need to ask me. I stopped and bought the first edition of the evening paper. The front page was full of a train derailment, but there it was in the stop-press. "Police Killer Captured Near Redditch. Funeral of Arthur Vivian 2:30 This Afternoon at Lodge Hill Crematorium, Birmingham."

THE last few miles, he pointed out all the places on the road that had memories for him. I wouldn't say "I know," although I knew quite well the spot where he had crashed a motorcycle when he was seventeen, the house where, as an apprentice, he had hung his first door, the lane where he had had his first smoke. "That's the police station where Arthur first began," he said.

"I didn't know," I said. I didn't know.

"I tried to get into the police. Did I ever tell you? Start of the De-

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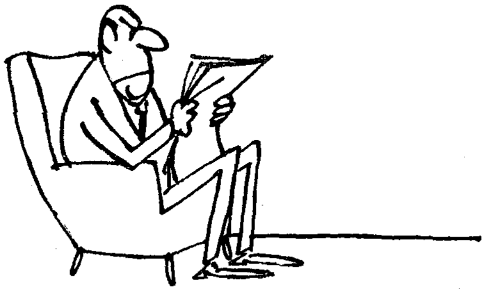

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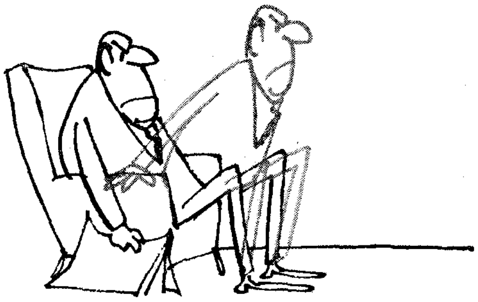

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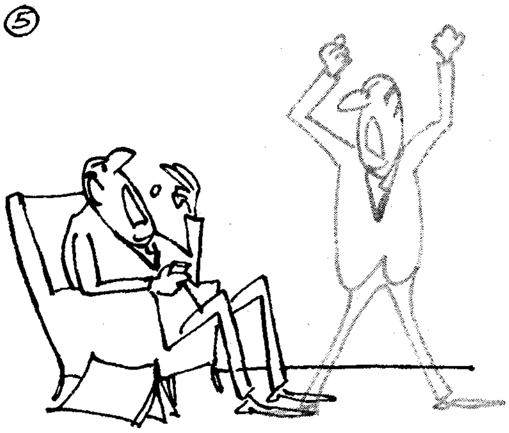

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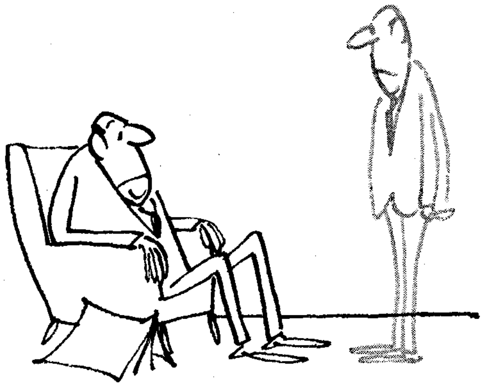

pression. We had to do a test. They could pick and choose at that time. One of the first questions on the form was—"

" 'Have you had a university education.' "

"That's it. We had to do a dictation."

"And the man giving the dictation had a broad Scottish accent and you couldn't understand half he said."

"I wasn't good enough." He'd never said that before.

"So you went south and that's where I was born."

"If I'd been cleverer, you'd have been a Midlander."

"And my kids."

"Lots of things would have been different."

"Glad the man had a Scottish accent."

"I'd have got in nowadays. They take anybody nowadays. Still, look what it did for Arthur. Third on the right now, number thirty-five. Will you come in?"

"Don't think so. Not dressed for it, really. Anyway, I'm nothing to them. They'll have a houseful."

"I'll have to go in. Look, the curtains are drawn. He's at home, then. *In that front room where his old chap* used to read the racing papers. I remember when *he* went. *He* lay in that front room. Expect Arthur'll have a flag over his coffin. Shall I take the flowers in now? Better. Well, I'll be out soon as I can. I'll sit in the car with you until the procession moves off. I'll have to go in and speak to Jenny. Your mother's sent her this note. You could turn the car round while I'm inside. Lodge Hill's back there, the way we came. Up on a hill it is. Cold."

I hadn't switched off the engine. As he went up to the door, I moved off to turn the car. He was holding the flowers behind his back. He'd always been ashamed of carrying flowers. When I turned round to reverse the car, I saw the dog looking out of the rear window toward the house. He whined a bit.

I opened a book but didn't begin reading it. Cars were arriving, doors slamming. All along the terrace of houses, windows were being opened, dislodging snow from ledges. A crowd gathered along the pavement. There were several policemen in uniform, carrying flowers. One of them asked me if I was one of the mourners. "Sort of," I said. "My father's in the house. Schoolboy friend." But as I said this I noticed he had come out of the house and was standing just behind the policeman.

"Do you want us to move?" I asked.

"No, sir, that's all right. As long as there's room for the hearse. I think there is." And the policeman walked away, putting his gloves back on.

"Many in there?" I said to Dad.

"Yes. Don't know most of them. Said hello to Jenny and gave her the note. I never had much to say to her. Crying, of course. Thought I'd come out and wait with you. He is in there. Didn't go in the room to look, but somebody said. Look at these crowds of people. Might have known. Everybody will turn out. His son's not here. In Belgium and couldn't make it."

"He could have flown here quicker than it took us to drive."

"I never did like him. He was always rude to his father. I remember."

"Whatever it is, he didn't come."

The hearse arrived, and four more large, black, empty cars. The fourth one couldn't get into the space in front of me. There was a yard or two to spare behind my car. I started to reverse to make room, but already the coffin was being carried out. I stopped. Dad hadn't seen what was happening, and opened the door to help me reverse. When he saw the coffin, he kept quite still, one leg out of the car, the door wide open. I wouldn't shift the gear lever into neutral until the coffin had been placed in the hearse and the flowers placed on top. I saw our chrysanthemums being carried out. My leg ached with the cold from the open door and the pressure of the clutch pedal. The engine cut out, but I kept my foot down. The four big cars filled, and one by one moved off. Dad closed the door and I started the engine and followed the procession. There were other cars behind us. All the way to the crematorium there were crowds lining the streets. Traffic was held up, or stopped of its own accord, to let us through. We didn't go fast enough for third gear, and the engine sounded busy and irreverent in second. Suddenly we were outside the crematorium; the front cars had already emptied. We were used by now to the crowds, the black uniforms. A guard of honor had lined up at the door. New snow was falling on them. High-ranking officers were going into the chapel, smoothing their hair as they removed their caps.

"I'm only going in if you come with

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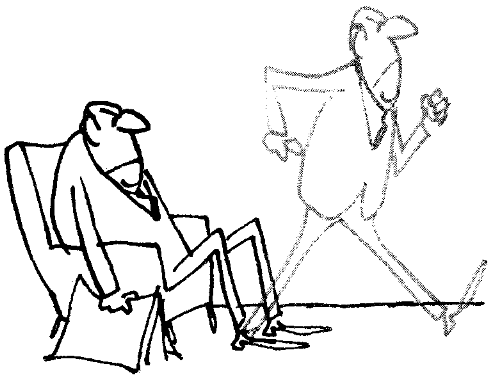

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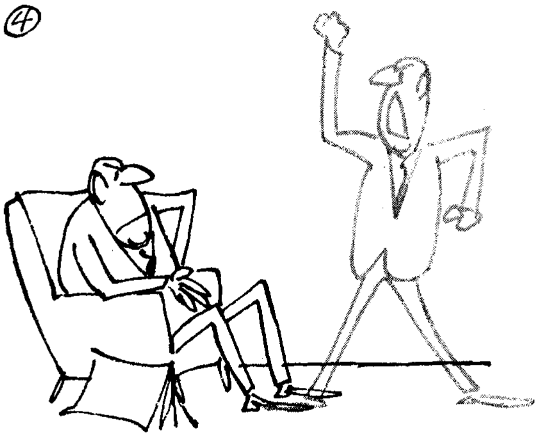

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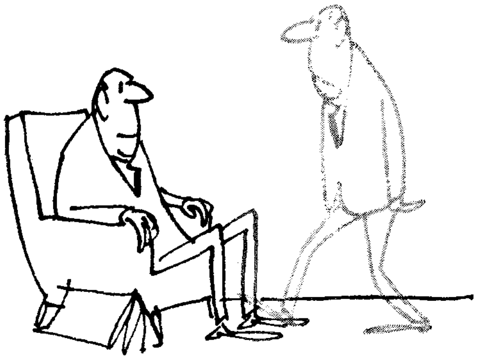

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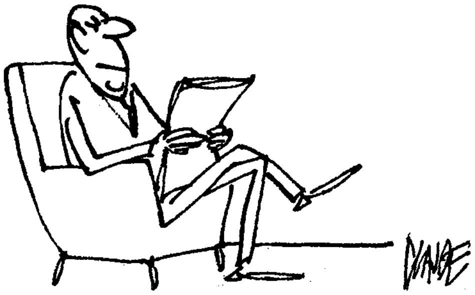

me. I never know when you're supposed to kneel. Where do you sit? All these important people. Will they have special seats for friends of the family?"

"Come on, then, I'll go in with you. Keep your coat on. It'll be drafty inside. Always is in these places."

We got out of the car. I locked all the doors. As we walked toward the door past the guard of honor, we could hear the dog whining. In the porch, as we caught sight of the draped coffin on its catafalque, and the formal lilies arranged in tall brass vases, he began to bark. Most of the congregation turned toward the window, away from the coffin. As we hesitated, the barking became more powerful—dry, hard, and regular. I noticed people who had been behind us outside in the seats that I had been making for. The chapel was very nearly full. The organ was playing; I heard the throb and shudder of its lower notes vibrating in a window. The barking was not going to stop.

"I'll have to go out and keep him quiet," I whispered. "We can't let him carry on like this. It's not right."

"I'll come with you. There's nowhere for me."

It took us a few minutes to make the dog sit still. My father has never liked dogs, but he let Peter lick his face all over. The closed windows of the car steamed up and we sat listening to a hymn being sung. When the dog stood up on my lap, he wagged his tail, wiping part of the windscreen clear. Outside the chapel door, the undertaker's men were finishing their cigarettes, flicking the ends away into the snow. The hearse driver tossed flowers from the back of the hearse onto the ground, slammed the back door, then drove away fast. The hymn finished.

"What do they do with the flowers? I thought they'd have been burned with him. Look at them, thrown anyhow on the ground."

"Hospitals have them. Old-folks' homes. Not wasted."

"What's going on in there now? It's gone all quiet. Suppose everybody comes out and then they take him away and burn him."

I told him how the coffin moves forward on mechanical rollers and disappears through little swing doors behind the altar and how the little doors shut and that's the last you see.

"Then what?"

"Couldn't say. Boiler room behind, or something. See that tower with the louvres at the top? Expect that's where they let out—"

"There were brass handles on the coffin. Saw them when the flag nearly fell off. Do they pick them out of the ashes when it's cool enough?"

"Perhaps they take him out. Don't think about it. Remember him how he was."

"Yes, that's the best thing. Better be going now, before they come out. Getting dark. Been a wasted journey in a way, not going in. For you, I mean. You brought me all this way and I didn't go in."

"Glad I brought the dog?"

"I am that. Nice dog, isn't he? Lot of collie in him. Very protective, collies are. He didn't want us to go near all those policemen."

"Don't think it was that."

"Trouble with pets, when they die it's very upsetting. They always die. Get run over, or get too old."

I turned on my headlights as we left the city. It was distinctly warmer and the snow was melting fast. The journey back wouldn't take long.

"You can always get another one," I said, "a little while later."

"Not the same, though. Never the same. You only ever remember the first one."

SOON it was quite dark. He cradled the dog and fell silent. I turned the radio on loud so that he could think on his own. The farther south we went, the more frequently we passed the blazing lights of greenhouses where chrysanthemums are grown through the winter. You can always buy chrysanthemums. I turned to him to ask if he wanted to stop for a hot drink, but he was asleep. He's beginning to look old, I thought.

—TED WALKER

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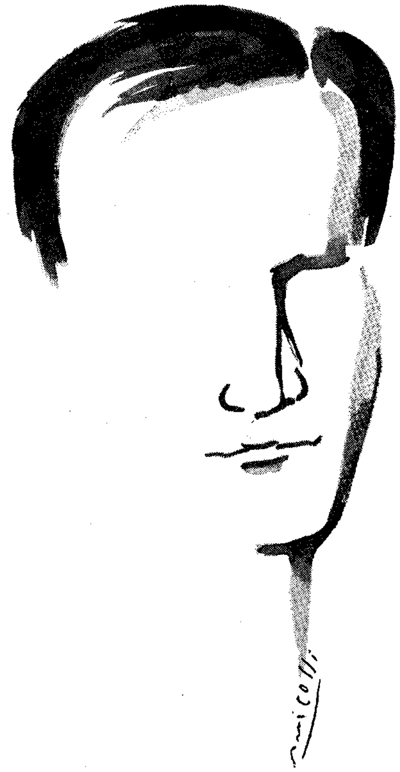
San Francisco letter carrier William E. Cain, 24, was suspended Wednesday by the San Francisco post office for not getting a haircut. Cain was furloughed under an Aug. 1 ruling that requires the hair and beards of postal employes to be neatly trimmed. He is appealing.—*Chicago Daily News.*

He's darling.

PROFILES

WHY DON'T WE JUST HUM FOR A WHILE?



Roger Miller

IT isn't easy to impress show people and musicians with an ability to forgo sleep, accustomed as they are to late hours, but Roger Miller has done it. Miller, who has become immensely successful in the past few years as both a songwriter and a singer, is known almost as well in the trade for his sleeplessness as he is for such ingenious compositions as "Dang Me," "England Swings," and "King of the Road." If Miller says "Let's party," it is not only an invitation but a challenge, since his idea of a party is often measured in days instead of hours. Some time ago, when an admiring amateur keeper of late hours asked Jerry Allison, who was then Miller's drummer, how long the champ could stay awake, Allison thought for a moment and then replied, "Well, I'm not sure. I've only been with Roger for a year and a half—I don't know how long he was awake before that." Miller's reputation in the no-sleep field is so secure that it wasn't shaken at all when word got around that he had been summoned to the office of Otto Preminger, who was considering him for a part in a movie, and had dozed off in the middle of the interview. His friends said it just showed what a casual guy he was.

Staying up so much gives Miller a lot of extra time, and he puts it to use. He writes songs continuously and almost effortlessly, in cars, airplanes, hotel rooms, and recording studios. Any spot that he has occupied for as long as an hour is likely to be littered with unfinished songs, on napkins, envelopes, and gum wrappers. Thumbs Carllile, his guitarist, claims that in the past couple of years Miller has knocked out at least twenty good songs that Miller himself can no longer remember, having lost track of the tiny spearmint manuscripts. Some of the songs in this outpouring have been conventional sentimental ballads typical of the country-music idiom, in which Miller has his roots as a singer and writer, but several of them have been unusual enough to attract enthusiasm across many musical boundaries. One of Miller's most devoted fans is Bobby Goldsboro, a pop singer, whose recent hits have included "Honey" and "The Straight Life." The folk purists have recognized Miller with invitations to appear at the Newport Folk Festival. In his book "The Poetry of Rock," Richard Goldstein, the pop-music critic of the *Village Voice*, says that Miller is the only contemporary country singer who has appealed to a large rock audience. Johnny Mercer, one of the great Tin Pan Alley writers, has called Miller "a natural American minstrel." In Nashville, the center of the now enormous country-music industry, there are songwriters who are ready to place Miller beside Jimmie Rodgers and Hank Williams, the two most revered figures in country songwriting. And when Charles Mingus, the virtuoso jazz bassist and composer, first heard Miller's songs, he said, "Nobody can write songs behind that. He's said it all."

Some of the elements in Miller's lyrics that have appealed to many people are a love of wordplay ("The last word in lonesome is me" and "Squares make the world go 'round"), a funny-sad quality ("Why don't you treat me like a human,/ 'cause I think the change'd do me good"), a distinctive way with the staple country-music subject of unhappy romance ("I've been a long time leavin'/ But I'll be a long time gone"), playfulness ("I wish I had your happiness/ And you had a do-wack-a-do"), and a hell-raising, just-us-guys air:

Well, here I sit high, gettin' ideas,
Ain't nothin' but a fool would live
like this.
Out all night and runnin' wild,
My woman sittin' home with a
month-old child.

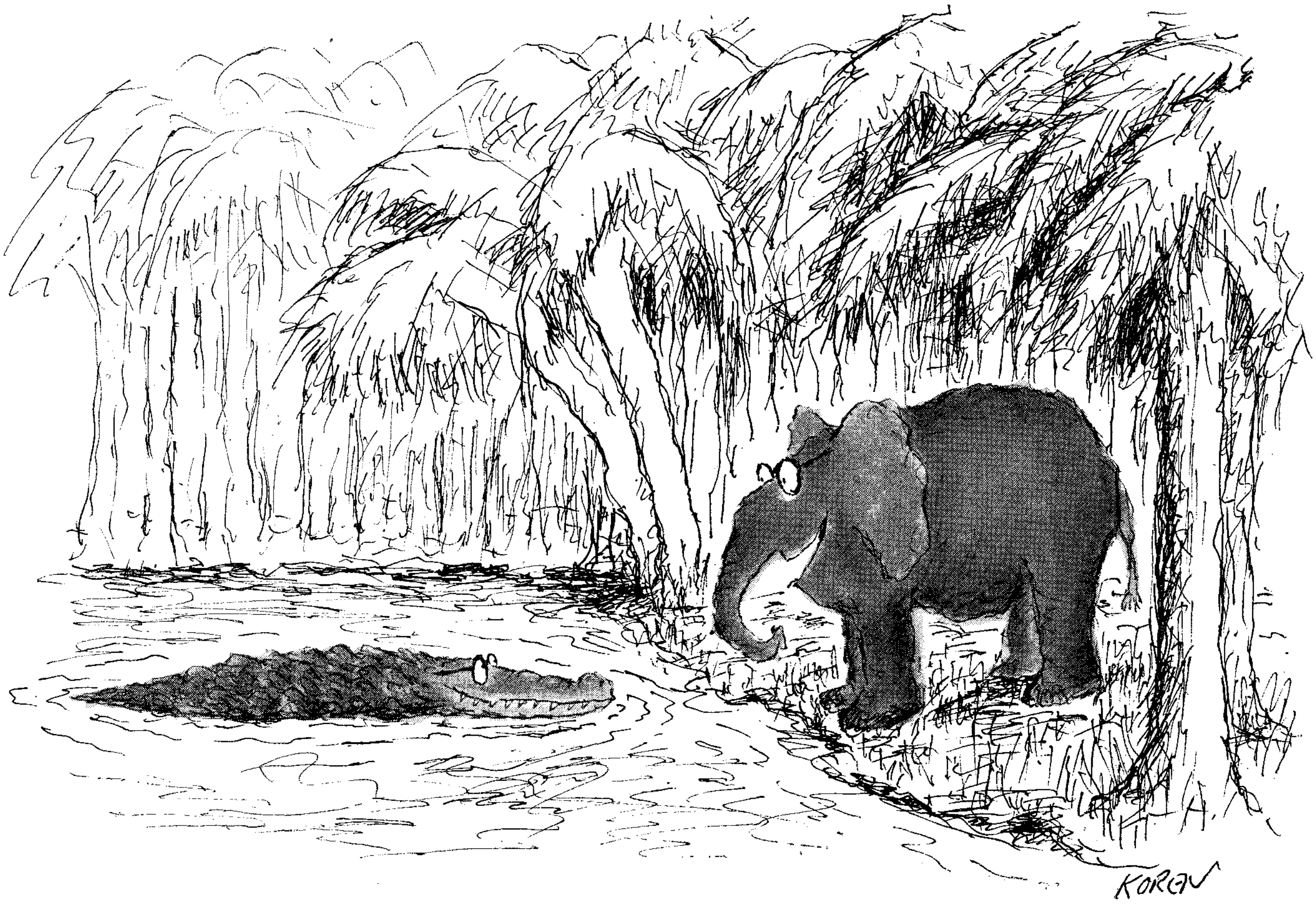
Dang me, dang me,
They oughta take a rope and hang
me
High from the highest tree.
Woman, would you weep for me!

Just sittin' 'round drinkin' with the
rest of the guys,
Six rounds bought and I bought five.
Spent the groceries and half the
rent,
I lack fourteen dollars havin'
twenty-seven cents.

Dang me, dang me....

In the country-music field, Miller is successful to a degree that might fairly be described as spectacular. Though other country singers have made fortunes, the process has typically taken them many years, during which they worked and travelled constantly, performing and recording for a sizable but limited audience. Miller, by contrast, made it suddenly. He works when he feels like it, for fees of as much as ten thousand dollars for a single concert or thirty thousand dollars for a week in Las Vegas. His records sell extremely well—since 1964 he has had three gold albums (albums that have grossed a million dollars or more) and three gold singles (singles of which a million copies have been sold). His biggest hit, "King of the Road," which dates from 1965 and is already regarded in Nashville as one of the all-time great hobo songs, has been recorded by more than a hundred and fifty singers, orchestras, and vocal groups, including Gerry Mulligan, the Supremes, and Guy Lombardo. Since 1964, his earnings have run to more than a million dollars a year.

I ARRANGED some time ago to meet Miller during one of his engagements in Las Vegas, at the Sahara Hotel. It was a Thursday night when I arrived, too late for either of the two shows that Miller was doing nightly in the hotel's Congo Room. I called Miller's suite, and spoke with Doug Gilmore, an old Nashville buddy of Miller's, whom he had hired recently to



"Great news! 'Tarzan' is out in paperback!"

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be his road manager and tell him jokes. "Well, listen, Roger's been up for a couple of days and he's pretty tired, so I don't know if anything will be going on tonight, but come on up to the room and have a drink," Gilmore said.

It was nearly 2 A.M. when I knocked on Miller's door. Miller answered with a shout: "Are you decent?" The door was opened by Gilmore, a big man of about thirty who looks like, and once was, a college football player. The suite was crowded with people—Gilmore and his wife, Betty; Allison, Miller's drummer; Carllile, Miller's guitarist; Bob Weeks, Miller's chauffeur in Las Vegas; and three couples, who were seated around the room in a semicircle, facing Miller. The couples were quiet and expectant, as though awaiting funny sayings from the star. Miller, a boyish-looking man of medium height and build, was sprawled on a sofa, holding his guitar. He wore black slacks and a white shirt open at the collar. His eyes were blinking shut slowly and reopening with what seemed to be great difficulty. He looked pale and groggy, but game. Miller evidently had been performing, and he resumed now, singing bits of four of his songs and accompanying himself on guitar. This was followed by a general lull, which Miller seemed to take as a reproach. "I'm having a ninety-two-point-four-per-cent good time out of a possible ninety-six," he said, sighing heavily.

He put his guitar aside and picked up a glass from a table beside the sofa. "Is this water?"

"No, man, that's Scotch," said Allison, a slim, broad-shouldered young man from Texas.

Miller frowned and replaced the glass. "Scotch drags me *down*."

"Drags me *up*," Allison said happily, and, as if to prove it, he got up and mixed himself a fresh drink.

Miller stood up and stretched. "I have *got* to go to bed," he said. "If I don't go to bed, I'm gonna go to hell."

"Man, that's *pro-found*," Allison said, chuckling.

The three couples, taking the hint, began saying their good nights and drifting toward the door. So did Mrs. Gilmore, and so did I, but Allison stopped me at the bar and pulled me aside. "Stick around for a minute, man," he said.

"I thought Roger was going to bed."

"Maybe. But I think he just wanted to get rid of the civilians. You cain't tell—we might go out and do the *Boog*aloo."

The moment the door closed behind the last of the civilians, Miller was transformed. He came wide awake. "We are going to *swarm* upon this town tonight!" he said. He did a little dance step, for emphasis.

"Where we going?" Allison asked.

"I don't know. We may go swarm on Dean Martin," Miller said. "Or Jack Jones."

Miller disappeared into the bathroom. We could hear the sound of a shower and of Miller singing. Gilmore hollered to him, "Hey, Rodge! What you doing?"

Miller came back into the living room, still fully dressed. "I'm taking a shower," he said.

"But you aren't in the shower," Gilmore said.

Miller snapped his fingers. "I *knew* I's forgetting something. Well, I'll press my pants instead." He took a pair of gray slacks from a closet, examined them critically, and then hung them in the bathroom, from which clouds of steam were billowing. "The steam will straighten them out," he explained.

Carllile, a stocky, mournful-looking man in his late thirties, had been playing a guitar quietly in a corner of the room. Now he leaned the instrument against a chair and said, "Boy, I'm sure glad there's just three days in a week now."

Miller and Allison both collapsed with laughter.

When Allison regained his composure, he climbed up on an end table and spread his arms dramatically. "Friends," he said, "if I am elected sideman, all the streets will run downhill and we'll all have Teflon chickens that won't stick to the pot!"

The pledge was greeted with applause and laughter.

Allison jumped off the table. "Man, when I'm regular, I'm just a civilian, but when I'm stoned, I feel *famous*," he said.

"I think it's time we broke into a series of folk dances," said Miller. He and Allison fell to their knees facing each other, embraced, and executed several jerky little knee steps in the center of the room.

"Well, if y'all are gonna have such a good time, I just may have to do the Big Bird," said Gilmore, after watching the dancing appreciatively for a moment.

Miller and Allison stopped dancing. "Yeah, do your Big Bird, Doug," Allison said.

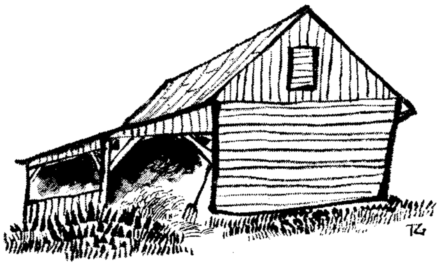
The Big Bird turned out to be Gilmore's impression of an ostrich. Gilmore lowered his head, extended his neck, folded his arms into wings, and took big loping steps about the room—at once graceful and galumphing—walking over sofas, chairs, and tables. "That may have to go right into the act," he said after his circuit of the room.

Miller decided that his slacks had steamed long enough, and went into the bedroom to put them on. When he came back to the living room, he was tugging at the waist of the slacks and frowning. "These damn things are gaining weight," he said. For the next twenty minutes or so, he marched back and forth between the living room and the bedroom, trying on and modelling various combinations of jackets, ties, and slacks. "God dang it," he said. "I bought all these clothes and none of them match. I gotta look good tonight. I gotta have me some flash." He stood for a moment with his hands on his hips, looking disgusted. "Hey, *I* know what," he said. "How 'bout hip boots and a hairnet!"

After two or three more trips to the bedroom, Miller settled on the gray slacks, a white shirt with no tie, and an electric-blue jacket. We were ready to go. In the elevator, Miller had last-minute doubts about his clothes. "This doesn't look right, does it?" he asked.

With a sudden inspiration—a parody of Miller's "The Last Word in Lonesome Is Me"—Allison was able to avert a return to the suite. "The last word in hideous is us," he sang. The laughter for that, and for another uncaging of the Big Bird, carried us through the Sahara lobby and into Miller's limousine.

As we pulled out of the Sahara parking lot, Carllile's eyes roved over several million watts of marquee glitter along the Strip and settled on a little sign in the distance. "Hey, I didn't know the Mayfair Market was open twenty-four hours a day," he said. "That means I can get chocolate milk and Twinkies anytime I need them." Before we had driven two blocks, Miller realized that he didn't have his portable phone with him. We went back to the Sahara, and Allison volunteered to go upstairs for the phone.



"Where to, Roger?" Weeks asked when Allison returned.

"Aw, uh, I don't know," Miller said. "Just drive for a while."

We cruised past the casinos for some time, reading the names in lights: Debbie Reynolds, Sarah Vaughan, Anthony and the Imperials, Dean Martin and The Most Beautiful Girls in the West, Le Lido de Paris, Cleopatra's Nymphs of the Nile. Nothing looked just right to Miller. His good mood had evaporated. He couldn't think of any place to go or anyone to phone. He was restless. He wanted a Coke. (The liquid portion of his diet consists almost exclusively of Coca-Cola, which he drinks around the clock, probably polishing off more than a case a day.)

"Well, we could go watch the free parking at the Flamingo," Carllile suggested.

Miller finally selected the Sands. As soon as he entered the lobby, he ran into Godfrey Cambridge, the comedian, and Don Adams, the star of the television series "Get Smart." Miller's spirits rose instantly; it looked as if things might get rolling now. While the rest of us crowded around, the three stars traded quips, with Adams taking the lead, and finding an enthusiastic audience in his fellow-performers. Miller loves to be told jokes. The gaiety waned after ten minutes or so. It developed that Cambridge and Adams didn't know what to do with

THE PLACE

(Beside a Frozen Lake)

We are nerve-blowing now. Unspeaking and whiteness around. Warm wind
was never here. Snow has no move. So this
has placed us. Dark is with it nearly, for this last of day-
shaking of shores.

Night is down on us; hold me with all your fur.
These waters have put every grain of their ice
into our red hand-marrow. Statue-faced, let us breathe
on each other—let us breathe the ice

sweeping into the air, for it has crossed to
within us, rigidly airborne, impassible from crossing
miles of lake-freeze in our
overwhelming direction. They hang true lovers with thread-

steel through the nose. It hurts straight up and down
inside us. This is where we come, and we are cross-
eyed with love and every tooth
root aches. Lover, this is where:
I can tell you here.

—James Dickey

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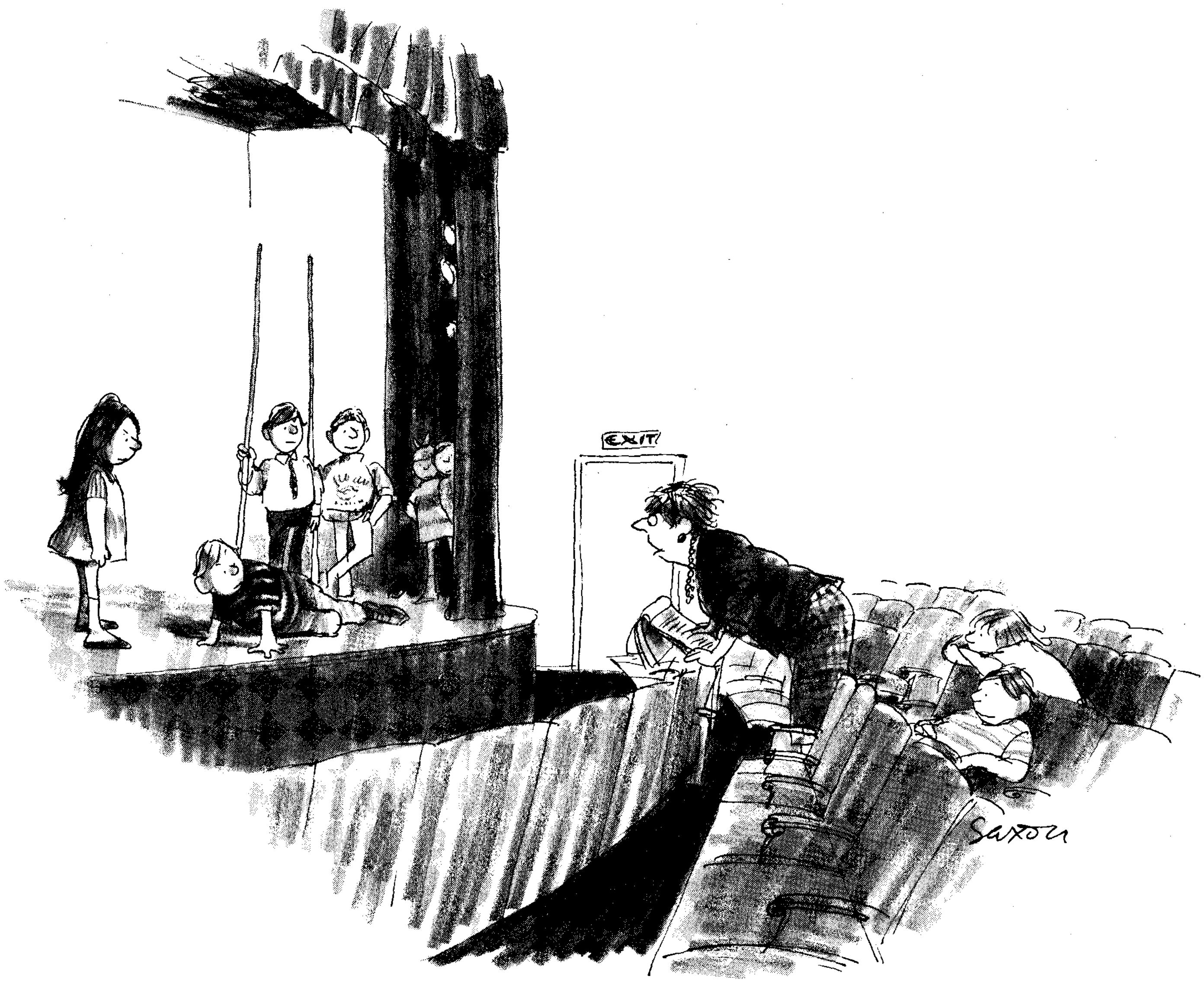


"Your armies have deserted you, you have been wounded unto death. Now make me *feel* *it!"*

• •

themselves, either. We all stood around with our hands in our pockets, sizing up the situation. Adams drifted away, but not before dazzling us by remembering everyone's name as he said goodbye. Cambridge and Miller then led the way into the Sands lounge, where we saw part of the Louis Prima show. By four-thirty, Cambridge had said good night and the rest of us were back in the limousine, with more decisions to make—where to go, what to do. Miller was solemn.

"Hey, Rodge, man, are you on a bummer?" Allison asked.

"No," Miller said. "Maybe I'm just tired."

"Oh. I thought maybe we'd put you on a bummer with all this hilarity."

"No, you didn't," Miller said. "Listen, what day is this anyway? Thursday?"

"With a *bul*let!" said Gilmore, in confirmation. (This is Gilmore's phrase for "That's right," or "You'd better believe it." It is derived from trade talk; in *Cash Box* magazine's best-seller charts, the fastest-rising records are identified with little red markers called bullets.)

At Allison's urging, it was decided that the next stop would be the Pussycat à Go-Go, an all-night club featuring a Negro singer, Dobie Gray, and a good rock band, whose name I didn't catch. The manager recognized Miller and gave us a table down front, near the bandstand. When Gray spotted Miller, he invited him to do a number. The crowd applauded, but Miller was hesitant. He climbed up on the bandstand, took the microphone, and said, "Ain't that weird? I don't know anything to say except hello." He jumped off the stand, waving and hollering, "I'm too nervous! I'm too nervous!"

Allison and Gilmore berated him for not singing. "Those guys didn't know my stuff," he said. "They weren't anxious to have me up there anyway. What the hell did you want me to do? Preach? Take up a collection?"

Miller was cheered by several requests for autographs from surrounding tables, but before the first round of drinks arrived he was restless and bored again. He slumped in his chair, staring at the floor. "We may have to get out of here," he said. "I'm having too big a time."

Gray finished the set with a good blues and came over to our table. Everyone rose to greet him; Miller hugged him. "Wow, Dobie!" Allison said. "Man, that was— that was real average!"

Our party broke up about eight o'clock Friday morning in the lobby of the Sahara. As I headed for my room, Miller and Allison were standing near a blackjack table, pondering further entertainment.

"What do you want to do?" Miller asked. "You want to go to L.A.?"

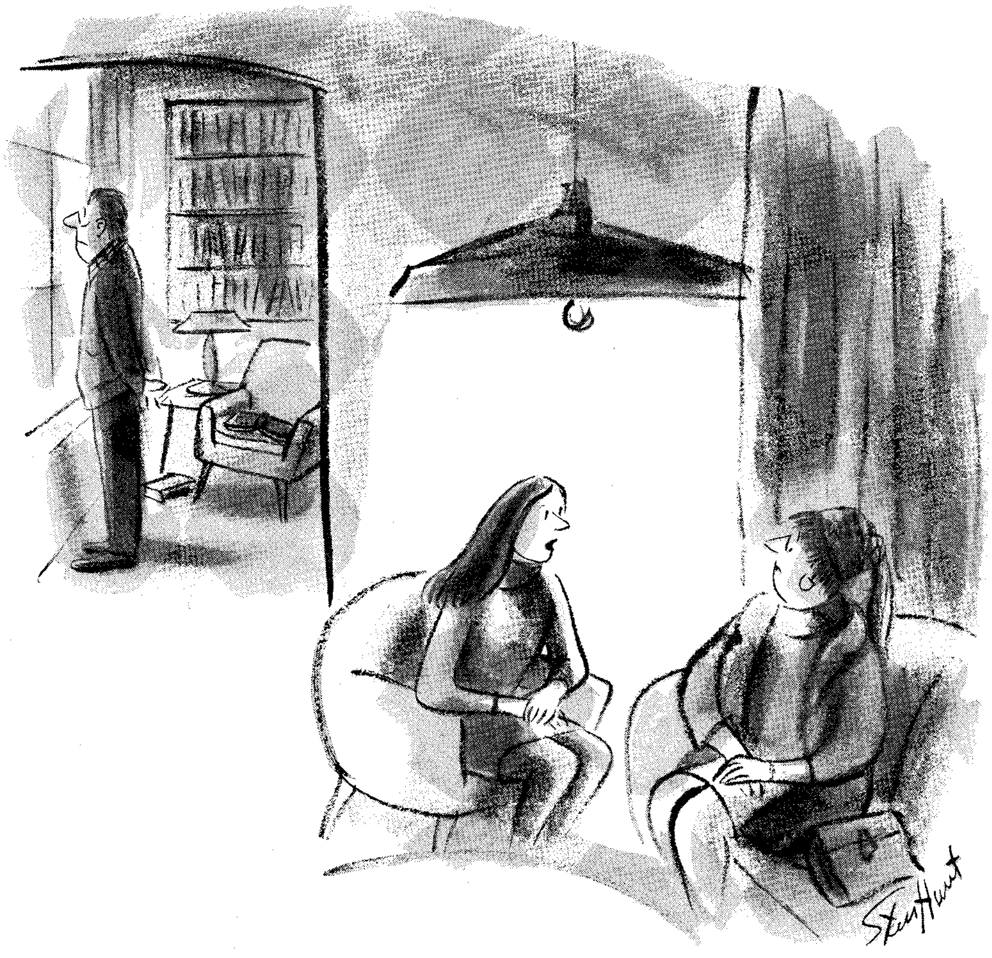
"No, but I'm not ready to go to bed," Allison said. "You tired? Am I keeping you up?"

"Naw," Miller replied. "As long as there is a vine, I will swing."

MILLER was born on January 2, 1936, in Fort Worth, Texas. When he was a year old, his father died, and a year or so later the family had to be broken up. Miller, the youngest of three brothers, was sent to live with an aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Miller, on a farm near the little town of Erick, Oklahoma; his brothers were taken in by two other uncles, one in California and the other in Arkansas. Through the years, Miller chopped cotton and joined the Future Farmers of America and went to a one-room school, but his heart wasn't in any of it. From the age of six or seven on, he dreamed of wearing spangled suits and leading a Western band. If friends asked the Millers what little Roger wanted to be when he grew up, his uncle would say, "Aw, he wants to be like Sheb." Sheb was Sheb Wooley, a country singer, and the Millers' son-in-law, who lived up the road. By the time he got to the ninth grade, Miller had learned a few guitar chords from Wooley and had perfected his autograph, so he quit school. The way he saw it, stardom was only a matter of time. For the next three years, he drifted from town to town in Oklahoma and Texas, working at odd jobs by day and singing at night for anyone who would listen. He would bluff his way into honky-tonks and then beg to sit in with the band. He was doing his best to sound like Hank Williams, and was writing a song occasionally.

After serving for three years in the Army, Miller moved to Nashville to make a real effort at getting into the music business. Married by now, and broke, he was scrambling to stay alive. He worked as a bellhop at the Andrew Jackson Hotel, a fiddle player with Minnie Pearl, and a drummer with Faron Young, the Singing Sheriff. Several of his songs did well—"Invitation to the Blues" was recorded by Ray Price and by Patti Page, "Half a Mind" by Ernest Tubb, and "Billy Bayou" by Jim Reeves—but his own recording career wasn't going anywhere. Nashville didn't seem to take him seriously, even after he had recorded for Decca and R.C.A. Victor and had received national television exposure on "The Tonight Show" and "The Merv Griffin Show." He was liked and laughed at and affectionately nicknamed the Wild Child, but in country-music circles he was thought to be a little too far out. Or perhaps it was just that Miller hadn't found his own singing and writing style. In April, 1964, despondent and ready to quit the business, he decided to move to California; he had vague plans to study acting. To finance the trip, he recorded an album for Smash, a subsidiary of Mercury, for which he received an advance of fifteen hundred dollars. The session, hurried and offhand, proved to be the most important of his career. One of the tunes from the album, "Dang Me," became a hit single within a week of its release, eventually selling more than a million copies. From then on, Miller prospered. During the next couple of years, he produced a series of hit singles and albums, including "Kansas City Star," "Chug-a-Lug," "Engine, Engine Number Nine," "England Swings," and "King of the Road," which was the biggest song of 1965. In 1964, he won five Grammys (roughly the equivalent of an Oscar) from the National Academy of Recording Arts & Sciences; the next year he won six, setting a record. The recording success brought Las Vegas bookings, which are the most lucrative in show business, and an N.B.C. television series called "The Roger Miller Show," which was unsuccessful but which certainly advanced his career.

Professionally, Miller is a pop star of the second rank—if the first rank is taken to include only such superstars as Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin—whose managers think he might make it to the top in movies and television. Musically, he is harder to classify. Country music has almost as many categories as jazz does—bluegrass, Western swing, hard country, and so on—and Miller does not fit comfortably into any one of them. Though he claims to worship the standard idols—Jimmie Rodgers and the immortal Hank Williams—it is difficult to detect their influence, or anyone else's, in his work, or to account for his use of such jazz effects as the growl and scat singing. He has the voice (baritone) of a country boy and he often deals with the standard country themes, which he has described as "love and neon and honky-tonks and you been cheatin' on me,



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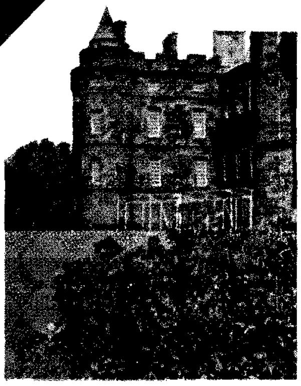
darlin'," but his songs somehow fall pleasantly on ears that can't tolerate the steel guitars and whiny earnestness of the hard stuff. Miller's success in the general pop field and his eclecticism are appropriate to the times, of course. Country music has exerted a strong influence on pop music for more than ten years, as pop singers have come to recognize that the best country songs are candid and fresh and immensely salable. Tony Bennett, Frankie Laine, and Jo Stafford, for instance, all had hits with Hank Williams tunes during the fifties. In that same period, the country influence was felt in another way—in the development of rock and roll, which began as a mixture of country music and rhythm-and-blues, and was popularized by a hillbilly named Elvis Presley. Today, Perry Como, Dean Martin, and other big pop singers look with increasing frequency to Nashville for songs, and Nashville has begun to borrow the slickness of pop for what is sometimes called uptown country. And this is just one phase of the intermingling and borrowing that have been going on in American music. There has been a general blurring of the old boundaries: rock and folk performers have been showing a new interest in country music, jazz groups have done rock tunes, country groups have done jazz tunes (Homer and Jethro have recorded "Shiny Stockings" and "Take the 'A' Train"), and jazz and rock groups have experimented with Indian music. The makeup of Miller's group at the time I met him reflected this state of affairs, in a way. Carllile was an excellent country player who could also play jazz. Gary Walters, the bass player, was a jazz musician, and had worked with Mel Tormé and Buddy Rich. Allison was basically a rock player, and, as a member of a group called Buddy Holly and the Crickets in the fifties, he had written several big rock hits, including "Peggy Sue" and "That'll Be the Day."

Miller's friends don't waste much time analyzing his music, but they show a lively interest in analyzing Miller himself. To spend fifteen or twenty minutes with almost any acquaintance of his is to hear yet another report on the state of Miller's psyche. Among his musicians and his friends in Nashville, the consensus is that, beneath the Wild Child exterior, Miller is temperamental, melancholy, and maybe downright unhappy. Some blame it on his childhood, some on his love life (he has been married twice and has four young children), some on the hard knocks of the music business, and

The Return of the Aged Inch



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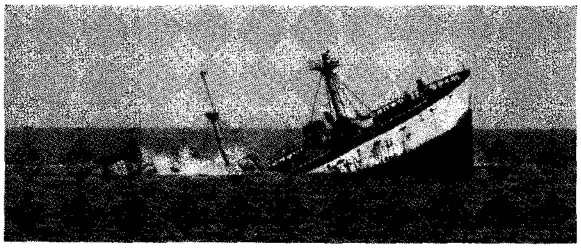

Then World War II interrupted all this. Shipments stopped in 1939. For the duration of the war, the distilling of Scotch was well-nigh brought to a halt. And after the war, the lengthy, laborious process of building up stocks of Scotch whisky had to begin all over again.

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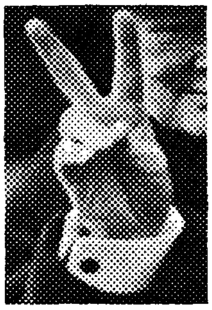

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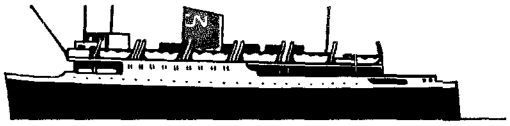

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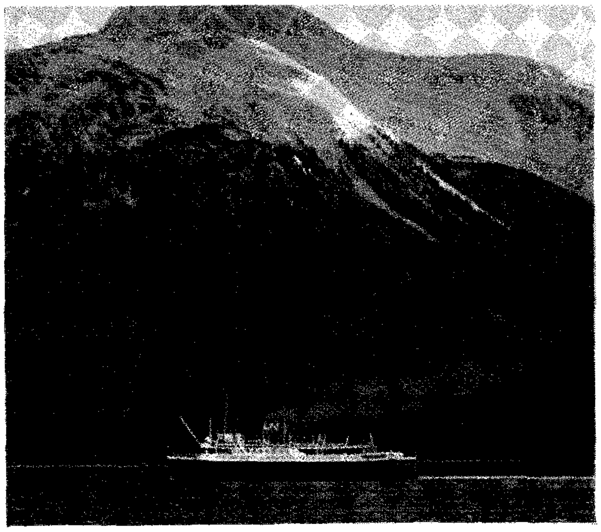

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others on Mother Nature. Harlan Howard, a successful songwriter in Nashville, sees Miller as a lonely seeker. "He's trying to find the damn handle somewhere," Howard once said of him. Miller himself occasionally will admit to being "chased by devils," but he does not encourage this line of inquiry. "Aw, let's don't talk about that," he is likely to say. "Why don't we just hum for a while?"

I WENT to Miller's suite Friday evening about seven to see if he had got any sleep. Allison, smiling and holding a drink, opened the door. "Come on in, man," he said. "I've only been up for an hour and I'm already having a good time."

I looked into the bedroom and saw Miller asleep on the bed, still wearing the ensemble he had so painfully assembled the night, or morning, before. Gilmore was leaning over him, saying softly, "Come on, Rodge. You got to get up. Show time, Rodge. Let's go, Rodge." Allison went in to help, and the two of them got Miller upright within ten minutes.

Miller stumbled past me on the way to the bathroom. "When did you get to bed?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said. "But it was before that."

While Miller showered and shaved, I went into the living room and repeated the question to Gilmore, who said he thought Miller had given up about three in the afternoon. I said I couldn't understand why they didn't let him sleep longer, in that case, since the show didn't start until after nine.

"Having time to wake up is more important than the extra time to sleep," Gilmore said. "If we got him up at the last minute and shoved him out on the stage, he'd do a terrible show. He has to have time to get organized. As it is, the first show probably won't be the best he's ever done, but he'll be awake and feeling like himself by the second one."

Miller emerged from the bathroom and said, "I think I ought to warn y'all that I was secretly recording everything you said in here."

"Well, *Jack Webb!*" said Gilmore.

Miller had his usual breakfast—eggs and Coke—and then watched television for thirty minutes with the sound off. At nine, we left for his dressing room, backstage at the Congo Room. As we walked through the hotel, I asked him if it wasn't difficult to go out and face an audience so soon after getting up.

"Yeah, it can be rough," he said. "It

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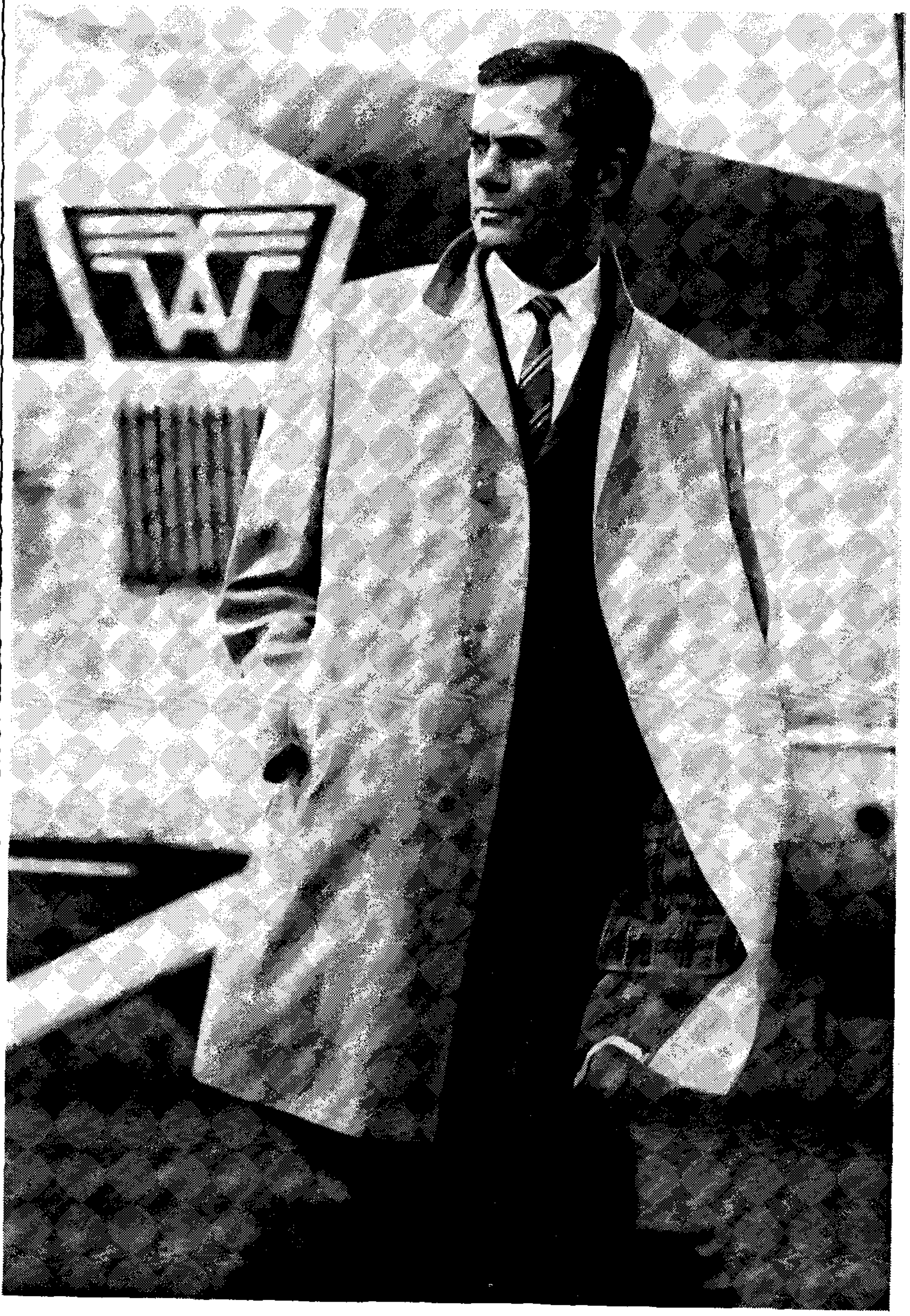

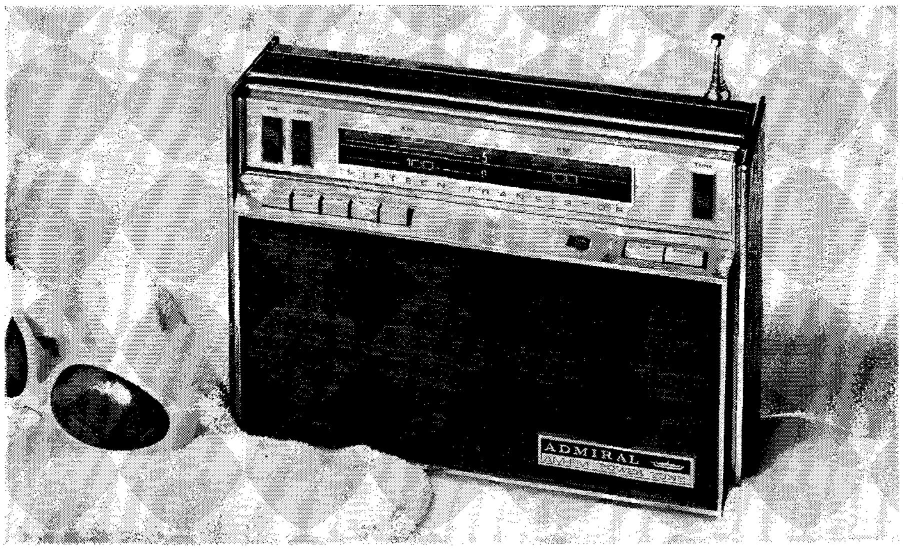

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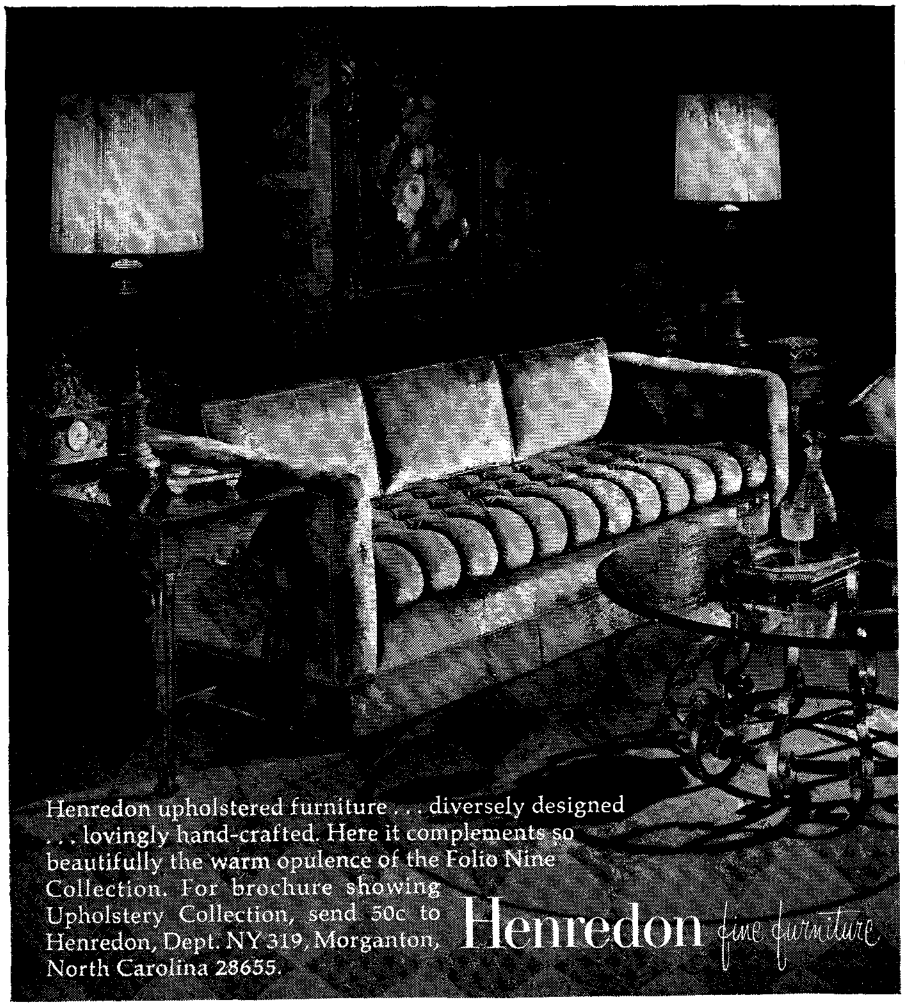

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feels too early to have company sometimes. You're not quite awake, and you don't know what they want you to be. Maybe you've been in your room putting on a mountain lion and they're out there expecting a zebra."

In the dressing room, Miller settled at the dressing table, poured a Coke, lit a cigarette, and studied himself in the mirror. "I've got to get me some rest," he said. "After we're through here, I think I'll take a vacation for a month or so."

"Hey, take me," said Allison. "Where you going?"

"I don't know," Miller said, flicking his cigarette ashes into Allison's lap. "Korea, I guess."

"I think I saw Jack Nicklaus today," Gilmore said.

"The gloffer?" Allison asked.

"Yeah."

After a reflective pause, Miller said, "I don't know how to react to that. Y'all go ahead and talk about it."

At nine-thirty, the preliminary act was over and the pit band went into Miller's theme music, "King of the Road." As the announcer said, "And now, ladies and gentlemen, the Sahara proudly presents Mr. Roger Miller, the—" Miller jumped up and hollered, in mock panic, "Chap Stick time! Where's the Chap Stick?"

"What about some Blistex?" Allison asked.

"No, that swarms on me," Miller said. "Dang it. Forget it." He ran out on the stage, looking as though he might have difficulty adjusting his morning sluggishness to the audience's after-dinner hilarity.

Miller's show normally runs fifty minutes. He sings his hits, does a little aw-shucks hip-country-boy patter, and tells some jokes ("Knock knock." "Who's there?" "The Boston Strangler." "It's for you, Marie"). If he doesn't sense immediately that the audience is with him, that he is wanted and loved, he will drop the patter and rush through the songs with a barely concealed impatience to get offstage. The crowd was very much with him on this night, but he couldn't tell it. Twenty minutes into the show, he became annoyed with a tipsy old gentleman who kept hollering for "King of the Road." Taking the pit band and his own musicians by surprise, Miller charged into the song, sang one fast, angry chorus, and walked off the stage.

In the dressing room, he was in a rage. "One goddam song," he said. "That's all they know, that's all

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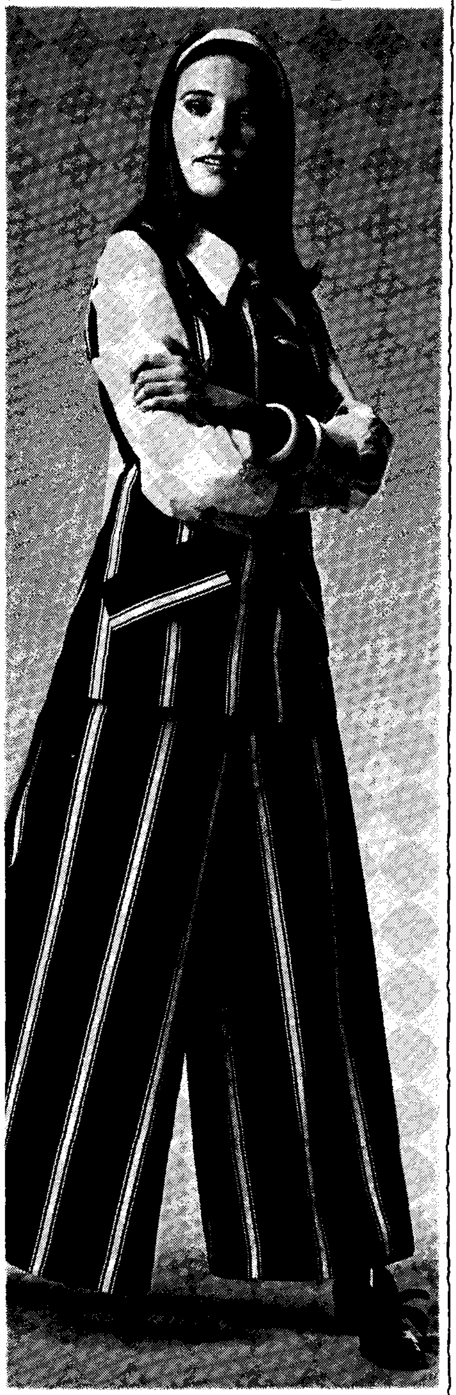

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they want to hear. One goddam song!" He smashed a glass against the wall and sat down. The embarrassed silence in the room was broken a minute later by a knock at the door. Three young couples from Ontario wanted Miller's autograph. Miller told Allison to send them away, then changed his mind. He signed some Kleenex for them and apologized for the abrupt ending of the show, and they told him he was the greatest. "We love you in Canada," one of the girls said. "You have no idea how many fans you have there."

When the couples left, Allison said, "See, man, that crowd wasn't hostile. They were digging you."

"I know, I know," Miller said. "Damn it, I *know* you're right. I don't know what's wrong with me. I'm a mental midget. Sometimes I have a tendency to be a stupid son of a bitch."

It was ten o'clock. Miller didn't have to be back on stage until twelve-thirty. "Let's go to the room," Gilmore said. "I know some people who want to come calm you completely *up*."

"Who's that?" Miller asked.

"Two interviewers."

Miller groaned. "Aw, O.K. Bring 'em on."

In the suite when we arrived were Mrs. Gilmore; Bobby Goldsboro, the singer, who can make a sound just like a cricket, and frequently does; and the interviewers, a middle-aged woman from a local radio station and a young reporter from the Milwaukee *Journal*. While the radio woman, who said her professional name was Tommie Thompson, set up her recording equipment, Miller called room service and ordered a peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich. He loosened his tie, stripped off his jacket, and fell on the sofa, half reclining. He watched Miss Thompson's preparations with interest. "Jerry, did I ever tell you about this guy who had a briefcase recorder that worked with a tie-clip mike?" Miller asked Allison, who was seated beside him, quietly strumming a guitar.

"Naw, but that's nothing," Allison replied. "I used to have a lapel flower that squirted water."

"Oh, yeah? Well, I have a big pair of wax lips!" said Miller, laughing.

As Miss Thompson worked with her tapes, she noticed Goldsboro—slight build, hip-length jacket with side vents, pointy shoes, and a swept-back 1954 hairdo—and decided he might be a show-biz figure. "Are you a musician or singer, too?" she asked.

"No," said Goldsboro, chirring expertly between words, "but my daddy has the Oldsmobile dealership in Dothan, Alabama."

Miss Thompson wasn't sure just how to field that, so she let it go.

When Miss Thompson had her microphone connected, she called across the room to Miller, "Roger, where would you like to do the interview?"

"I kind of like Toledo," he said.

Neither Miss Thompson nor the newspaperman got a lot of hard news out of Miller, as these excerpts from the interviews indicate:

MISS THOMPSON: This is Tommie Thompson, and today I'm with Roger Miller, upstairs in his suite in the beautiful Hotel Sahara.

MILLER (*with a leer*): Yeah, and there's no one with us!

MISS THOMPSON: Roger, we wanted to ask you, are any other people in your family musical?

MILLER: Well, let's see. Daddy was tone deaf.

MISS THOMPSON (*suppressing a giggle*): He was? Well, what about your mother?

MILLER: She was *stone* deaf. (*Laughter from those in background*) She'd get stoned and couldn't hear a word.

MISS THOMPSON (*looking alarmed, but chuckling*): I hope she's not listening.

MILLER: Naw, I'm sure she's not. She stays stoned all the time. (*More laughter in background*) Uh, naw, nobody's musical in the family at all. Mom used to hum around the house. That's about it.

MISS THOMPSON: Roger, we want to invite everyone to come down to the Sahara to see you, and we know you'll sing all our favorite songs, "King of the Road" and—

MILLER: Oh, no! We're doing a medley of Guy Lombardo.

MISS THOMPSON: Well, Roger, I want to thank you for taking time out for this interview.

MILLER: Well, thank you, Tommie. I enjoyed it.

MISS THOMPSON (*turning tape off*): We can't say your mother's *stoned!* (*Miller just laughs.*)

GILMORE: Roger, this is Michael Drew, of the Milwaukee *Journal*.

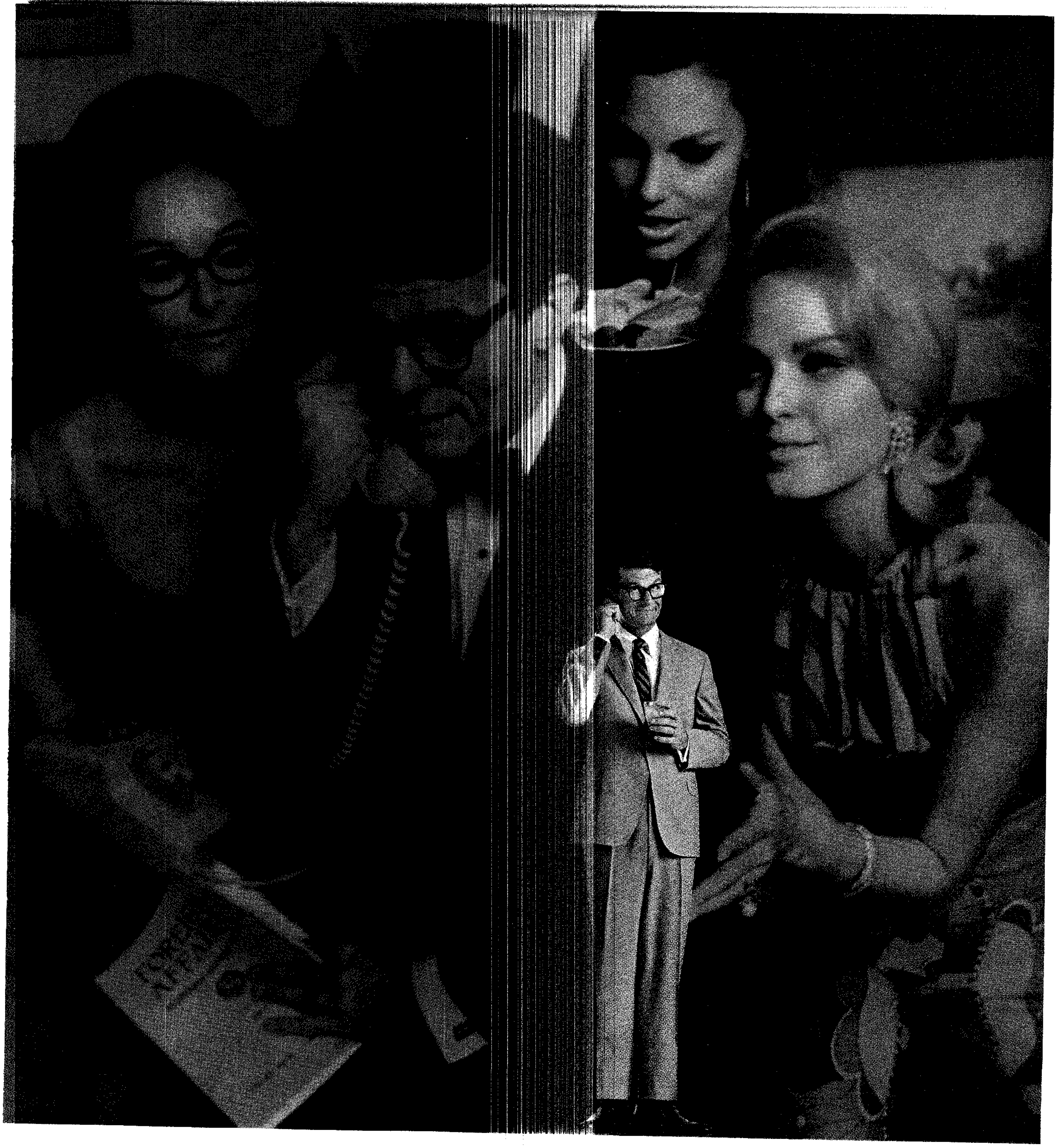
DREW: You want to go through all this again right away, or you want to take a—

MILLER: Let's take a breather of about—

DREW: All right, we'll—

MILLER: Two days.

The second show went much better than the first, and left Miller in high spirits. Afterward, at about 2 A.M., Miller, Carllile, and I dropped by a local studio where Merle Haggard, a popular young country singer, was recording an album, and then briefly visited a country-music night club some distance from the Strip, in downtown Las Vegas. The club was the Maverick, and the attraction was Curley Chalker,



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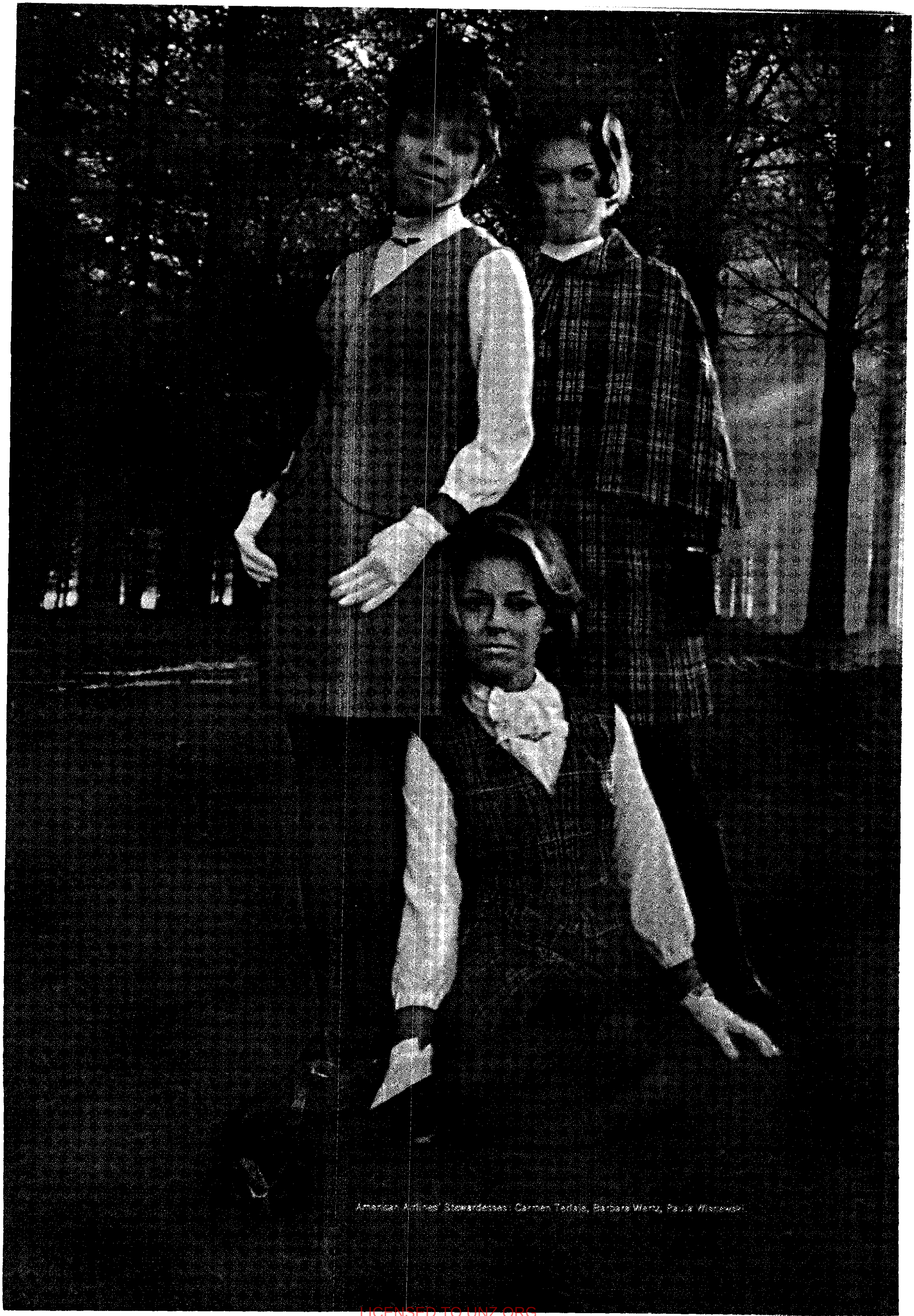

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All of us especially liked a Miller tune about a crooked family that, he said, was mixed up with rackets and machines:

"Daddy got a tennis racket,
Mama got a sewing machine,
Brother drives a school bus,
And little sister, she's so mean.

I got a bummer of a fam-uh-ly.
The only good cat in the bunch is
me,
And I steal, I steal,
I steal, and keel—and that's all!"

By 7 A.M., Miller was so relaxed that he agreed to sing "King of the Road," and gave the best performance of it that I'd ever heard. On the stage, he does it matter-of-factly, with a big-band backing that turns it into a brassy, swinging tune. Now, sitting on the floor in the early-morning sunlight, singing with no accompaniment but his own guitar, he seemed to be reaching back into his Texas-Oklahoma background of hitchhiking, small towns, dusty roads, and hopeless jobs:

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No phone, no pool, no pets;
I ain't got no cigarettes. Ah, but
Two hours of pushing broom
Buys a eight-by-twelve four-bit
room;
I'm a man of means by no means,
King of the road.

Third boxcar, midnight train,
Destination Bangor, Maine;
Old worn-out suit and shoes,
I don't pay no union dues.
I smoke old stogies I have found,
Short, but not too big around.
I'm a man of means by no means,
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When he finished, there was a silence, and then quiet exclamations

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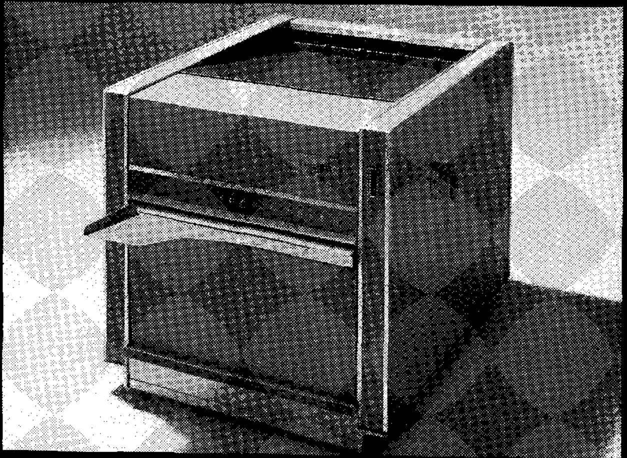

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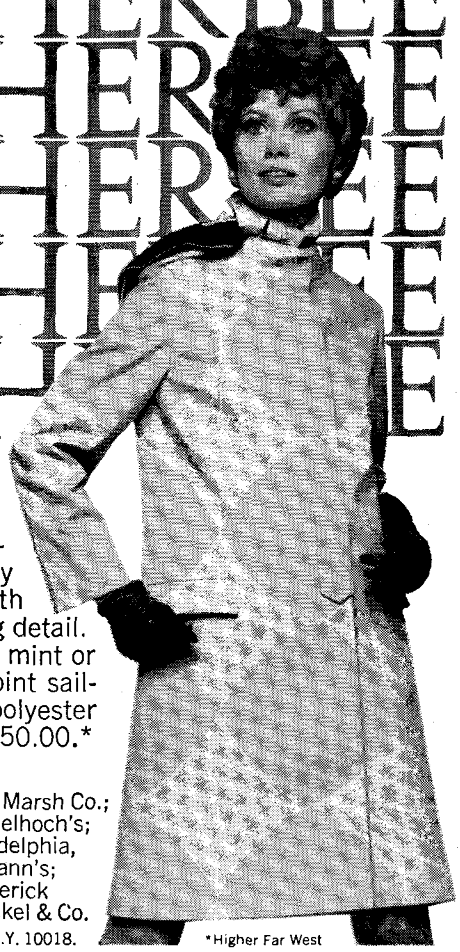

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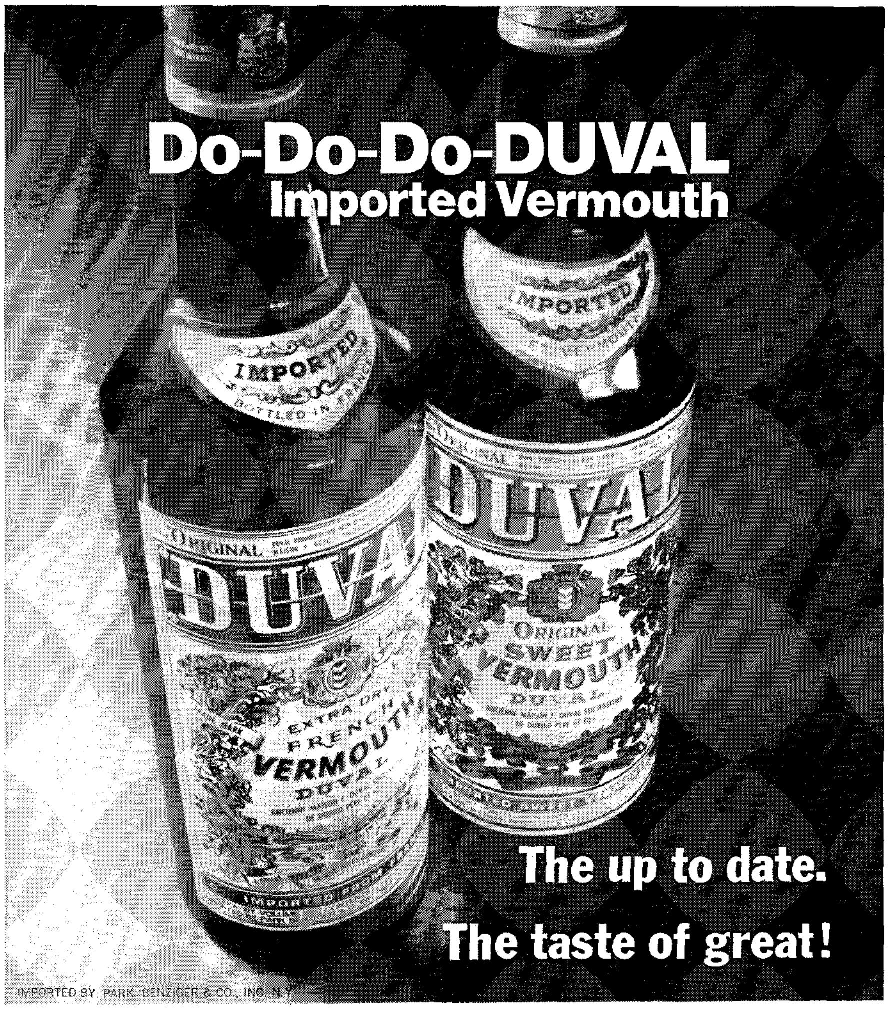

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of "Yeah." Miller, as though embarrassed by the effect he had created, jumped to his feet and said, "Boy, the tennis shoes have just hit my brain." He went to the bar for ice, and opened a Coke. "Hey, listen," he said. "Let's go to L.A. Let's go to my house. Let's go see if I have any mail. Who wants to go? Jerry, call the Lear." (According to the terms of a leasing arrangement Miller then had with Executive Jet Aviation, of Columbus, Ohio, a Lear jet and two pilots were available at any hour of the day or night to take him anywhere he wanted to go.)

Allison was the only volunteer for the mail check. The rest of us stumbled away toward our rooms, barely conscious. As I left, the disc jockey's girl friend was having a difficult phone conversation: "What's wrong with you? I can't make any sense out of you. Let me speak to the other kid. . . . Which one? Oh, either one. . . . Hi, who is this? . . . Oh, Paul? How are you? You up yet? Did you eat breakfast? What did you eat? . . . Oh, you're— . . . *What*? What do you *mean*, who *is* this? This is your *mother*, man! . . . No, I'm not coming home. Not ever. . . . Yes, *that's* a promise. . . ."

I got to bed at seven-thirty and fell asleep immediately. Ten minutes later, the phone rang. It was Allison, who urged me to join the fun in the sky; I declined. Five minutes later, another call—Miller, denouncing me for breaking up the party. I agreed to go to Los Angeles, thinking that I might be able to get some sleep on the plane. Allison had learned that it would be two hours before a Lear could be sent to Las Vegas, so we took a commercial flight instead. Waiting for us at Los Angeles International Airport was Miller's Mercedes-Benz 300 SL, a sports car designed to seat two people. The three of us squeezed into it—with me on Allison's lap and my head on my chest, ducking the low roof—and set off up the San Diego Freeway on a terrifying ride. Miller has the manual dexterity for driving but not the attention span. Every few minutes, bored with simply staring at the heavy traffic, he would begin reading a note from his shirt pocket, examining the instrument panel on the dash, or checking to see what was tucked under his sun visor. Allison saved us from certain death three times by hollering at Miller just in time to get us off a collision course.

Somehow we made it to Woodland Hills and Miller's home, a spacious L-shaped ranch-style house of brick

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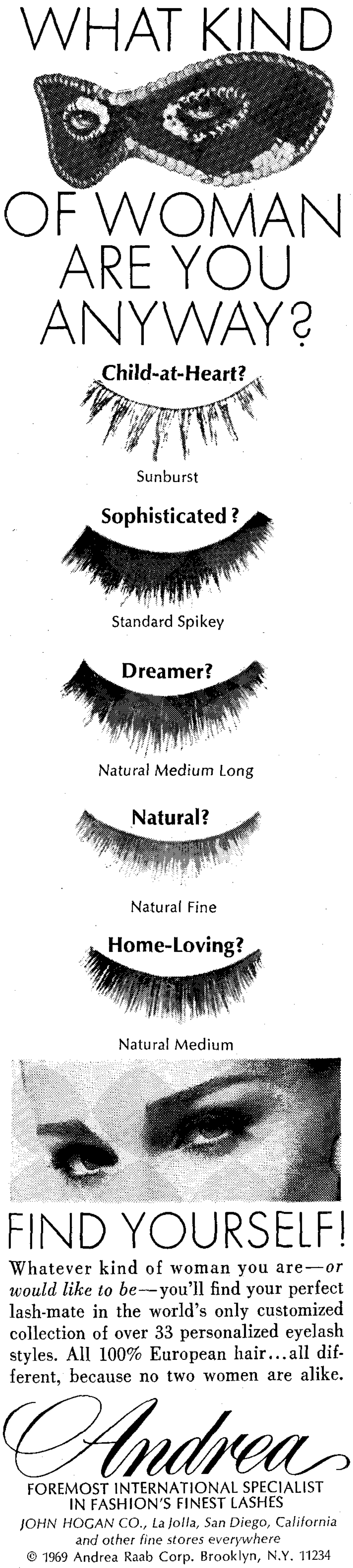

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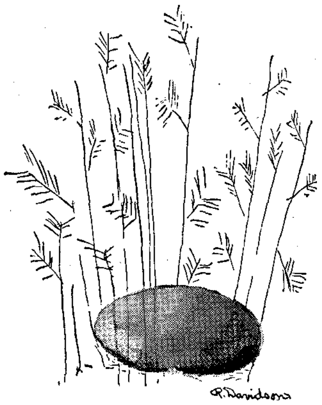
and stucco on top of a grassy hill. There was no mail to speak of, and the house was empty, since Miller's wife, Leah, and their infant son, Roger, were visiting relatives in Texas. The walls of the living room and the family room were covered with gold records, awards, plaques, and souvenirs: the Popeye Spinach Award (for helping build a Little League ball park in Muleshoe, Texas), an invitation to the White House, citations from *Sixteen* and *Billboard* magazines, an award from the Music Operators of America naming Miller jukebox artist of the year, a medal from the governor of Oklahoma, the first draft of "King of the Road" (scrawled on a West Coast Airlines credit-card application), and a souvenir of Roger Miller Day in Tulsa, Oklahoma. After Miller had explained all the awards, he took me on a tour of the house and yard, pointing out a Sony Videocorder, a model train, a swimming pool, electric-light switches that were activated by a snap of the fingers, four motorcycles, and five cars. (Besides the 300 SL, there were a Mercedes-Benz coupé, a Buick sedan, a Cadillac, and a Jaguar XKE.) The tour ended in Miller's workroom, where he seldom works, since ideas come to him at random moments, usually on the highway or in hotels. Here he showed me his treasure chest, as he calls it—a leather chest about three feet long and two feet deep, filled with scraps of paper on which he has jotted ideas for songs. There must have been several hundred thousand dollars' worth of songs in the chest, waiting to be finished and recorded.

As we sat on the floor in front of the open chest, sipping Cokes and reading song fragments to each other, I asked Miller whether his family had ever encouraged his musical ambitions.



"They tried to discourage it," he said. "Because, you know, the image of a guitar player was just a field hand that picked in the evenings. But my aunt and uncle—they're Mom and Dad to me—they had a daughter who married Sheb Wooley. Remember him? The guy who had 'Purple People Eater' and was on 'Rawhide,' and all that? Well, Sheb became kind of an influence when I was just five or six years old. Why does a fire start that young in a kid? Then Hank Williams became the big interest with me when I was about ten or twelve. And then that was all I cared about. I went to high school one year and flunked everything available. *Everything.* I was always skipping out of school and running away from home. When I flunked out, it was that year that I got my own guitar. I pulled cotton to buy it. I thought, The hell with algebra, I'm gonna be a famous singer. I almost wound up a juvenile delinquent. In fact, I *was.* Bumming around, stealing milk off of porches. Wanting to be a singer and not having any inkling of how to go about it. Dreaming about having a band, with a neckerchief around my neck." He suddenly broke into raucous song: " 'Won't you ride in my little red wagon?. . .' Oh, yeah! That's what I wanted to do. I mean the real *thing.* I was strung out there for about a year, getting into trouble here and there. Hitchhiking to Amarillo. I'd get a job at a filling station, and at night I'd hitch out to the edge of town to those honky-tonks and stand in the door and watch 'em play. I wanted to *sing,* man."

"What was it like when you first went to Nashville?" I asked. "What was going on then?"

"Nothing," Miller replied. "Absolutely nothing. I went to Nashville to be a Hank Williams, and it was total frustration. I didn't know what to do. I'd never really played before, except for gas money to get home, and then in the service. I couldn't do anything right. I was like a hog upstairs. I tried to sing like Hank, and then I tried to sing like Jim Reeves, and nothing was coming out. At night, I'd go up to this radio station where they had an all-night disc-jockey show, and just sit around and meet people. Down the hall there was another studio, where some of the pickers sat around and jammed, you know. Anywhere there was a jam session, I'd go. And any time anyone would lend an ear, I'd sing 'em a song. I had a lot of ambition. The first job I got, a man named Johnny Johnson hired me. He plays rhythm guitar now for Flatt and Scruggs, but he had the band for Minnie Pearl then and they needed a fiddle player. I was fantastic on the fiddle—I knew about three hoedowns. Later, I was a drummer for Faron

Young. Faron's got a heart as big as a football, but he'd die before he'd let you see it. When he saw me down and broke, he said, 'What the hell's a matter with you?' And I told him, and he said, 'Can you play drums? Are you a drummer?' I said, 'No, but when do you need one?' And he said, 'Monday.' And I said, 'Monday I'm a drummer.' I went to work for him and stayed with him for about a year. I was writing, of course, and getting a few things recorded, but being a country songwriter wasn't a very lucrative thing. I quit the business three times. I'd give up and call home for money, and go home and look for a job. I'd work at a job for a couple of weeks, and then I had to get back into the business. It's the only thing I could ever do. Right before 'Dang Me' I was in the process of giving the whole thing up. I was moving to California to be an actor. I almost let failure go to my head. The day 'Dang Me' was released, I played a little old club up in northern California for seventy-five dollars. Had four people in the audience and got a hot check. But in about a week my phone started ringing. Wanting me to do this and that, and pictures, and busy-busy-busy. And after that—uh, I don't know what become of me after that."

I asked Miller if he had made any conscious effort to expand his appeal beyond the country-music audience, in order to break into the pop market.

"I don't think so," he said. "What I do has to be a natural thing. Boy, it's hard to make it work sometimes. Like when it's time to turn it on and time to turn it off. I just don't have any discipline. The only thought I gave to appeal, to how the thing was presented, was— Well, I was in country music but I didn't like them damn cowboy suits. And I grew up a cowboy, a country kid and a cowboy, herdin' cows. But I didn't like 'em saying, 'Hidy-hidy, friends and neighbors out there.' I didn't like the fact that you could go into a respectable place downtown and nobody knew you. So here I am in my square businessman's suit. It's what I dig. I don't want to appear the hick. That's the thing I fight a lot. Well, I don't fight it so much anymore. I used to be taken as a hokey-type cat, you know. But, ahem, being the intellectual that I am, it's clearly visible that—" He ended the sentence with a staccato whistle. He stood up, lit a cigarette, and began pacing restlessly back and forth along his model-train tracks. "You ready to go to Vegas? Hey,

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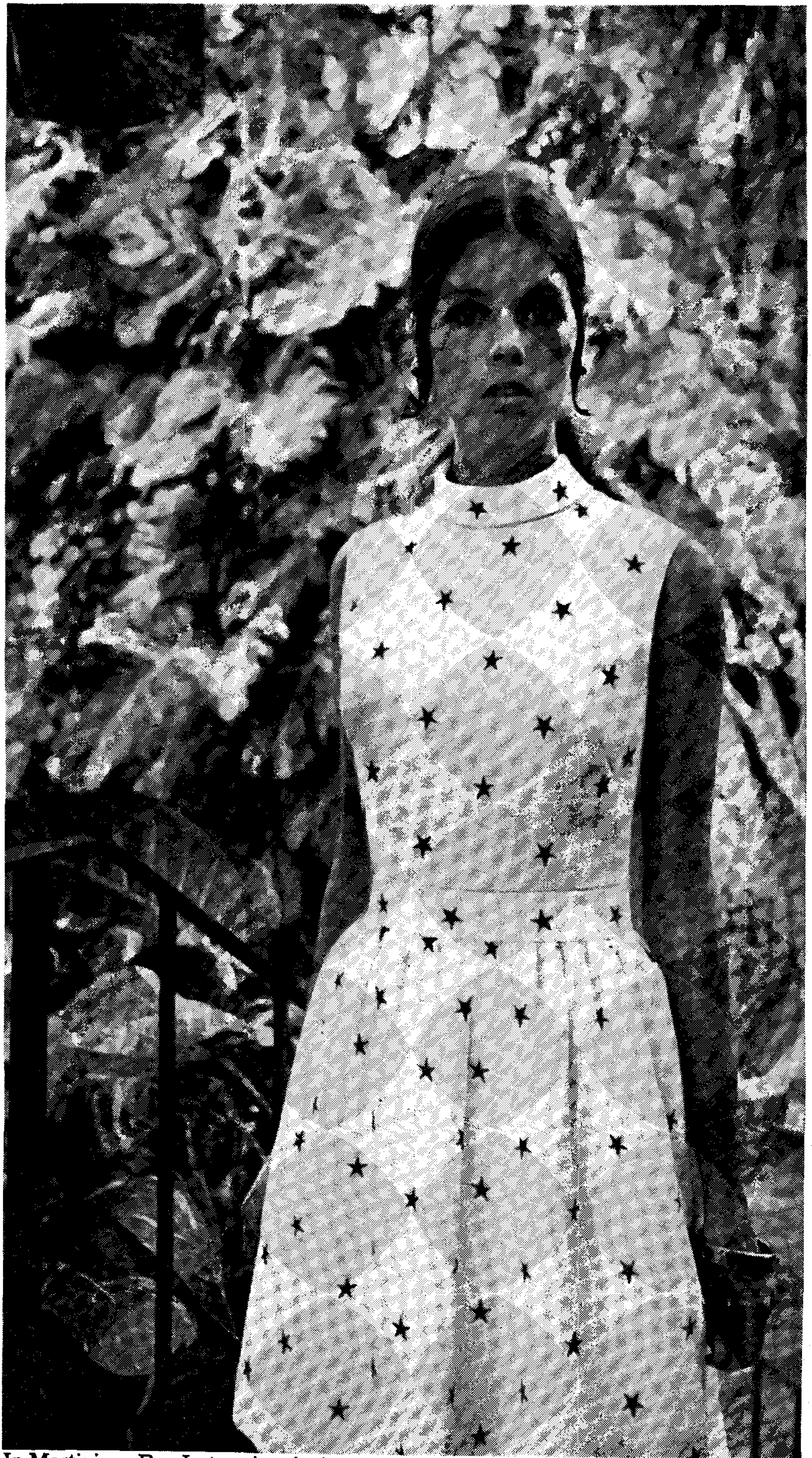

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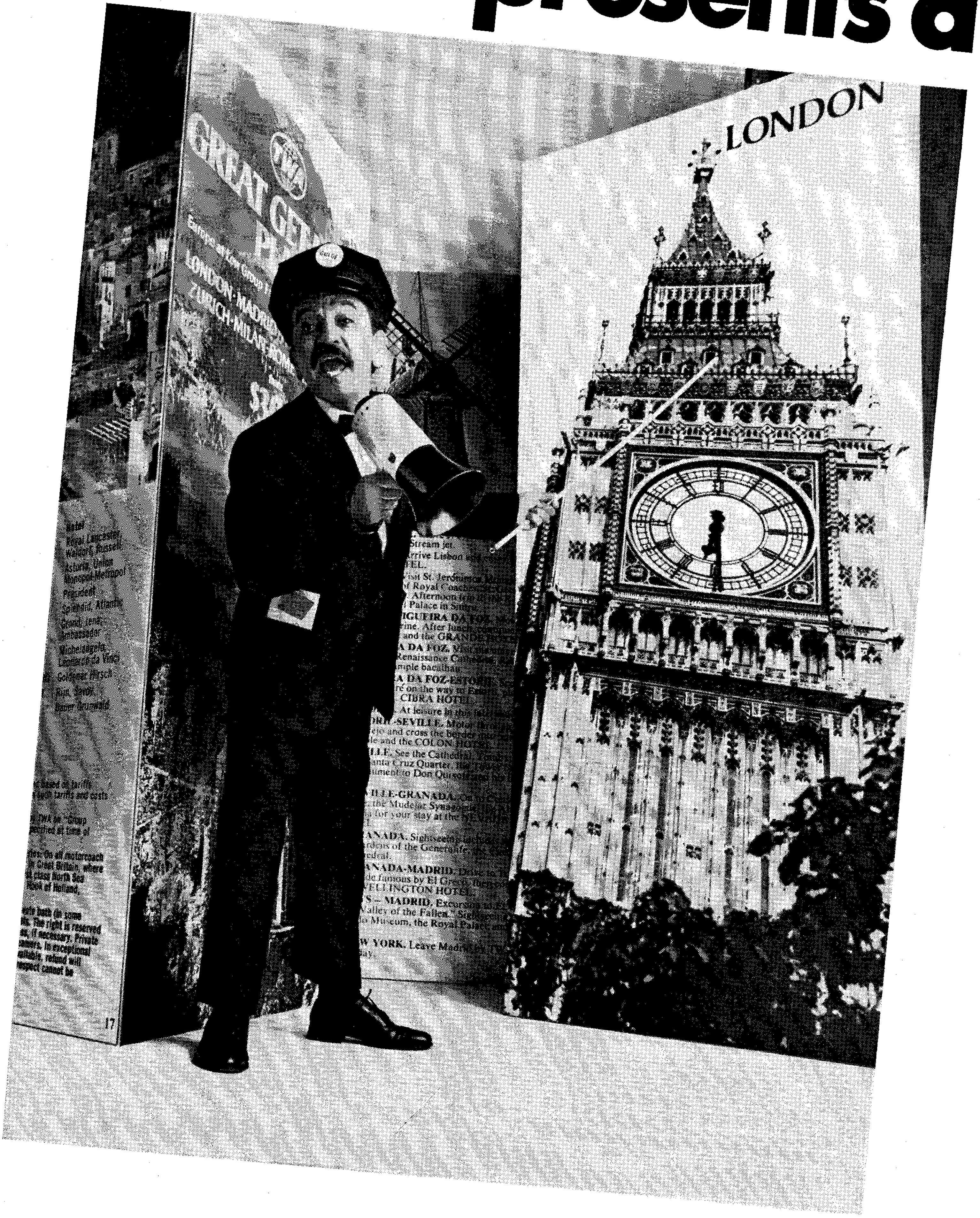
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An hour later, at three-fifteen, we were at Van Nuys Airport boarding the Lear, the last expensive toy that Miller had to show me. "You ever been on one of these?" he asked as we taxied down the runway. I said I hadn't. "They're really something," he said. "Forty thousand feet, five hundred and fifty miles an hour. The smoothest thing you ever saw." The little jet rose quickly and steeply, and the ride was as smooth as Miller had promised. After we levelled off and settled into our cruising speed, I asked Miller if he could describe his methods of composition.

"I don't have any methods," he said. " 'Dang Me' was written in about five minutes—the whole thing. 'King of the Road' took some time. I was driving at night, and I saw a road sign that said 'Trailer for sale or rent,' and it just had a ring. I just kept thinking about it. I guess some of these things maybe come from my unconscious. They just pop into my mind. I don't really know where they come from. I get the words and the music at the same time. I don't write a melody and then think up words, or the other way around."

I said that some of his tunes seemed to have unusual structures and metres, and that I had wondered whether he gave any thought to form or harmony or other formal musical elements as such.

"I don't know a bar from a stripe," he said. "I don't know music. I can't read it. I don't even know guitar symbols—I just learned the positions on the guitar. After I've recorded a song, the publisher has someone write it out. I never have liked to learn too much about music. Afraid it would affect my free fall. It isn't that I don't want it to be complicated. I can think of some complicated things. I just don't like to know what they are. I'm afraid it'll limit me, or inhibit me."

"What do you want to do now?" I asked. "Do you have any ambitions beyond this—beyond Las Vegas and writing songs?"

"My ambition is a little bit of security," he said. "And I know there's none of that."

"But you've certainly got financial security, haven't you?"

"I mean mental security, and, like I say, I don't guess there's any of that available. Other than that— Aw, I don't know. I'd like to be an actor. I hope I get a chance to try that, in the movies or on TV." He smiled at

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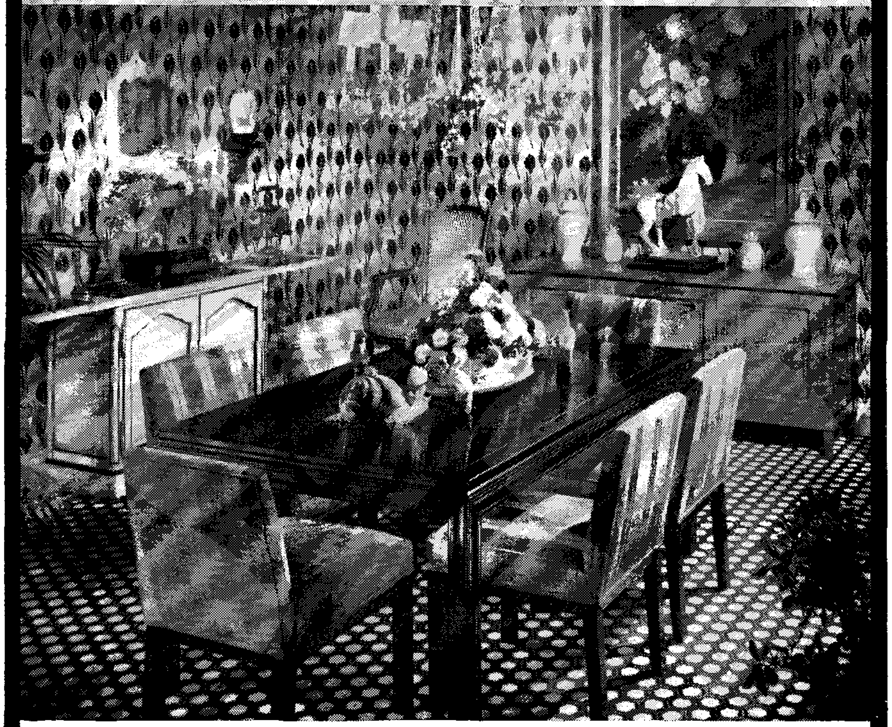

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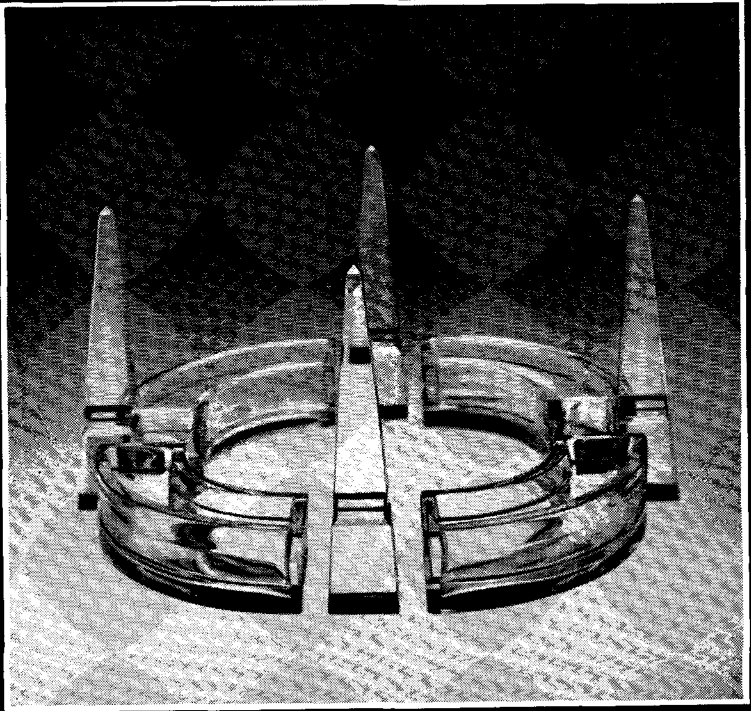

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his own mention of television. "Boy, *TV*. That series of mine was a big mission impossible from the start. It liked to have killed me. I had a serious personality clash with everyone involved before the thing ever got started. They were trying to make a country Andy Williams out of me. Writing things for me, putting things in my mouth that didn't fit. That wasn't me on there. I couldn't do *anything* during that sixteen weeks. I couldn't think, couldn't sing, couldn't write. I don't even like to remember it. But I guess the main thing is that I just don't want to wind up sixty years old and working in a toilet somewhere. Singing down memory lane, and all that jazz."

"What's been your greatest pleasure since you've become successful?" I asked.

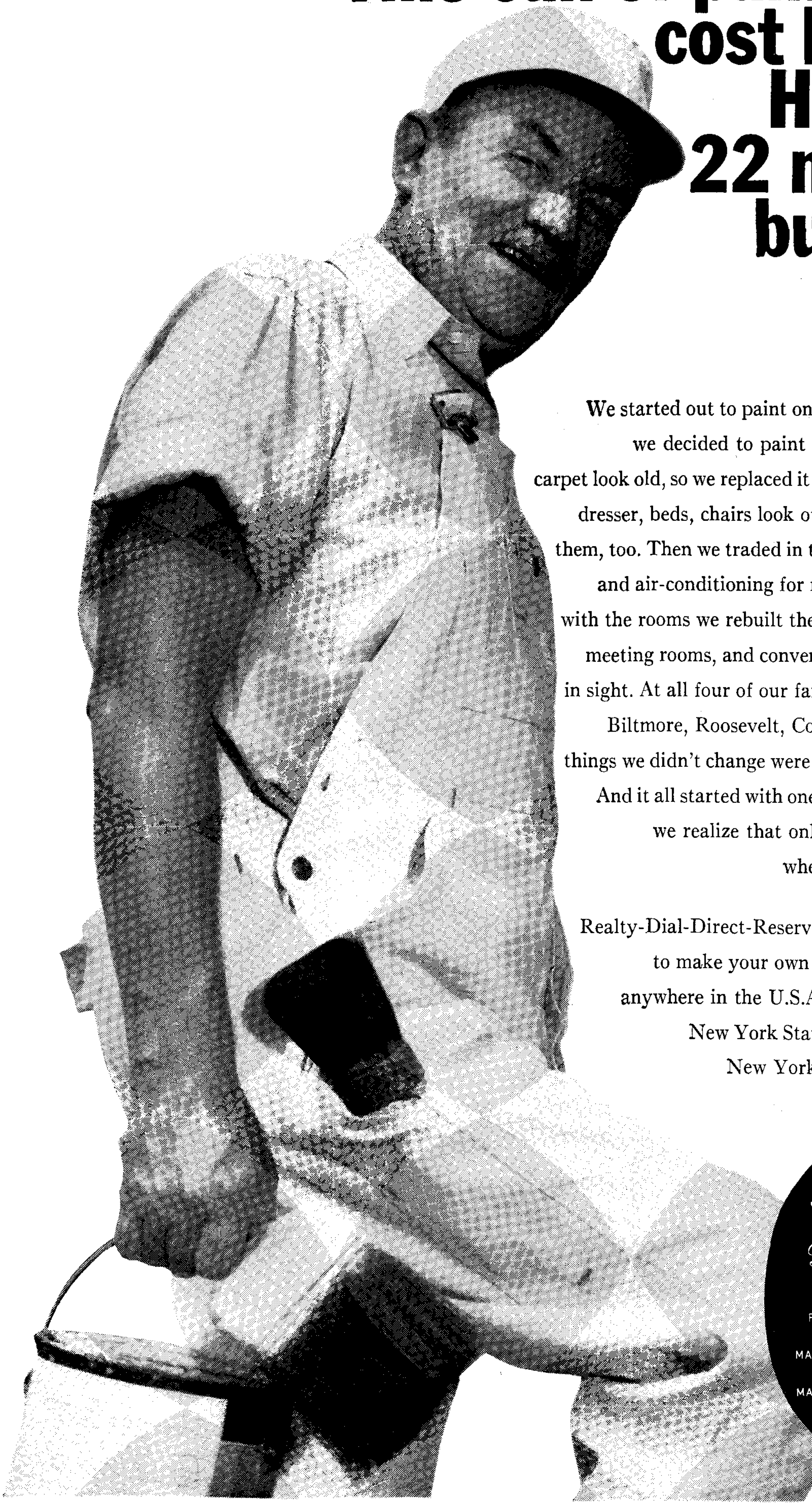
"I don't know. I don't feel any different. I don't know *what* makes me happy."

"Being onstage, maybe, when everything is going right?" I suggested.

"*Yeah*—I'm ecstatic then," Miller said. "I know when I've done a good show. You know what? That's when I don't want to go to sleep for two or three days—because I've hit a happiness. If I go to sleep—well, then when I wake up I've got to start all over."

We landed at Las Vegas at three-fifty. It was a clear, cool afternoon, and a little windy. When we got out of the plane, we saw that Miller's limousine hadn't arrived yet, so we milled around on the runway, waiting. Miller was impatient. "Damn," he said. "I'm freezing the majority of my rear off. Let's get back in the plane." I thought it was a pleasant sort of inconvenience, waiting for your chauffeur, and when we got back aboard I asked Miller if the novelty of being rich had faded any for him.

"It never was that big a kick, really," he said. "Well, it *was* something new. I've gone through phases with it, buying stuff—cars and motorcycles. I used to be crazy about motorcycles, and I don't know where the kick went. It just went. A kid I went to school with, his brother came back from the Army and brought him a motorcycle from overseas—a BSA, maybe—and I thought, My *God*, if I had one of those. My uncle didn't even have a car for us to drive. He had a pickup. I never even used a phone until I was seventeen. I've tried to feel different now, with money, but I can't seem to. I know there *is* a difference. I don't look at the right side of a menu anymore—I guess that's a pleasure. But you know the funny thing? All those



This can of paint cost Realty Hotels 22 million bucks!

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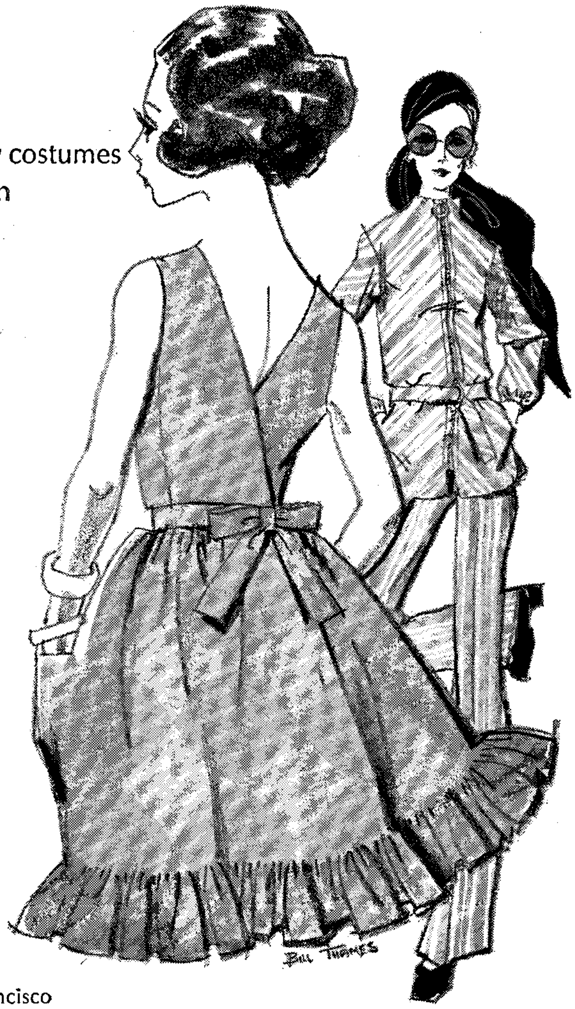

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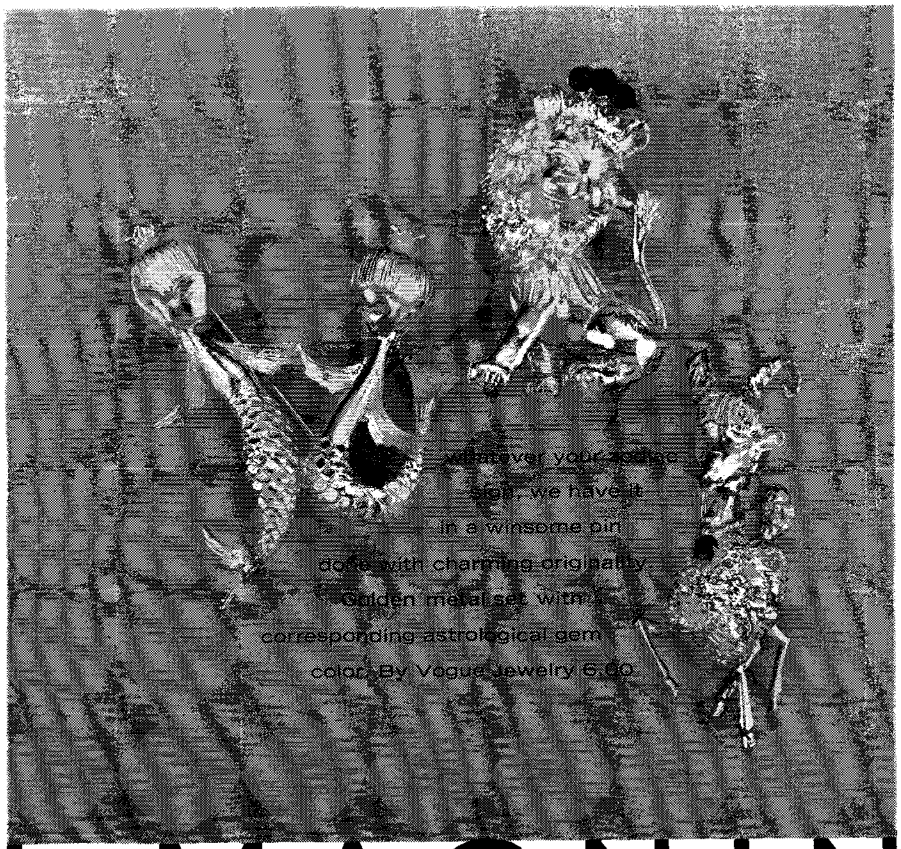

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things you wanted when you was a kid, like that motorcycle and that red Model A, and all that stuff—all those things, when you get money you can't think of a damn one of 'em. Sometimes you run out and buy and buy, just trying to run across one of 'em."

A few minutes later, the limousine pulled out on the runway and rolled right up to the Lear. We got to the Sahara just after four. Gilmore would be at Miller's suite to awaken him in three hours. Allison and I agreed that it was time to get some sleep, but Miller lingered in the lobby, looking in the window of the Sahara gift shop.

—WILLIAM WHITWORTH

•

Pursuant to the direction of Hon. George J. Beldock, Presiding Justice of the Appellate Division, Second Judicial Department, a new policy with respect to trials has been established throughout the Ninth Judicial District, which includes the counties of Dutchess, Orange, Putnam, Rockland and Westchester. Due to the increasing case load in all branches of our judicial administration, backlogs have occurred which necessitated the action to be taken.

A policy therefore has been adopted, which is a departmental policy, involving all of the counties of the Second Judicial Department, including Suffolk, Nassau, Queens, Kings and Richmond counties and the five counties of the Ninth Judicial District.

The same general policy involves summer jury trials in criminal matters and non-jury trials in equity and other non-jury calendars and will be in effect in all counties within the Second Judicial Department in an effort to use all possible judicial manpower in the emergency situation which now generally exists.

The Matrimonial Court throughout the District is also included in the above policy.—*Memorandum received by the chairman of the Rockland County Board of Supervisors.*

And what a policy it is!

•

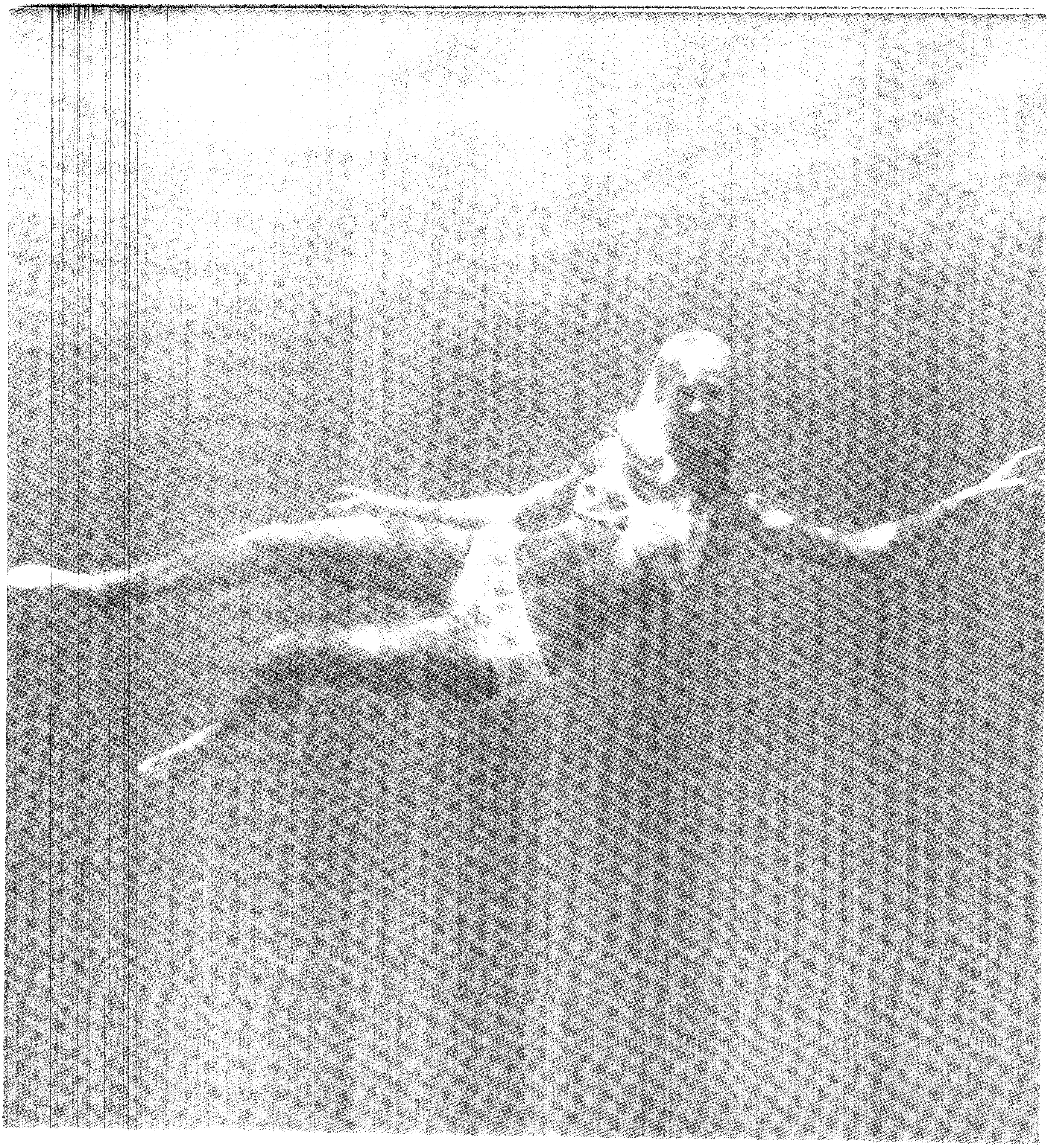
GREAT MOMENTS IN SPORT

[*Arthur Daley in the Times*]

During spring training one year Joe Garagiola was up to his old trick of giving the needle to his one-time St. Louis Cardinal teammate, Stan Musial.

"Sometimes I feel sorry for you, Stan," said Joe, his voice gushing with pseudo sympathy. "Throughout your career you missed the supreme thrill that us ordinary ballplayers would get every day. It was looking at the line-up card to see if our names were on it. You never had that thrill because you never had to look. You knew you'd be somewhere in the batting order."

"But I still had to check to see where," said Stan, laughing at him. Musial has always enjoyed joshing with the amusing Garagiola.



If these were not Bahama waters, look what you would have missed.

It's an oceanographic fact: Bahama waters are the clearest in the world.
Observe her sunkissed hair. The little brown mole on her left knee.
And see the pretty daisies on her bathing suit?
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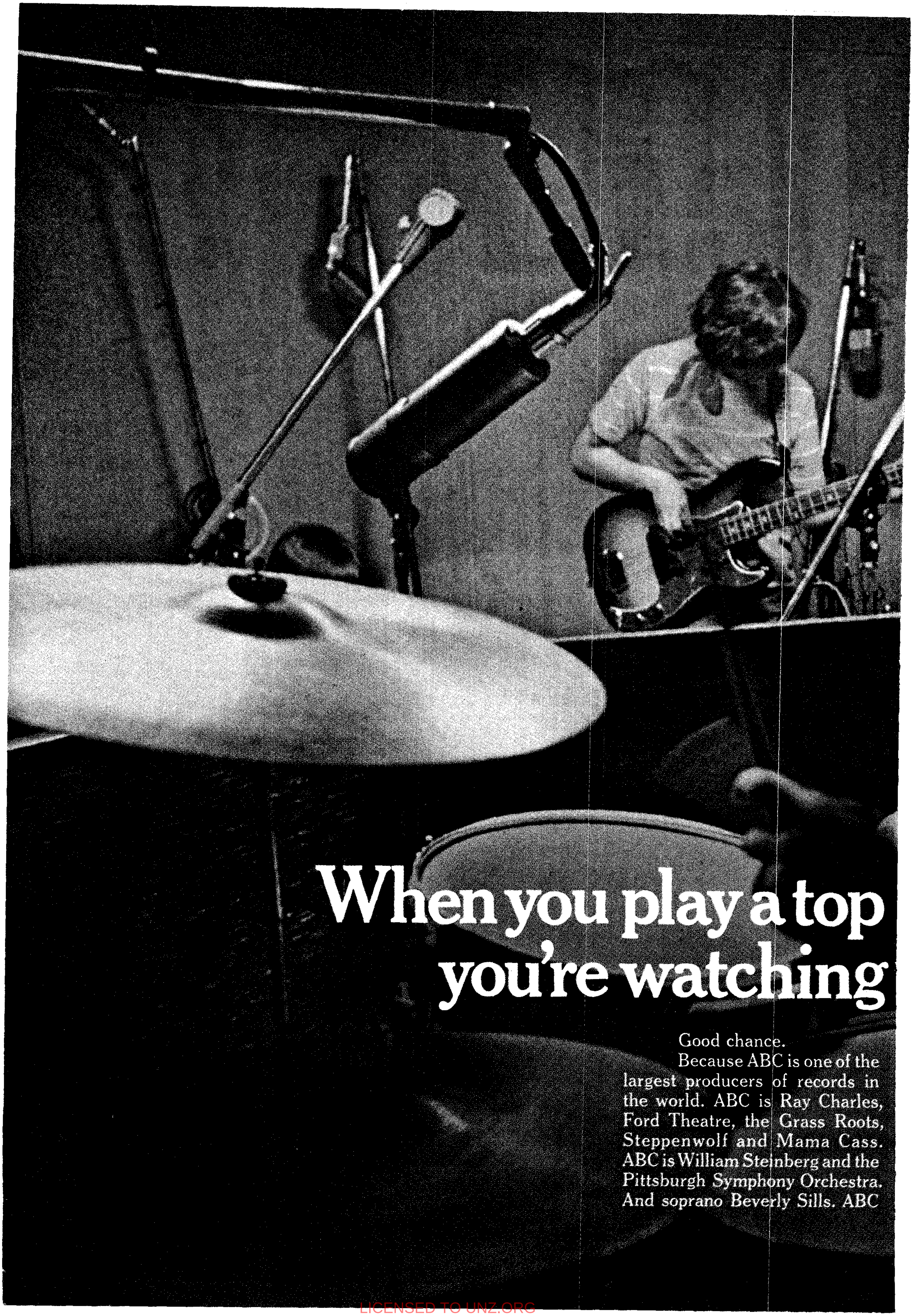
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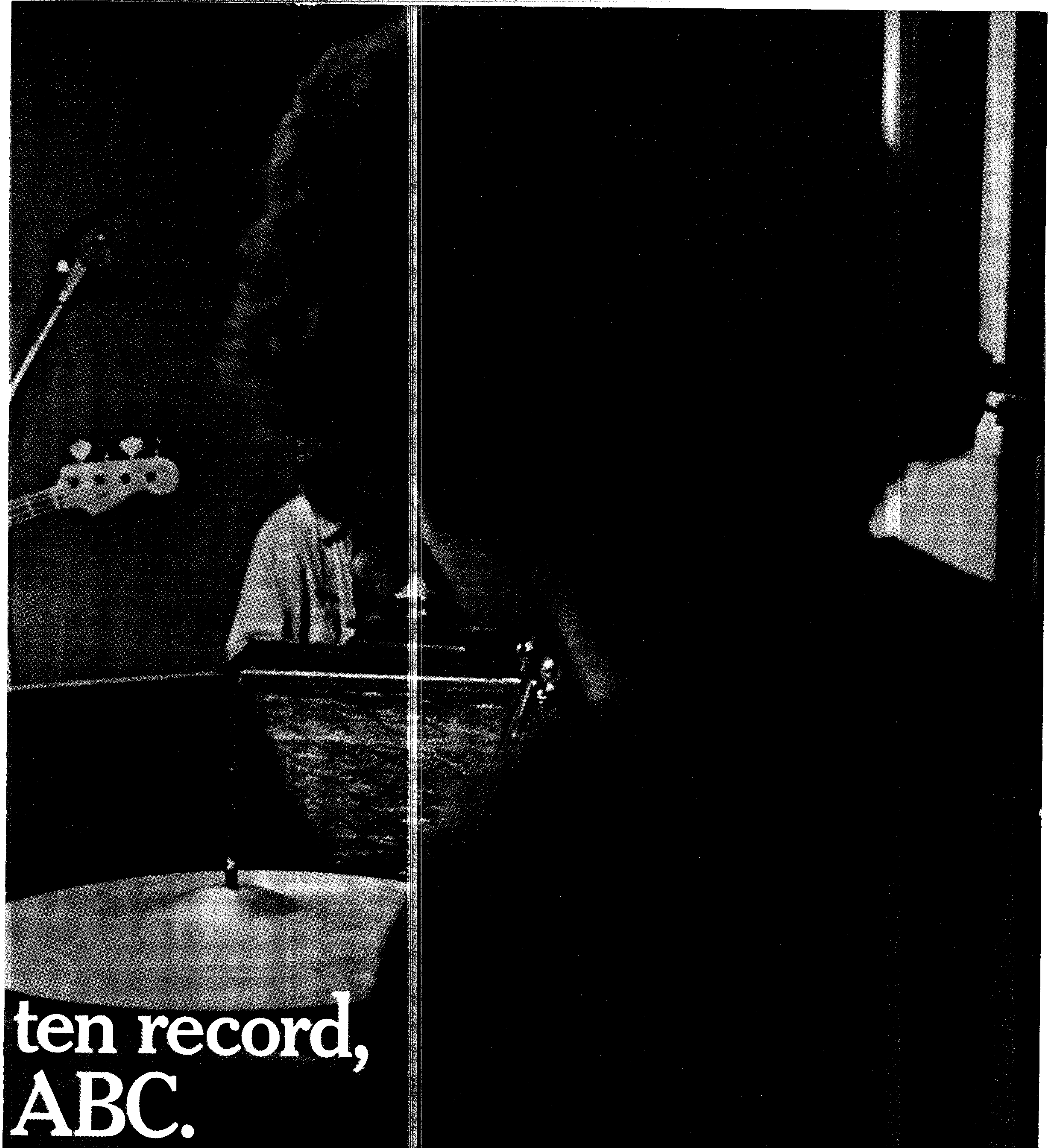

ten record, ABC.

is Richard Harris, B. B. King, Tommy Roe, Doc Severinsen and Jim Webb. ABC is every kind of good music on records and tape that people listen to. And dance to. And want to own.

When you listen to a Dunhill record, or Command or Impulse or Westminster, you're watching ABC. When you go to see "Hell in the Pacific" or "For Love of Ivy," you're watching ABC. When you talk to the porpoises at Marine World or read Prairie Farmer, you're watching ABC.

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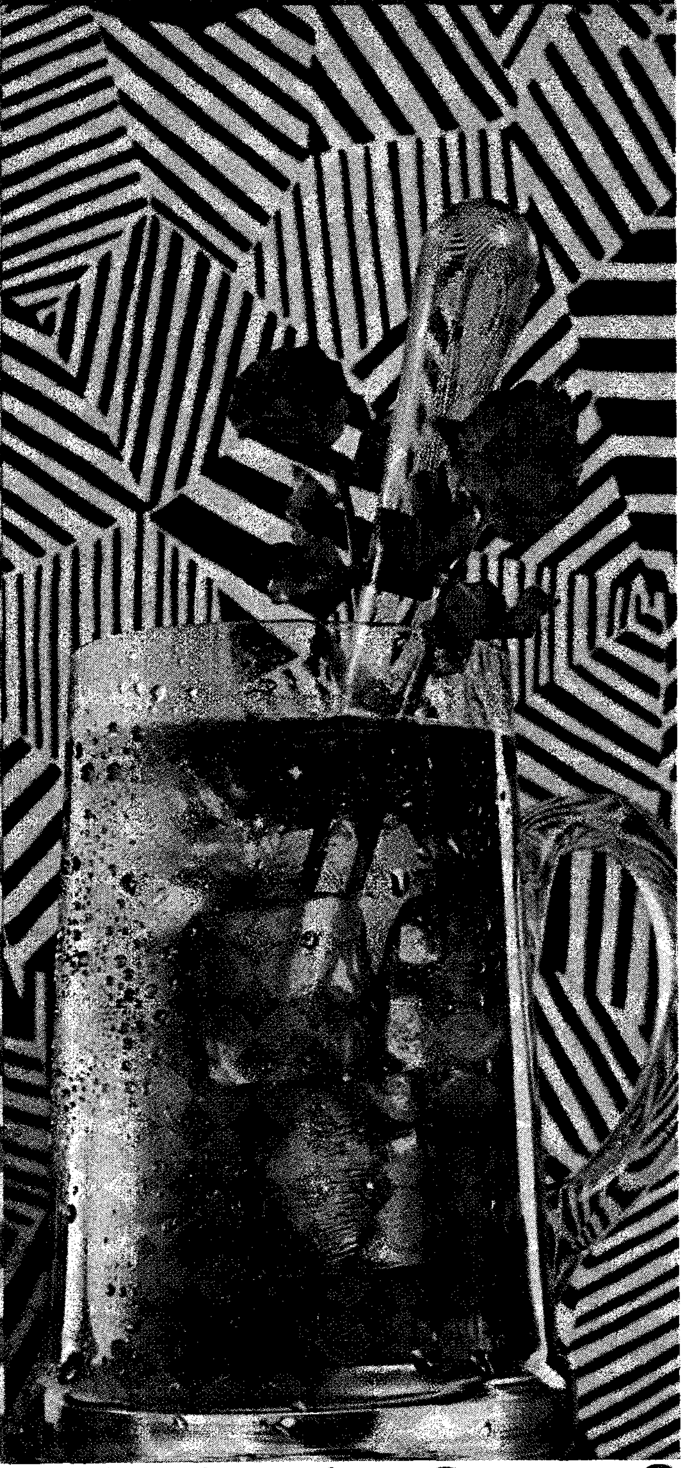

What will the English think of next?

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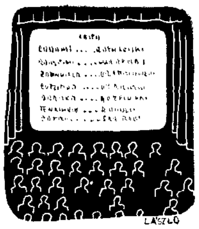
THE CURRENT CINEMA

He Walks in Beauty

OMAR SHARIF is a caricature of a movie star, but he is also truly a movie star. Long ago, artists put fraudulent profiles on coins—flattering their monarchs while telling themselves that symmetry was a matter of artistic license. And nature imitates even the lies of artists. Like Candice Bergen, Sharif is a movie star by an act of nature. Perhaps stars like these could be bred, like broad-backed circus horses, or minks. This kind of star-by-nature may even satisfy a gambling streak in the audience; movies become a kind of lottery, a game in which some people just naturally win. Sharif, the new romantic "great lover" of the screen, is a walking love scene, though he plays moments of passion as if he were straightening his collar, and lacks even the dedication of a fop. Archduke Rudolf, his role in "Mayerling," is a dissolute voluptuary redeemed by his love for an innocent young girl. Debauchery is one of the oldest movie staples, and it doesn't take much talent, but Sharif cannot simulate the fire of sensuality or the volatile nature that would make this conception plausible. In the earlier "Mayerling," Charles Boyer hung a cigarette on his Hapsburg lip and grabbed a girl's leg and the movie took off; with Sharif the story works a different way. He is presented as a morphine addict who is in love with his mother, and still he is totally unsensational; if he does it, it must be the decent thing to do. Sharif is the least dashing and explosive of romantic stars; there is nothing bottled up in him, not even a hint of repressed emotion. He is so placid an actor that he seems to ruminate before he speaks—and he doesn't hurry through his words, either. Yet his handsome, soulful face is a token of all romantic heroism, and his pained little smile an emblem of doomed romance. In keeping with the sixties, Rudolf, the heir to the throne, is now a secret revolutionary, and he is introduced to us among the students arrested during a demonstration. He is incognito, of course. The movie combines the sixties stuff with the oldest dodge from operetta, and, with a star who is incapable of transgressions, this new "Mayerling" becomes a muted version of "The Student Prince." Movies are such a wonderfully adaptable medium.



Sharif became the hero in "Lawrence of Arabia" because the audience, caught in the midst of a confusion of motives and problems and dimly remembered history, simply took its bearings from his sparkling eyes and decided that he must be the good guy. Seven years have passed, and his eyes don't sparkle much anymore, but they make tears beautifully. And, dull as he is—with his sucked-in cheeks for "spirituality," and the greenish tinge to his skin—he is the perfect royal loser. Rudolf seems the part he was born to; that he can't *play* it is almost beside the point, he is so perfectly cast. He is at home in the role, and rather livelier than usual. Perhaps that is just the actor's pleasure in being exhibited to best advantage in so many splendid uniforms. He sets the tone and dominates the movie; he may be gentle, but he is surrounded by actors of such overpowering passivity that he almost passes for energetic. The vitality level of the whole cast is so low that no one speaks above a murmur; it's as if the film had been shot in a public-library reading room. And he is protected against competition; I don't believe that there is another handsome young man visible in the whole of the Austro-Hungarian Empire—and we do seem to see most of it. In only one sequence is Sharif cancelled out. When he attends the ballet, the director crosscuts between the dancers and the romance, and one longs to stay with the dancers. Not just because the ballet is elegantly staged and photographed, with suggestions of Ingres in the design and color, but because the trained intensity of the dancers compels attention, and the actors are slack and dispiriting.

It is fortunate for other stars that Sharif is around to play these noble noodles, or the others might get stuck with them. Big new stars—a Gable, a Bogart, a Burt Lancaster, or a James Coburn or Steve McQueen—are often not in the accepted "handsome" mold. They break it and change it, but if it is their bad fortune to be cast later in vacuous, conventional roles, they become stuffed shirts. Of course, because they are not in the accepted handsome mold, they are generally getting on in years by the time they reach stardom, and so they are often much too old to play the pretty-hero parts

Look twice.
It's Davidow.

that are wrong for them anyway. Sharif, who began by being unable to do anything *but* play a sweetheart, can drain these roles off, and these roles, which would be poison to others, keep him a star. Sharif doesn't try to act, so he isn't gauche, and he is never vulgar (that would take energy), and he is convincingly male, so he isn't embarrassing the way British actors can be. The trouble with all these virtues is that they're largely negative and they don't add up to much *entertainment*. The name Omar Sharif may sound like a put-on—a mate for Theda Bara—but Sharif himself is almost painfully straight.

Sharif's co-star, Catherine Deneuve, is pallid and demure as Maria Vetsera. What is required of her is a reprise of the enchanted heroine of "Elvira Madigan" and of Danielle Darrieux's celebrated sexy loveliness in the role of Maria, but she is too obviously carefully handled and arranged. One can almost feel the presence of all those off-screen hands fussing over her, determined to make her the most fragile, haunting thing ever—a perfect little figurine in a gifte shoppe, like Grace Kelly—and so, instead of having the sense of discovering the ecstatic qualities of her face for ourselves (as one did in her earlier films), we begin to look upon her as expensive merchandise and to notice the defects. She may share this dismay; at times there is a suggestion of puckish amusement about her, which could be a reaction to the poised and humorless Sharif and the lavishness of the production. And James Mason, as Emperor Franz Josef, hardly seems strong enough to function as a repressive Oedipal force. I like his quiet walk and the way he seems just to slip into a character, but he's too weak for *this* character. The picture didn't tell me what my encyclopedia did—that Rudolf's position as crown prince was really absurd. He died at Mayerling in 1889; his father's reign, which began in 1848, went on until 1916. Mason doesn't begin to suggest that kind of staying power, and one wonders why his son doesn't hang on a bit. The choice of Ava Gardner—a star famous for beauty and underacting—to play Sharif's mother, the empress, seems almost inspired. They are of the same lineage; spawn of the movies, they even resemble each other, and one would have to work hard to dislike either of them.

The production *is* lavish, and one can't call the expenditure a waste, exactly, because it keeps one from getting impossibly bored—there's always

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a change of locale coming up, and new uniforms and gowns. We may not see much evidence of emotion, but Sharif keeps making declarations of love, and he's such a nice man that we can't believe he would lie. And the writer-director, Terence Young, is careful to give us something to look at in the backgrounds; the romance is swathed in décor, and it's lovely décor. Though the picture feels much longer than it is, you do come out with the feeling that you've had a lot of movie. It's dull, but it's pretty and inoffensive.

LEE MARVIN and Toshiro Mifune are the stars of "Hell in the Pacific," and there's nobody else in the movie—just this American soldier and this Japanese soldier stranded on a Pacific island during the Second World War, and neither speaking a word of the other's language. Doesn't that make you eager to see it? Surely you can hardly wait for its pungent thought-for-today. Haven't you always longed for a movie full of Toshiro Mifune grunting and Lee Marvin muttering to himself? Marvin actually has a few lines of dialogue—talking to himself, of course—and is rather funny. And near the end there is a sexy moment when the two men shave and look at each other's smooth face—which might have made a promising beginning for a comedy. But "Hell in the Pacific" is about—you guessed it—brotherhood and communication, and it's made for star turns not only by the actors but by John Boorman, the director, and Conrad Hall, a clever, showy cinematographer who thrusts opulent, empty imagery at us. Hall can't just shoot a picture; he has to make it a tour de force. After his flashy, overdramatic work in "Cool Hand Luke" and "In Cold Blood," one might think that a talented director like John Boorman would know better than to use him, but I fear that the situation is just the reverse—that Boorman, who got caught up in directorial flashiness in "Point Blank," is so determined not to risk banality that he is going further into the clever, commercial forms of ersatz art, in which the only aim is to be strikingly effective. Together, he and Hall make the Pacific island a pile of sequins. And Hall's tricky little camera études deserve Lalo Schifrin's I-can-do-anything-anybody-can-do music. When John Boorman and Conrad Hall and Lalo Schifrin all found each other, the shocks of recognition must have been deafening.

—PAULINE KAEL

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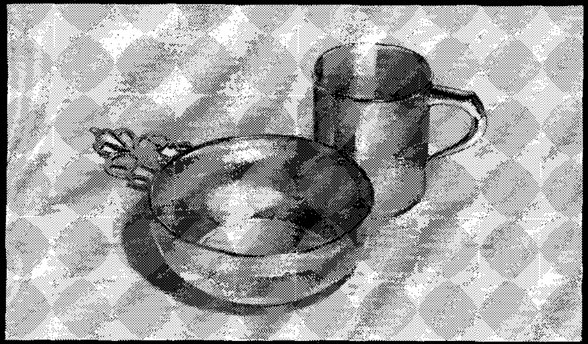

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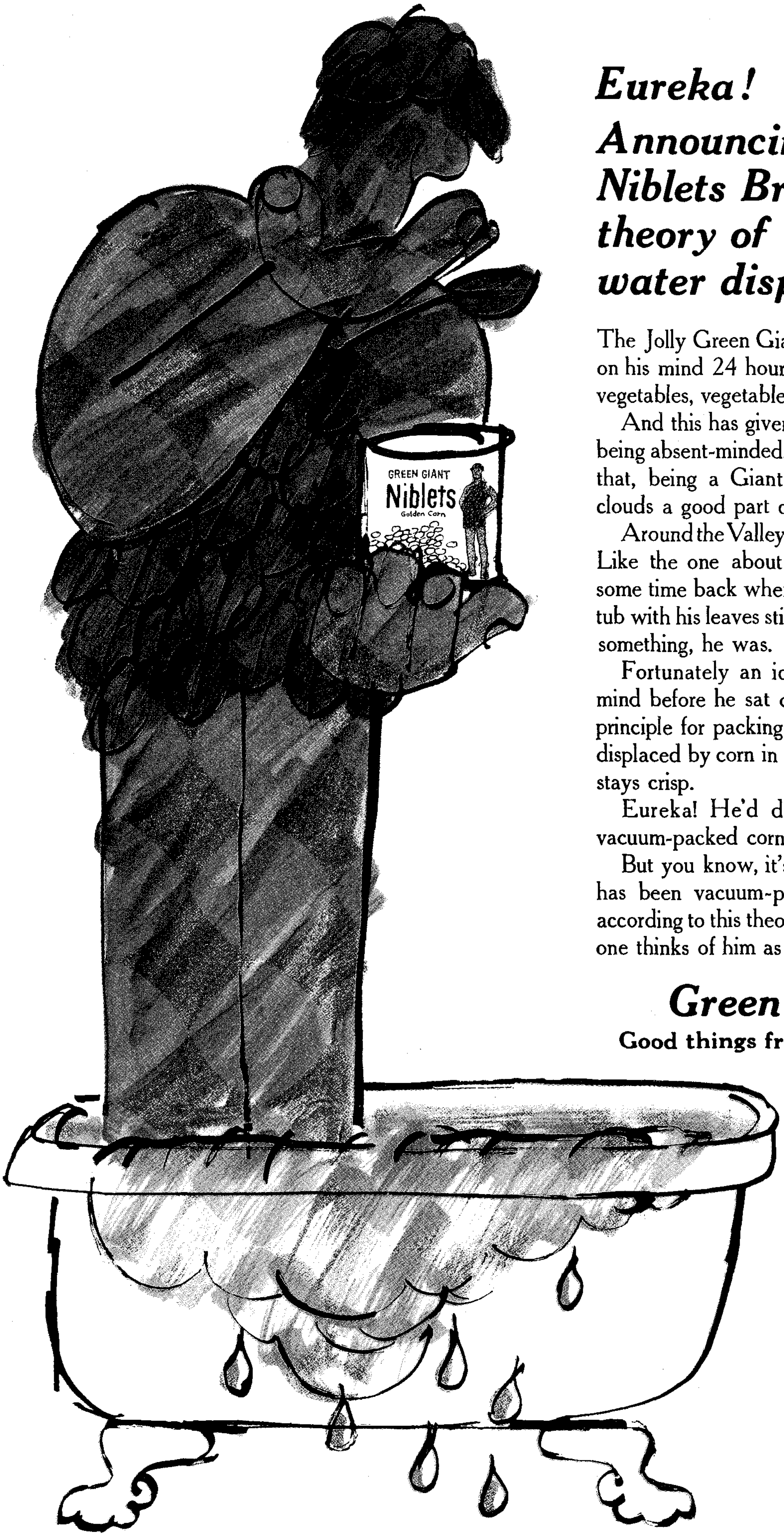

Eureka!
Announcing the Niblets Brand corn theory of water displacement.

The Jolly Green Giant has just one thing on his mind 24 hours a day. Vegetables, vegetables, vegetables.

And this has given him a reputation for being absent-minded. (Along with the fact that, being a Giant, his head is in the clouds a good part of the time anyway.)

Around the Valley, they even tell stories. Like the one about the Saturday night some time back when he stepped into the tub with his leaves still on. Thinking about something, he was.

Fortunately an idea flashed into his mind before he sat down. It was a new principle for packing corn: when water is displaced by corn in a given can, the corn stays crisp.

Eureka! He'd discovered the first vacuum-packed corn.

But you know, it's strange. The Giant has been vacuum-packing Niblets corn according to this theory since 1935. Yet no one thinks of him as an intellectual giant.

Green Giant

Good things from the garden

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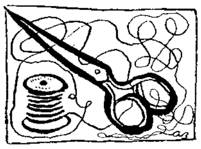
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

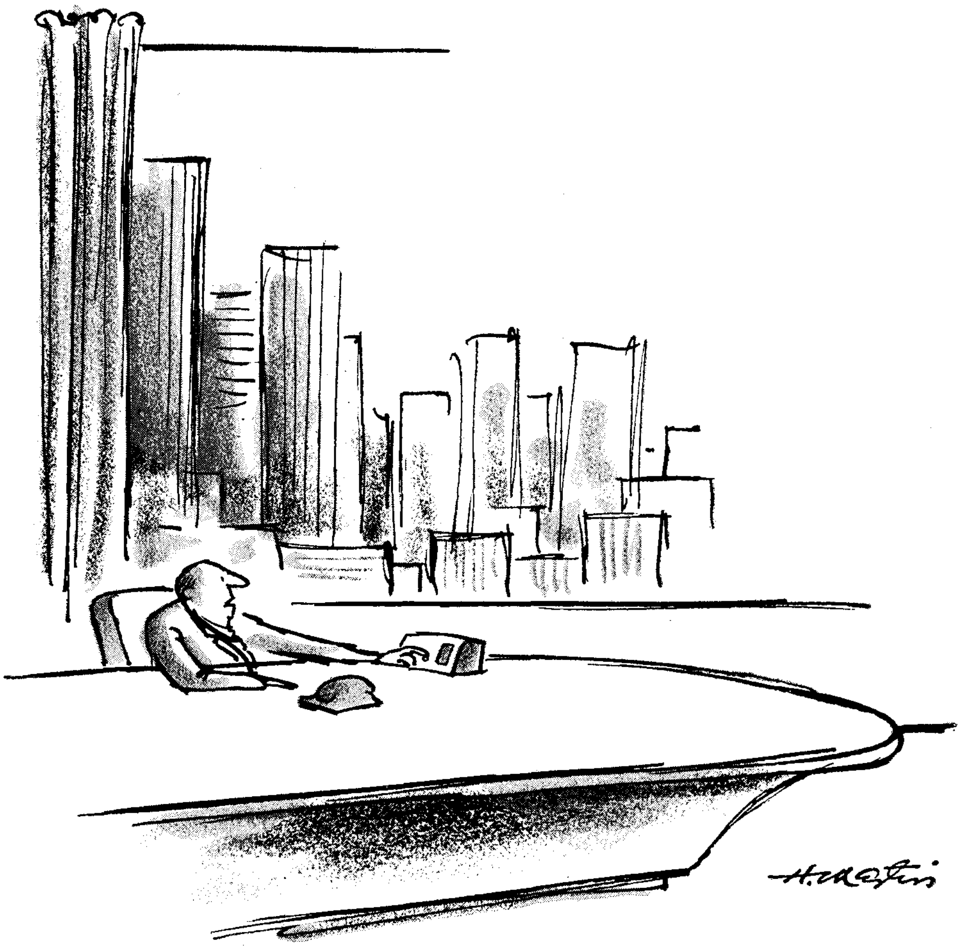


SO many people perpetually wanting to be anywhere except where they're at—waiting around Kennedy Airport or Pennsylvania Station, with masses of luggage and masses of Little Dears, all going someplace else all the time, as far away as they can get. Well, the standard seasonal wardrobe is long gone (what ever happened to the Easter Bonnet?), and for practical reasons, because now clothes have to be year-round, suitable for a million climates and locales. And on the other hand, for anyone who is stuck in New York as the Ides of March approach, a bit of nonsense to give a heist to her wardrobe is almost compulsory. To neither wayfarer nor homebody have I a solemn fashion-world sermon to deliver about Trends and such; I'd rather do a more usable, if helter-skelter, survey of things I have seen to supplement the basics you've already got, whether you need anything new or not. This survey involves a number of boutiques, some all by themselves and some set into a large store. Out of the general confusion in my mind, a few facts stand forth. For one, slacks and pants outfits are omnipresent (well, all right), but the bell-bottoms, though they are *trying* to be omnipresent on the streets of New York and environs, seem to be disappearing from the high-style view—a view with alarm, the way they flop around the ankles. The pants for daytime are likely to be quite straight and sometimes broad-legged, and most of them have toppers long enough to cover the buttocks; thus another view with alarm is to be discontinued. These toppers, often so long that they can be worn separately, give a look of great length through the whole torso, and so do the current tunic tops. And the sleeveless dress has begun to seem completely dated; everywhere there are long-sleeved shirts with flat cuffs at the wrists, and good they are to my eyes.

There are real extremes in fabrics, too. Cotton voile, the most feminine of cottons, is triumphant in Bergdorf's Tiktiner collection, from France. One outfit wears a whirly green-and-white pattern on the sheer tunic, and the matching pants are of opaque cotton. The same printed cotton makes a crazy dress with a square, wide-shoulder-strap neck and a four-inch voile ruffle at the base. (Lord & Taylor likewise has Tiktiners, but not in these designs.) Bergdorf owns other delectability—this from Rebecca of California—nearly all by itself. (Saks Fifth Avenue has certain examples of her art.) Most of her Bergdorf stuff sports large triangular kerchiefs to match. Such as a dress of yellow or white voile embroidered in cotton, with long sleeves (see? I *told* you) and scallops down the front. Or a dress of white voile with an allover U design. This one is lined with rayon crêpe, and the sleeves are transparent. For evening, Rebecca presents a white lace dress with matching pants and kerchief ($120, to give you an idea), and an outfit of white lace involving pants, a long-sleeved bolero, and a straight coat that goes to the floor—this last outfit at $180.

But gossamer is not the whole story; there are tough-minded outfits as well. Among them are Bonnie Cashin's magnificent canvas-and-leather water-repellent conglomerates for the outback (Lord & Taylor's Country Clothes, on the fifth floor). One coat, in a big, staggered, houndstooth pattern (teal blue on a luggage ground), is equipped with Cashin's well-known toggle fastenings, and its tent flare is especially emphatic in back. Huge high pockets are part of it; $125. Pants of natural canvas commune with dark-brown leather, which appears on the inside of the thighs and makes a very short divided apron, looking like loose pockets, at each side of the front.

Another venture in the non-fragile field is a black, eely ciré mystery that happens to be rubberized cotton. This accomplishes a short jacket and a brief wrapped rainskirt—both of them at the wonderful new Rive Gauche, the Saint Laurent outpost in the New World. It's at 71st Street and Madison; No. 855—to be precise. Saint Laurent's ready-to-wear (not copies of his *haute couture* but specially designed) has many practical aspects; the short, wrapped skirt doesn't need fitting—shift a hook and you're all set. The rainsuit is around $90. Clothes will be rolling in there from now on from his French workshops, but only in sizes 4 to 12, so no behemoths should be attracted to the flame unless they want his scarves, chains, belts, and other accessories, which are lying around all over the place waiting for



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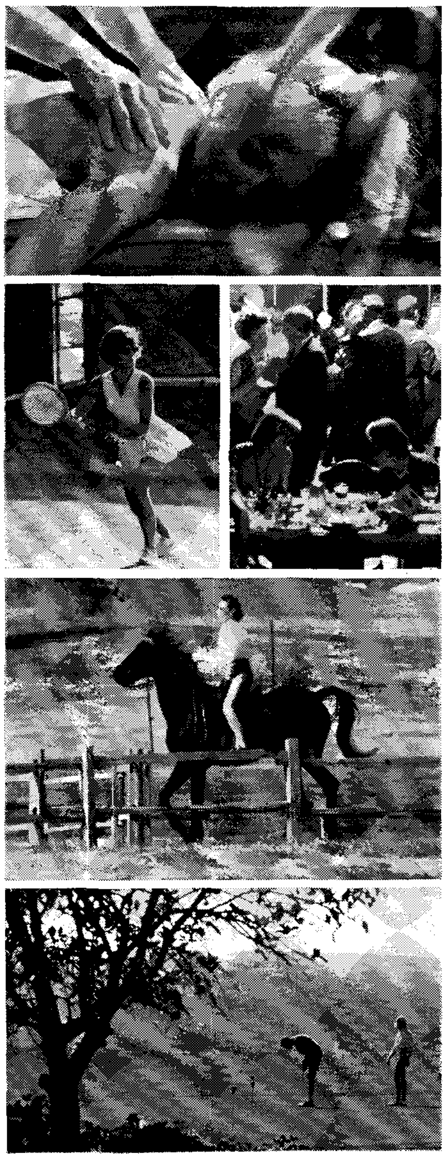

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women to assemble their own Total Look. A water-repelling cotton-and-acrylic looks like poplin, so poplin is what I call it. It's for rainsuits with long tunics and that wraparound skirt. One suit, in navy ($90 for a lot of charm), has instead a short Ike jacket with a buckled band at the bottom. Navy or tan poplin also produces bare-midriff pants suits whose long-sleeved tops button up as high as the convertible collar. Saint Laurent's comfortable and practical streak appears again in pants of red or navy wool jersey with a four-inch waistband and four gold eyelets, these to lace the waist to suit the girth. The pants are surmounted by a bolero-length top with elbow sleeves and a wide, curved neckline, and one of Saint L.'s turtleneck sweaters can be worn underneath. He also has thought up satin slacks with Grecian bindings. (They were not on hand yet when *I* was, even though the dock strike had ended.) Tabs go up the front to contain the crisscrossed lacings, which end in a bow at one side just above the knee. These are shown with a satin muzhik tunic whose neckline plunges right down to There. And let us consider his cape (capes are all over the establishment, and high time) of wool with a felt feel. It's a complete circle, and $110. Everything here, clearly, is sprightly and full of adventure.

Saint Laurent is tailored, and beautifully, too; our own Adolfo goes to massed petals and ruffles and other froufrou. (Mr. A., be it noted, operates only by appointment.) Black-and-white polka-dotted silk makes an Adolfo blouse with full sleeves, leg-of-mutton shoulders, and a bow at the neck, and there are wide but straight pants to match; a short pinafore is all ruffled, massed flowers of the print, and the shoulder straps that begin in front cross in back. Workmen's overalls that no one would dream of tossing into Mrs. Murphy's chowder are entirely of flower petals (pink-and-white geraniums or anemones, say), and they are to be worn over blouses of white organza—sleeves set high on the shoulders, full at the elbows, and tight at the wrist. (All these deals are to order; deliveries in four to six weeks. Well, there is always the Adolfo Boutique at Saks, if you're in a pell-mell rush.) Then come poplin raincoats—wide lapels, eight double-breasted buttons, and floor length. Whee! A vividly striped lining and scarf go along. More pinafores occur, among them a gray flannel deal that can be made short (worn with pants or not) or down-to-the-floor; the shirt shown with this one is of black-and-white striped organza, and there's a frouf at the neck. Now for one of the greatest jump suits I have ever seen—of double-knit jersey with a zippered front and quite wide legs. A long, sleeveless vest and tie, both of a heavy multicolored ribbon, can accompany this; the suit, naturally, has long sleeves. Again, remember to make an appointment; the Adolfo Salon, at 22 East 56th Street, is really tiny.

In some other boutiques the selection is gay but chancy. A body can wander in and find something entertaining that fits her, or she can wait two weeks to have it made for her. In Palacio Ltd., at 830 Lexington Avenue (63rd Street), there is a blouse of rayon crêpe, printed or plain, with a loose band collar and long, pleated sleeves. There are accordion-pleated fancy pants to go along—one plain leg and one in a pastel print. Stretch jersey is used for a tunic, and for a longer dress with contrasting triangular inserts at the sides of the waist to indent it, and you. Next, Palacio has invested in medium-wide pants with a drawstring top (this, too, eliminates fittings) and a single seam on the inside of each leg. These come in voile, crêpe, or feverish cottons; $20 if they are in stock, and $35 if they have to be made. Long-sleeved separate shirts are to be found in crossbarred voile or point d'esprit, all of them ruffled in front and ending well down on the hips. And I greatly admired a Palacio caftan I saw in black silk crêpe. Little buttons on loops show up along the band of gold braid that sits partway down the front; gold braid follows the hem, too, and gold outlines the small slashes at each side of the bottom. A white one, floor length, was made up for the Inaugural Ball, whenever that was.

Veneziano, at 819 Madison Avenue (68th Street), is another tiny treasure trove. First off, evening pajamas, the top with an oval neck and long sleeves, and the pants going into a big swirl. Veneziano favors a pretty pastel print on white for its pajamas, whether they are ordered in wool or matte jersey; $195. Pajamas that involve big, umbrella-pleated culottes and a plain middy top with long, pleated sleeves are here, too. In quite a different mood is a long topper of wool jersey, all decorated triangles in what I call Italian colors because they belong to the Italian flag. The pants that go with it are of velveteen in the same hues. In still

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How to turn an ordinary guy into a virtuoso...

Slouch with style—look limber. Hum that silly old song your father taught you—in your upside-down ice-cream-cone pants in a cotton twill that stays neat, because John Meyer planned it that way, about $14.

Try a bright red Safari shirt with white scribbles on it, about $11; and a natty navy cotton double-knit vest with tiny pockets, about $10. In lots of other colors you like and at stores you like.

Then listen and sigh. But communicate!

John Meyer speaks your language

another mood (oh, this is a moody place) is a tuxedo pants suit, braid-trimmed, in dull black silk. The jacket has six close-together double-breasted buttons, and the fit is quite sharp; a ruffled white shirt and straight pants complete the Dietrich look. Hip-hugger pants are here, some of cotton twill in bold plain colors, such as orange and turquoise, and some of denim with narrow awning stripes; $22.95 for the latter, if you want an idea. And I saw a dandy blazer, navy or red, of hopsacking, with double-breasted brass buttons. Veneziano, I'd say, is the spice of variety.

Bendel's Cachet (third floor) has silks from the south of France, printed in pale colors, like French wallpaper. The results are very long tunics that go with pants or shorts; $175 and $135, respectively. (The tunics can be worn separately.) Cotton with a Paisley print on a black or light-brown ground does a wraparound skirt pulled up to one hip; a tiny bra and elasticized baby panties to match are at hand, but even so the midriff gets almost double exposure. Bathing suits—these, too, from the south of France—come in a see-through crochet in several colors. A bikini bra and its panties are attached only at the breastbone, and the one-piece deals are opaque just in a few places, where medallions of crochet occur.

Around Bloomingdale's is an odd lot of assorted items. One is ciré nylon—very lightweight, and it looks dripping wet. I like it best in black, but it also comes in tomato red and canary. Mini wraparound skirts, short-sleeved zippered toppers, and short jump suits with bloomer bottoms are the end products, and they are in the Better Sportswear department, on the third floor. A quantity of Charles Addams prints—owls, spiders, and reptiles—appear on synthetic fabrics or silks, which have been converted into sleeveless shifts (yes, there still are shifts around town, though you'd never guess it from what I have said so far). These are $75 in synthetics and $110 in silk.

Bonwit Teller's Safari Room approves of Jon Haggins, who is working (currently, at least) with another wet-looking fabric. This one resembles a heavy Ban-Lon and has a rather stiff feel. One brief white dress (it can be ordered in formal length) has a pinafore top for girls with tiny breasts; it's narrow and high in front, and the surplice back is naked. Or there's a long white dress, open all the way to the floor in front over minute bikini panties. The top is respectable, however—a wide, set-in Empire waistband and

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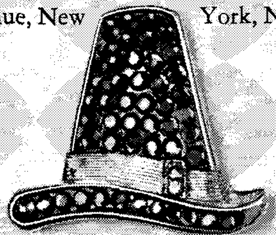
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long sleeves. Dunhill (at Bonwit and Dunhill only) has one of the best pants suits I've viewed this season—of a heavy navy linen with six tiny brass buttons down the tightly fitted jacket, plus wide but straight-legged pants; $150, and good for whatever ails you. And, speaking of strictly fitted jackets, the Safari Room has one (it's part of a pants suit) by Strega, in white piqué with a diamond pattern that makes it look quilted. The jacket has epaulets, no less; $145. A Junior Sophisticates suit (not solely at Bonwit, though) begins with a long, straight tunic of orange or yellow linen, and a sort of Hindu closing of looped narrow silver chains descends the front; the pants are straight, and the tab is $130.

The Sports Department at Lord & Taylor is conducting a red-white-and-blue-blazer rally. Flannel is the means, and double-breasted is the attitude. There are, as well, Geist & Geist blue-and-white striped blazers of knit in three-button style. G. & G. has also provided knit pants with wide loops at the top to hold a contrasting sash—such as bright navy with a red sash.

The fourth-floor boutique at Ohrbach's has other pants outfits, among them a beauty in gray knit, the culottes with an elasticized band at the summit and the top collarless, sleeveless, and well down on the hips. This is $35, including a matching sash, and the same price gets you the same model in a silvery-gold Lurex, for evening. Diversification: Jeans of cotton denim accompanied by ponchos or capes, and a jump suit of navy crêpe with white at the V neck and making the mannish tie. This last is $55. We remain on the fourth floor, but the action now shifts to the Oval Room, where there are Ungaro copies made in France instead of on Seventh Avenue. (Can this be *Ohrbach's*?) Also in the Oval Room are layered outfits—wide-legged pants in bright-blue linen, plus a long-sleeved long tunic, in a bright Paisley, looking like a deep, deep waistcoat. Here, too, is a one-piece jump suit in a silk print, with long, wide sleeves; the sleeveless tunic over it can be worn as a mini-dress—or are you sick, sick, sick of hearing this? The outfit is $165. That water-repellent poplin is around, as well, in the Gray Room, on the fifth floor, and so is a shirt coat in navy and light colors, such as camel and off-white. It is belted, trenchcoat style, and silver buttons go down the front.

SO, clean out the closets, shut off the faucets, and get me to the jet on time.

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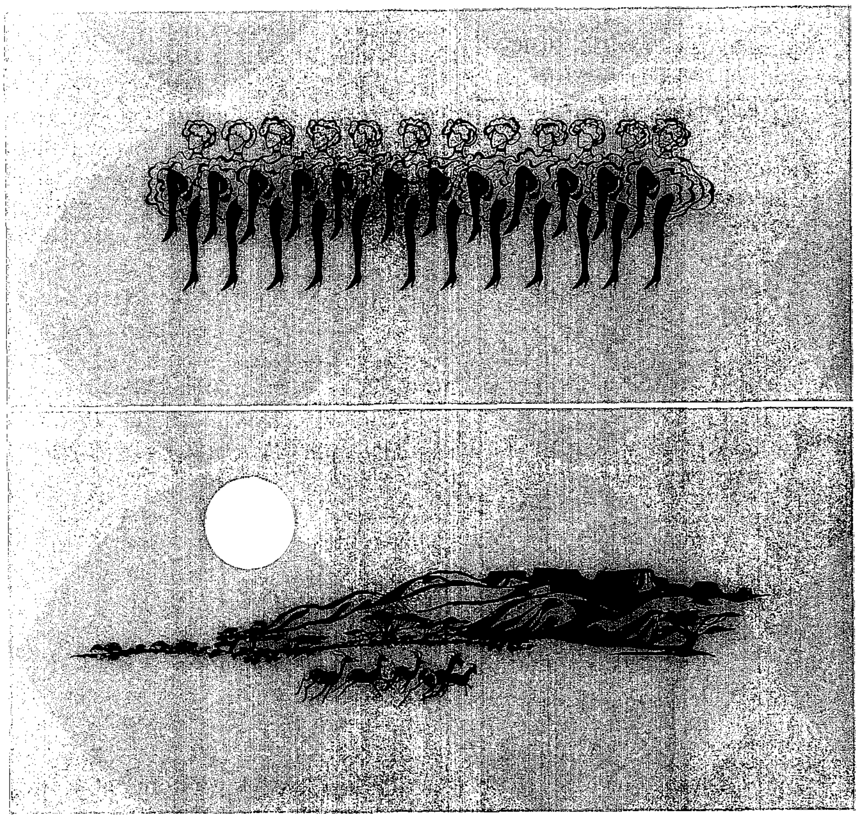

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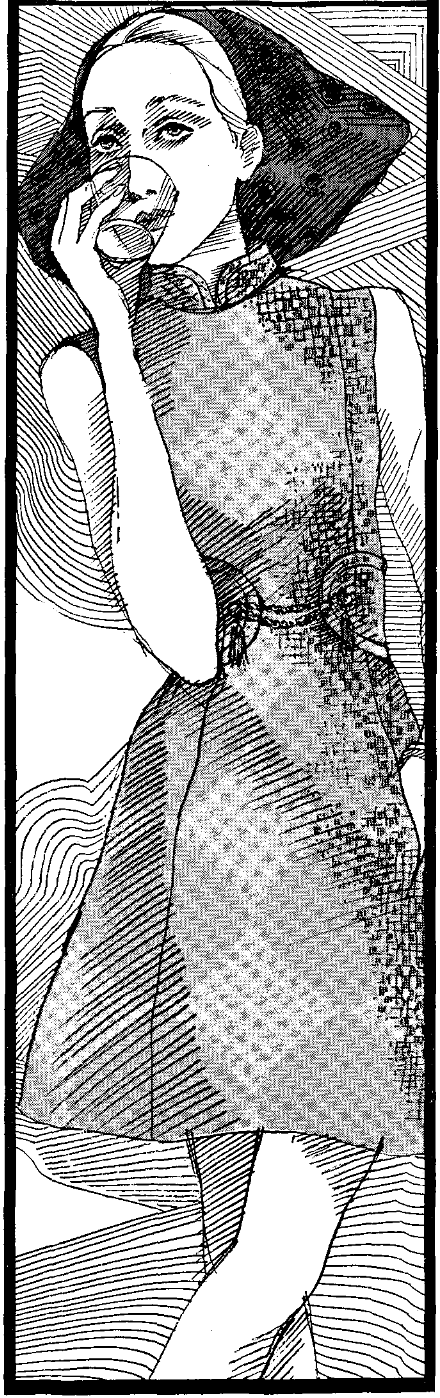

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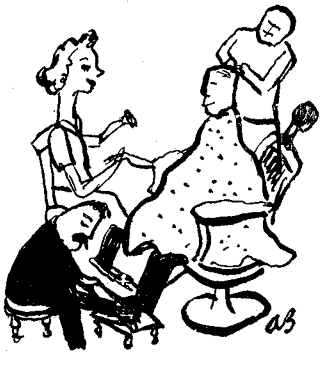
THE OTHER SIDE

AFTER my mother died, while I was still in the condition of love and appreciation of her quality that for a long time washed over me like a sea, among other tasks I felt I should go through such of my mother's drawings as were in Virginia; there had been inquiries from would-be purchasers, and I needed to see which, if any, I felt ready to part with. In addition to drawings glassed and framed, with cards from old exhibitions still pasted to the backing, there were big black French portfolios full of drawings, some of which I hadn't seen for years and years, many only partly finished. As I drew out each sheet of Strathmore board, propped it against a chair, and viewed it, all the pictures seemed to have taken on a curious new dimension that at first baffled me.

Here was the shed behind our house in Dedham. Tortuous black branches on which a few black berries cling are shown in relation to its slanting, white-laden roof, the whole vignetted on the white paper so that the scene seems drowned in winter. Here was the house across the road seen from the windows of our upstairs hall. Upon the boughs of the hemlock on the front lawn, bent down by snow, snow is still falling; but inside the window, in the foreground, blossoms of a bowl of freesias are touched faintly with sanguine chalk, giving a sense at once of inwardness and of warmth. Next came the profile of a little Irish girl my mother used often as a model: tip-tilted, naïve, sharp black against the strong light from the window where she is sitting.



What seemed so new? Looking at the old, familiar scenes and faces made me long for something, but it wasn't the past. It was something here in the pictures themselves. What I was discovering, throughout the long series of drawings, was a likeness: a self-portrait that my mother had not the least awareness she was making.

My father used to tell the story that when the alienist Weir Mitchell went to an exhibition of Sargent's paintings, he stood for a long time in front of a portrait of one of his old patients, and then said, "Now I can see what was the matter with him." The unconscious revelation about herself that I began to take in as I viewed my mother's drawings right after her death seemed almost as eerie, and had to do with the choice of subjects—those little girls, like flowers; those interiors, snug, sheltering, unpeopled; and everywhere those repeatedly pictured, exquisite falls of snow. It was all true, especially the snow.

Coldness was puzzling, coming from that tall, beautiful, glowing creature who enchanted all who met her in warm moods. She was a loving mother, an adoring wife, yet all my life (since the days when I would sit in her lap in the bathroom in a white painted chair, very sturdy, that was all the jungle gym I ever needed, for her to brush my hair) I had known the change that could take place in her, and as a child I would be stricken with fear. When it happened it was as if she had gone away and forgotten me. She wasn't merely thinking about something else; she had ceased to feel my presence. What had I done? Did she not love me anymore?

After I grew up I used to talk it over with my mother's older sister, my Aunt Nancy, whose spirits (high, unlike my mother's) were undimmed by her health (poor, unlike my mother's). My mother's coldness distressed us in just the same way. To nobody else would we have admitted she possessed a single flaw, but there it was. We hated it when all outsiders saw of her was the ramrod back, the absence of maternal softness, the lack of feminine susceptibility to masculine presence. She herself never would admit she was cold. "No I'm not!" she'd protest. "I was being very cordial!" Her reproachful eyes made you hate yourself for blurting out that you thought she was. Once in a while my aunt and I sought each other's sympathy for wounds of our own that my mother didn't even know she had inflicted.

There was the time I had been ill in a sanatorium for over a year, and at last telephoned to say I would be able to come home the following weekend. My mother—who had written me almost daily, who made my sanatorium Christmas merry with a dozen presents wrapped, inimitably, in white paper with green plaid taffeta ribbons—said, "I'm sorry, you will have to come later. I have a cold." My aunt could sympathize; she knew those colds of

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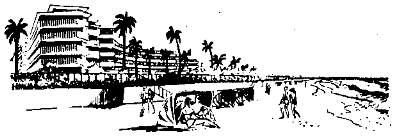
AUSTIN HILL

my mother's—how immutable they were, how she retired to bed at their inception and remained there till free of the least sniffle. Once, while I was on a trip and moving about so rapidly that I received no mail, I called up on the telephone from an inn, about nine one evening. My son, who was visiting his grandmother, answered. We talked a bit and then I asked to speak to her. My son returned, reporting, "She's gone to bed and says she can't come to the telephone." Not only could I not have sent her message, I couldn't imagine how anybody could send it. It seemed incomprehensible, even though I remembered how rigid my mother's bedtime had always been. In the days when my father used to read to her, after supper, she would rise in the middle of a chapter in, say, "Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres," announcing with an only half-mocking, theatrical intensity, "It's *ten o'clock!*"

"I know," my aunt said when I told her about my mother's refusing to come to the telephone. "Lily's always been that way, even when she was little. Your grandmother was deeply hurt when she asked Lily whom she loved best and Lily said Annie Langer. . . . Of course the reason for *that*," Aunt Nancy said, hastening as ever to absolve her sister of blame, "was that your grandmother was utterly prostrated during the years Lily was little, so it fell to Annie to take the care of her. Lily was actually the most sensitive of us all."

I knew, however, that it was not just during those years; all my life I'd heard my tiny, sharp-tongued Grandmother Westcott exclaim, "I am utterly prostrated!" Along with that word "prostrated," "sensitive" and "resigned"—"We must be resigned"—were words I associated with her and resented. For one thing, I didn't believe it; sometimes I felt the whole Westcott story had been invented just so everybody—so sensitive—could be prostrated and resigned. Yet I had also been told how, after my grandfather died leaving no money, it was my grandmother who kept things going by taking in boarders and giving piano lessons. Such was her fortitude that, even in straitened circumstances, she never wavered in her determination to give her two talented daughters the best training, one in the violin, the other in painting. It was paradoxical, but also bleak to a degree—penny-pinching New England at its starkest. I shunned that side of my inheritance. Like my mother, who was not one to talk about prostration or resignation, I



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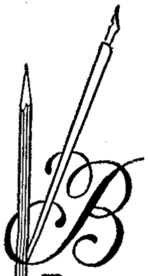

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John C. Bruno

"None loves the messenger who brings bad news..."

Those who first heard the words of Sophocles had their wars, riots, disasters... all manner of things that saddened, depressed and angered them. And when they were told the bad news, it was often the poor messenger who was blamed.

Today, the messenger is frequently television. And because it's where things happen... Vietnam, campuses, ghettoes... as they're happening, some consider it a cause. That's quite human, but hardly logical. And certainly dangerous.

If we can't take the news—good and bad—uncensored and undiluted, to determine for ourselves the true causes of human affairs, someone will do it for us. That's very bad news. It can kill the messenger... and our free society.

Here is a partial listing of programs of special interest this March. With them, you'll continue to see what happens, often as it happens, around the world—but not through rose-colored screens.

Discovery. The Park Beneath the Sea; Nature's Adaptations; The Great American Harness Horse; Hawaii Coffee Growing. Sundays, Mar. 2, 9, 16, 23 (11:30-12 Noon).

Directions. Black Church in America (Part IV)—Black church leaders discuss the importance of their role in America today. Sunday, Mar. 2 (1-1:30 pm).

Children's Film Festival. Adventure in the Hopfields; The Little Bearkeepers; Testadirapa. Sundays, Mar. 2, 9 (1:30-2:30 pm), Mar. 23 (1-2:30 pm).

NBC Experiment in Television. Four Days to Omaha; The New Communicators; Bye, Bye Butterfly. Sundays, Mar. 2, 16, 23 (4:30-5:30 pm).

The 21st Century. Circle of Love; The Sleepwatchers; Can We Save the World? (Part I and II); Art in the 21st Century. Sundays, Mar. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30 (6-6:30 pm).

Sunken Treasure. The Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau—The crew of the Calypso discovers and explores a sunken Spanish galleon. Tuesday, Mar. 4 (7:30-8:30 pm).

First Tuesday. Once-a-month presentation of special news features. Sander Vanocur is anchorman. Tuesday, Mar. 4 (9-11 pm).

The Wizard of Oz. The musical classic starring Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Ray Bolger and Jack Haley. Sunday, Mar. 9 (7-9 pm).

Who, What, When, Where, Why. Luigi Barzini's story of Italy's famed frescoes recently exhibited at New York's *Metropolitan Museum.* Tuesday, Mar. 11 (10-10:30 pm).

Three Young Americans. The search for a meaningful life in modern society seen through the questing lives of three young people involved in socially useful projects. Monday, Mar. 17 (9-10 pm).

Hollywood: The Selznick Years. Ingrid Bergman, Katharine Hepburn, other stars appear in a review of the producer's career. Friday, Mar. 21 (10-11 pm).

Adventures at the Jade Sea. The harsh environment surrounding Kenya's Lake Rudolph, the primitive tribes that have survived there and Kenya's efforts to protect the area's remaining wildlife. William Holden is host-narrator. Wednesday, Mar. 26 (7:30-8:30 pm).

On Broadway. Kraft Music Hall—David Merrick and Broadway stars. Wednesday, Mar. 26 (9-10 pm).

Give Us Barabbas. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Henry Denker's Easter drama of the condemned-to-die thief and murderer who is freed instead of Christ before the court of Pontius Pilate. With James Daly, Kim Hunter, Dennis King. Friday, Mar. 28 (8:30-10 pm).

Tender Grass. Drama in observance of Passover. Sunday, Mar. 30 (12:30-1 pm).

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts with Leonard Bernstein. The conductor presents a varied program. Sunday, Mar. 30 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday: The Today Show/ Captain Kangaroo/ Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS News Hour

Saturdays: The Banana Splits Adventure Hour/ Untamed World/ Shell's Wonderful World of Golf/ ABC's Wide World of Sports

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet/ Look Up And Live/ Bullwinkle/ Camera Three/ Discovery/ Directions/ Face the Nation/ Meet the Press/ Issues and Answers/ Frontiers of Faith/ Animal World/ The Killy Style/ Frank McGee Sunday Report/ G-E College Bowl/ The 21st Century/ Wild Kingdom/ Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings: check also for noteworthy local programs.

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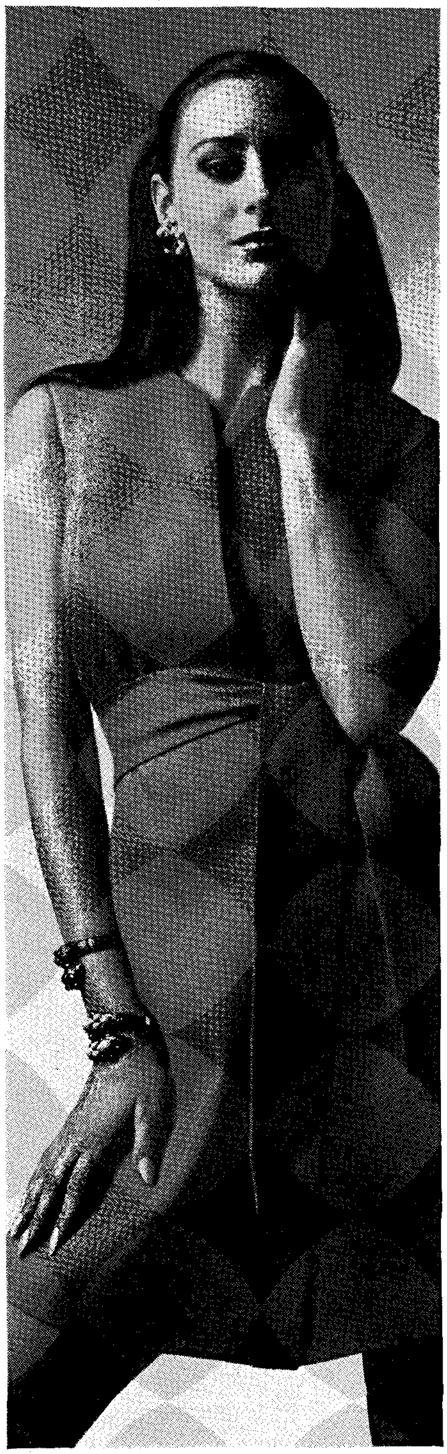

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tended to concentrate on the slightly bohemian Hales—a family once known in Boston as the Dirty Delightfuls, and who were, furthermore, famous.

I knew the general outlines of the story, laid in Victorian Hartford. Mr. Westcott—that was how my grandmother referred to her husband to the day of her death, at eighty-seven—had something to do with guns. He went on trips concerned with the sale of gunsights—or was it patents on gunsights? There once were three little girls, pretty as flowers in old yellowing photographs, but the oldest, called Dolly, died of a ruptured appendix at the age of nine while away in Winsted visiting her Auntie Gilbert. The family never forgot Dolly. Sayings of hers, half a century after her death, were among the little-girl stories I did enjoy hearing. It was she who said, with pride, "Papa spanked me, and now I'm *all good!*" That was the kind of Victorian little girls they were. Then there was the story of my mother and the chocolate mouse. When she was about six, for a special reward her mother gave her a penny to go and buy herself a chocolate mouse at the store on Asylum Avenue. But tragedy struck. A big rough boy laughed at Lily's fat brown curls bouncing as she trotted along, and gave her a push. She fell into a puddle, got her dress all muddy, and the penny slid through a crack in the sidewalk. Lost forever! Lily arrived back at the house on Sigourney Street dissolved in tears, because now never, never would she have that chocolate mouse. The story ended happily, for Annie Langer changed her dress, and her mother said, "Here is another penny, dear." Such bounty had never been envisioned by the infant mind. Off trotted Lily, fresh and clean once more, and able at the last to enjoy her chocolate mouse.

Happy endings were rare in Sigourney Street. My grandmother, daughter of a hellfire preaching Presbyterian minister, had been, as far back as the Hornell, New York, Female Seminary from which she was graduated, delicate. Childbirths utterly prostrated her, and there was always her back—so painful that the doctor sometimes applied irons, always described as "red-hot," as a counter-irritant. For all she pattered about our house so briskly on little satin-slippered feet, she used to say that if she were to do what she really wanted to she would never get out of bed at all.

Mr. Westcott, too, was increasingly ill. I was never sure what he was increasingly ill *with*. (In my psychoanalytical phase I put it down to being

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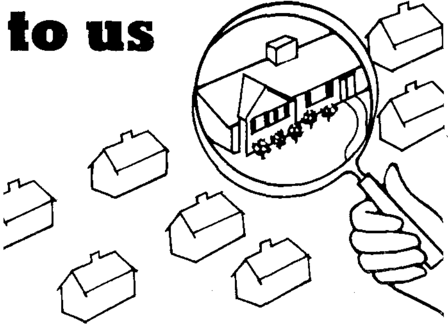

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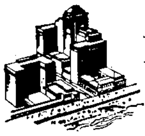

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married to my grandmother.) Sometimes he was said to have had inflammatory rheumatism; sometimes it was gout. He sustained, they told me, frightful attacks of asthma. His two daughters used to roll special medicated cigarettes to relieve his breathing. He struggled to keep up with his business affairs, but, along with his health, they continued to disintegrate. Business associates proved untrustworthy. The patent on one of his gunsights was stolen by a foreign government—or was it one of the business associates who stole it? It was most confused and confusing, and did not pique my curiosity in the least. I was tired of hearing my grandmother say that my grandfather died in great suffering, a disappointed man. "Suffering" was another of the words I resented, especially because I could see how the mention of suffering made my father suffer.

To my grandmother, it appeared high praise. "So-and-So is a great sufferer," she would announce approvingly, and even my mother looked respectful. While I was a child, tales of the deviltries of the little Hale boys came as a great relief, and when I grew up it was a great relief to get married and go to New York to live my own life among people who had no more use for mournfulness than my father and I—and furthermore took a normal view of sex. My grandmother's views on that subject were summed up in what she used to exclaim of anybody with more than three children: "Her husband must be a beast!"

The long fingers of her abhorrence reached even into my own destiny. I had always known my father did not care for his mother-in-law—it was typical of his private sense of humor that by calling her "Dear lady," which pleased her, he could satisfy his hostility. But not until my grandmother had been dead for thirty years did my mother—the year before she died—tell me a story that explained why he, who always indulged me, never granted my life's wish for brothers and sisters.

My mother's apartment in Virginia was equipped with a curious built-in table that partly bridged the doorway to the kitchen, and there we used to sit, drinking our tea, I slouched in my chair and she sitting straight as an arrow, at eighty-two robust and radiant. On the kitchen door itself she used to pin up things that pleased her eye—a bunch of seedpods, a painted Buddha suspended by a wire, clippings from the newspaper. That day it was a photograph, from the cover of the *Times Book Review*, of a naïve medieval

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wooden Madonna holding a baby not much younger than herself.

"I love the Virgin Mother to be a child, too," my mother said. "It seems so much more appropriate."

"Not to me," I said. "Motherhood ought to be big and warm and motherly."

"Oh, no," she said impatiently. ". . . Did I ever tell you that your grandmother never wanted your aunt and me to have children at all?"

"No!" I exclaimed.

The reason my grandmother felt that way was that she couldn't bear to have her daughters endure the ordeal that, for her, childbirth had been. Incredibly enough, she was able to effect her will. My aunt never did bear a child, and "It never occurred to me in those days that I *could* disobey my *mother*," my own mother said. After she and my father had been married several years, however, my grandmother took Aunt Nancy to Brussels for a winter to study the violin. My father said to my mother, "Let's have a baby, quick, before she gets back," and that was how I was born and thought of.

THE summer after my mother died, I drove alone from Virginia to our Cape Ann house by the sea. Far more awaited me there than had been required by the clearing out of her little winter apartment. The whole vast studio was cluttered with an accumulation of the life possessions of several artists, the last of whom she was. It all seemed, that summer, overwhelming. I could only putter about, picking up a cigar box full of squeezed-dry paint tubes and setting it down again; hanging a set palette—as like my mother as a photograph—from a nail on the wall as though it were her shield. I had the feeling I could not yet bear to part with anything here—as though I had a mysterious need for it, now I had no mother.

I did, however, get rid of things that belonged to other people. There was a black leather trunk full of Hale letters my mother had always intended to read through. I'd realized all along that neither she nor I was equipped for such a task, and now I offered them to a college library with an interest in the family. As the curator was carrying out cartons into which she had transferred the letters, I remembered to call her attention to a letter file I'd found lying in a corner, on top of an album of thin-paper copies of letters. "These seem to have belonged to my mother's father," I said. "He had something to do with guns. Would you like them?"

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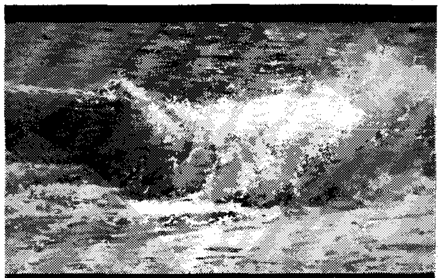

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The curator leafed through the letters as I looked over her shoulder. Those received bore ornate Victorian letterheads, and typically began, "My Dear Mr. Westcott, Your favor of the 13th inst. rec'd. . . ." One of the copies of letters sent began, "I enclose herewith notes on English translation of French translation of German experts' report Lee v. Manson Rothwell. . . ."

"Thank you, I don't believe so," the curator replied. "It appears to be just a business file."

"I thought so, too," I said. But I couldn't bear to destroy the collection of Westcott letters.

The following summer I began to turn the studio into a living room—in spite of the mocking things my parents used to say about the kind of people who, although not artists, live in "studios." The confusion was such that I decided the best way to begin was by adding to it with an immense sofa I bought at a furniture sale. I was right; once the sofa was in place it became obvious that the model stand made a good coffee table to set in front of it, and that chairs, loaded down under back issues of *Art News* and old bulletins of various museums, could be put here, and here. With this focus I could start throwing out things like the seed packets my mother collected in a huge wooden bowl—seeds that could not possibly, after up to forty years, be fertile. I gave away rolls of unused canvas, stretcher pieces, unused tubes of paint, brushes, palette knives, to a local art association.

In the course of this I came on the Westcott file box and letter book again. Before carrying them out to put in one of my three big trash cans, I lay down on the new sofa to take a breather and a look at the letters. I had not read through three before I knew I had moved into trouble—deep trouble; old unsolved trouble that sent off, from the slanting handwriting, the antiquated typing, intimations of anguish. I could not stop reading.

The letters covered not quite two years, leading up to my grandfather's death. Those that came were couched in brutally inexpressive business English, but they partook of the same quality of horror that pervaded the replies, most of them copied in my grandmother's or my aunt's hand. It came back to me that another of those words I used to mind so was "horrors"—"I had the horrors last night," my grandmother used sometimes to say at breakfast. These letters had the quality of nightmare.

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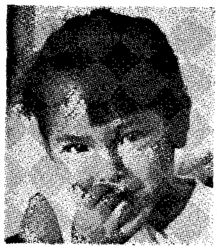
ters events only touched on by their authors, I learned that my grandfather was Secretary and Treasurer in Hartford for the Lee Arms Company of New York. A man named Warren, lawyer for the firm, seems to have been one of the villains. What was it he did, in England, with those patents? "Aside from the settlement with Mr. Lee, practically nothing has been done," my grandfather accuses him, "while the necessity of its being attended to is as great as it ever was. Those patents are worthless to the company, unless they can be made productive. It was for this you went to Europe, and *this alone*. If there be, as I don't at all believe, really anyone in this London scheme able and willing to carry out . . ." Mr. Warren retorts, "I think it but fair to call attention to some of the caustic remarks that you make in your correspondence, that at times affect a man whose skin is not as thick as a rhinoceros . . ." And Mr. Russell, president of the company, writes to my grandfather, "I question the wisdom of saying very much to Mr. Warren. . . . It is very desirable not to irritate him at present, as you know how dependent we are upon him."

What was happening on the Continent? A letter from my grandfather to Mr. Russell says, "The whole business is a farce, and only confirms my opinion of the management of all this German and Belgian litigation at the hands of this Mr. George Allen. This case was decided against us in May, involving hundreds of thousands of dollars. The matter was totally neglected by our representative until quite recently, and now he is expending large sums to get the case postponed for 3 months . . . wants 40 pounds to reimburse himself for travelling expenses only. I am convinced that if the company's affairs in London and Europe cannot be more carefully and judicially managed than at present the proceedings in Germany and Belgium should be promptly and forever stopped." Three months before the end, up pops a new character named Brown, in New York, who says, "Please call off your expensive lawyer and we will see what can be done. I may be able to take the matter over to Europe when I go on Bond business; and with my introductions I may get that million for you yet." Brown's letter ends, "Love to the doves," so he must have been to the house on Sigourney Street.

Who was the Mr. Winchester that, my grandfather says, months before he died, "owned the patents when I took his place in '93. These inventions, made by Pankhurst and other inven-



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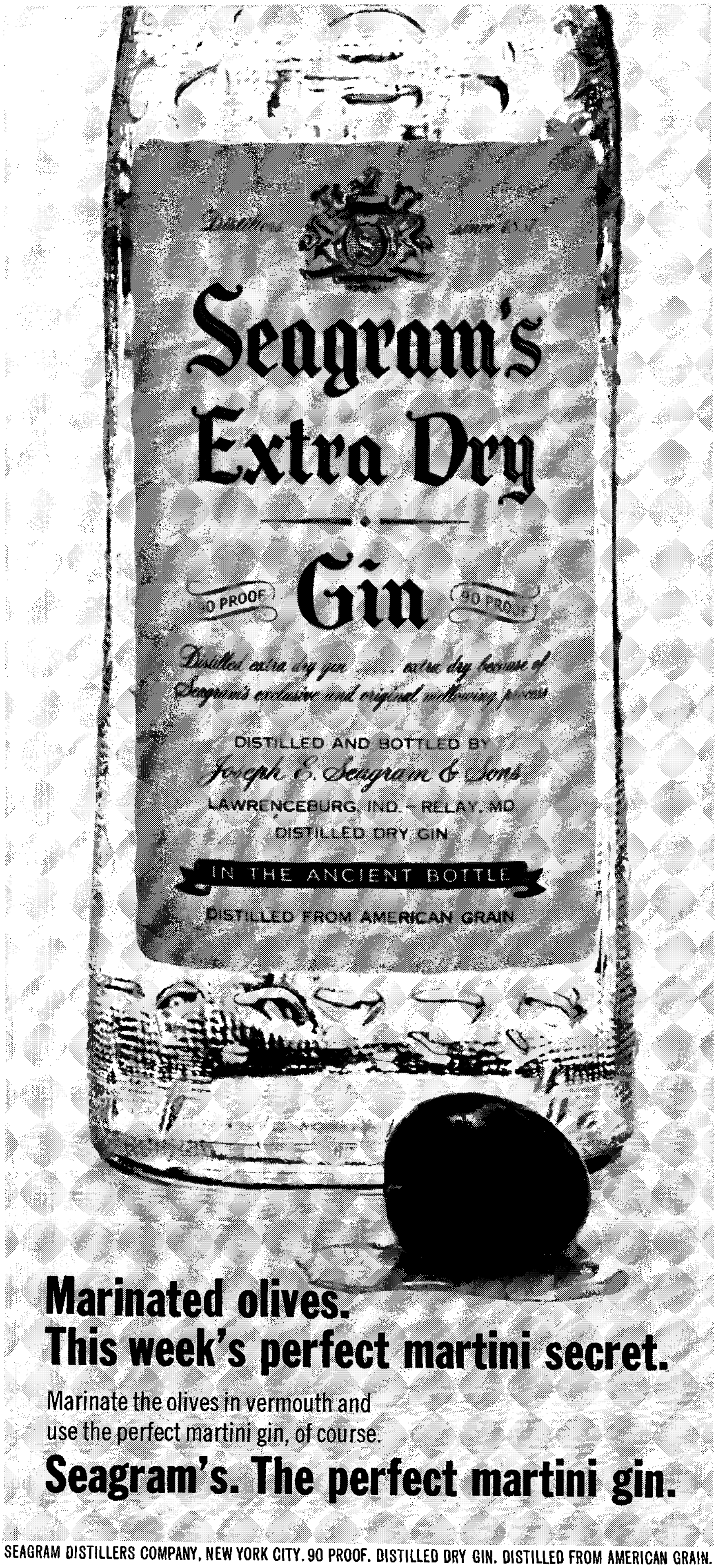
tors, came from suggestions to them from me when we were having model guns made—when most of my time was spent in following up the work at Pratt and Whitney. . . . Pardon this hasty letter. I took cold in New York, came home with a chill and went to bed, and haven't been out of my room. . . . The stock sale at $54 does not, I think, indicate actual value." There are letters like the one from a widow with six children who writes my grandfather, "I concluded to sell the Lee Arms Co.'s stock. It seemed like a *venture* to keep it, and I felt my means were not sufficient to run the risk, although it was hard for me to lose half of what was originally paid in. Now I wish to express my *thanks*, for your kindness in the matter, and for not retaining the commission. I will never forget it of you."

One of the last letters is from my grandmother herself to a Colonel Jocelyn. (Who was Colonel Jocelyn?) "After seeing you last Tuesday, Mr. Westcott went immediately to New York, but the delay of a week or ten days resulted in his failure to find Mr. McEwen. [Who was *he*?] He had been in New York, but had left two or three days before, and it was impossible to find his address. *Probably* he was in Chicago. Mr. Westcott was greatly disappointed but returned. Friday he was taken violently ill and has been in bed suffering ever since. This *miserable* business is fast killing him. I trust you are giving his affairs your earnest attention. Their importance to us is vital." Since this letter is dated December 26th, my grandmother adds, "With the best wishes of the season." But on January 6th a scribbled note, with my grandmother's name at the end, though copied by my aunt, is addressed to the Cashier of the Adams Express Company. "Dear Sir: I have the sad duty of informing you of the death of my husband . . . and calling your attention to his insurance policy in the Expressman's Mutual Benefit Association. I am not sure of being right in addressing this communication to you but if I am not, I entrust it to you to give notice to the proper authorities with the request that they will as soon as possible take the necessary steps to put me in possession of the amount of the policy. . . ."

When it was too depressing to read among the letters any more I set the box and album down on the floor and lay back. I thought I could understand why they had been saved, though never referred to, all those years by my grandmother and my aunt and my mother: because they held the record, the proof,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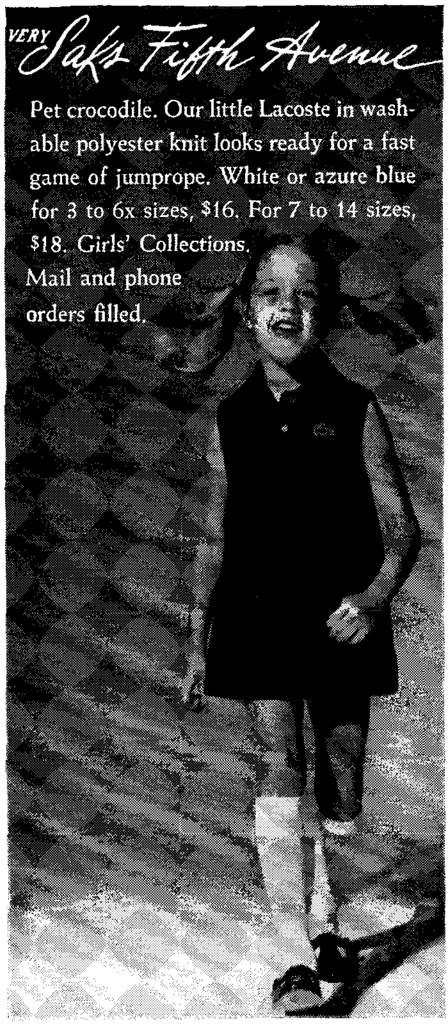

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of the complicated, unendurable, never-to-be-expressed events that somehow broke them—cast over them the mysterious Victorian spell that as a child I sensed and resented. Now, with my father no longer here to protect me, I felt under the spell, too; it had only been necessary to read the letters to fall into it. More real anguish was in them than in all the rest of the more literary family letters put together. . . . And so the three women who survived were arrested, at that confluence of their emotions, like ladies-in-waiting at the court of the Sleeping Beauty.

When I made my appearance on the scene a few years later, they were still standing there. My grandmother, eyes cast upward, was transfixed in her widow's attitude of nightmare woe, my aunt's pretty face bravely set, looking on the bright side. The great reversing wheel of fate was closing in on her, however, dragging her back with illnesses; the ball of one hip was to crumble away from its socket with something called "osteoporosis." After a while she gave up the violin entirely. Only my mother managed, in the end, to escape. Although the subjects for pictures she painted when I was little could be called sentimental—ladies in lacy tea gowns bending over bowls of narcissus—and she, too, in those days, was always exhausted, she began not exactly to awake, like the Sleeping Beauty, but to stir, to change her position. After my father was dead her health became excellent and her art freer.

I got up off the sofa and went to look through some drawings of hers that had been kept up here at the studio in big black wooden racks intended for etchings, to see if there was any clue there to how she—"the most sensitive of us all"—had ever done it. The first I looked at, a start on a drawing of an abandoned church far back in wintry countryside, was made in the days, shortly after my father died, when my mother was experimenting with working from her car. Perhaps the reason it was unfinished was that she got too cold for comfort. The church stands up in its graveyard small and bleak; two rows of black windows are ranged in it neat as pins, and the steeple is sharp as a needle under the merciful, falling snow. Next, another snow drawing—a della Robbia fruit-trimmed Christmas wreath, heavy with snow, hanging on a door. The next drawing was the charcoal study for a painting called "Boy by the Sea." It is of one of those *chétif*, very young children my mother saw as nobody else could: small, naked back sitting up straight on the edge of the

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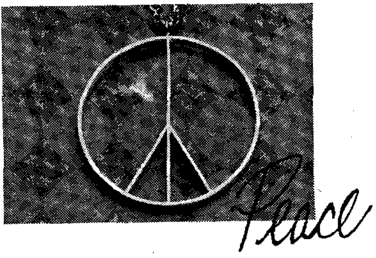

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rocking chair, one still baby hand holding the cord of a window blind, the back of the neck little and vulnerable. Even in profile the mouth is visibly set in lines of recalcitrance.

Looking at the likeness of the boy, my depression seemed to burst and release a shower of other paradoxes that supported my mother in her balancing act through life. In the core of anguish, ice. Out of ice, art—starting up again like perpetually blooming roses from an old, winter grave. The private, interior world my mother hid was at the same time just what, in her pictures, she set forth for display. The reason she kept on developing was that she could accommodate herself to refusal to grow; but how, remains a mystery.

Say not of Beauty she is good. . . . I also understood, suddenly, about all those intransigent colds that my mother coddled, even after she was strong and healthy, as though it had been some delicate little girl she tended; those early bedtimes from which neither love nor duty could budge her. There'd been no real call to let myself be wounded by them. They were only fancies that didn't succeed—as with art—in becoming truth, self-recognitions that didn't come off. *Enshrine her and she dies, who had/ The hard heart of a child.* The coldness in my mother had no moral meaning; it was neither good nor bad. It was more the basis for survival. —NANCY HALE

•

SP4 Ellis Shell and his wife and son Christopher and sister Verna Shell, all of Dayton, visited Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Shell on Masons Creek just before Christmas.

Mrs. Cora Shell spent the Christmas holidays visiting SP4 and Mrs. Ellis Shell and Verna in Dayton, Ohio.

Mr. Charlie Shell visited SP4 and Mrs. Ellis Shell and son and Verna in Dayton, Ohio, during the New Year holidays.

It is good to hear from Mr. and Mrs. Nolan. I can just bet they are really enjoying themselves. I hope so, anyway.

SP4 Ellis Shell finished his basic training at Ft. Polk, Louisiana and finished training at Ft. Bliss, Texas.

SP4 Shell is on his way to Vietnam. His company 45F20 Class 3-692ESB. Ellis is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Shell and was born and reared on the Left Fork of Masons Creek and Ellis attended Dilce Combs Memorial High School at Jeff, Ky.

Ellis' wife Carrol lives in Dayton, Ohio and the Shell's are the proud parents of a 5 week old son whom they have named Christopher Jay Shell.

Verna Shell makes her home with Mrs. Ellis Shell at the present. May God's richest blessings be upon you Ellis and hurry home to your family and friends.

God Bless You.—*Masons Creek News in the Hazard (Ky.) Herald.*

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THE RACE TRACK

Yumbel Tumbles 'Em

THROUGH the years there have been surprises galore in the Widener Handicap at Hialeah, but none that I remember has been comparable to the stunner last Saturday. Yumbel, an eight-year-old Chilean-bred who hadn't raced for a couple of years, beat Funny Fellow, the favorite; Mr. Brogann, who led for much of the mile and a quarter; Petit Duc; Fort Marcy, who isn't as good on dirt tracks as he is on grass; and six others. It was thrilling as I watched it on Colonel Martingale's TV set. Mr. Brogann, a speed horse, was quickest away, but Yumbel went with him and at the end wore him down, winning by a head from Funny Fellow, who beat Mr. Brogann by a nose for the place. Yumbel paid a $94.40 mutuel.

I don't know whether it's because Funny Fellow has only one eye or because it's a habit, but he always begins very slowly. At one stage of the Widener, he was last. From there, however, he went into high gear, and he would have won if he hadn't made such a wide turn into the stretch. As for Yumbel, who is by Souepi out of Sed Lex, he was tops at three and four in Chile, where Bruno Ferrari, who races the Walnut Hill Farm horses, saw him and bought him. After a so-so season, Yumbel was retired in the autumn of 1966. His return at Tropical in January was far from impressive, and on the first day of February he ran tenth in a claimer, with a price tag of $7,500. Any horseman good at divination could have claimed him, run him back in the Widener, and picked up $89,180, Yumbel's share of the purse. Anyway, it's nice that Julian Serna, his trainer, and Fernando Toro, his jockey, both of whom did a good job, were in on the pickings.

WHAT passes for three-year-old form at Hialeah was certainly scrambled last week in the Everglades Stakes, the final trial for the Flamingo on March 4th. Arts and Letters, a colt with no stakes credentials but with a smooth way of running and an advantage of ten pounds in the weights, won it by three lengths from Top Knight. It was downright flabbergasting to see Ack Ack, winner of his last three starts, finish fourth, and King of the Castle and Beau Brummel, the Phipps hopefuls, wind up down the course, seventh and eighth. Arts and Letters was away last of the dozen starters, but he settled into his stride quickly and took the lead on the turn for home. Top Knight, who was always well up, swerved in front of Al Hattab as the field swung into the straight, and an objection was lodged against him. The stewards dismissed it. I'm beginning to wonder if Top Knight likes to go farther than six furlongs. And it wasn't a happy week for the Phipps and Wheatley Stable horses—King of the Castle, Beau Brummel, Funny Fellow, and Vitriolic. The last named, the best two-year-old in 1967, ran for the fifth time at the meeting and for the fifth time wasn't in the first three.

DOWNEY BONSAL, who trains the Cain Hoy horses, took Too Bald, the stable's good race mare, to Bowie last weekend for another shot at the Barbara Fritchie Handicap, which she won a year ago, and she obliged. Carrying 129 pounds and giving from nine to twenty-two pounds to the other starters, she won handily from Miss Spin, with Double Ripple third. She bore out in the stretch—no doubt tiring under the weight—and although she was always well in front of Miss Spin, the latter's jockey put in an objection. I thought it was a frivolous claim; still, you can't blame a boy for trying.

AT Santa Anita last Saturday, something named Praise Jay brought off a 40–1 chance in the San Antonio, which is the warmup for the Santa Anita Handicap on March 8th. The Santa Margarita comes up this weekend. I hope and believe Dark Mirage will win it, and I wish her a safe and speedy journey. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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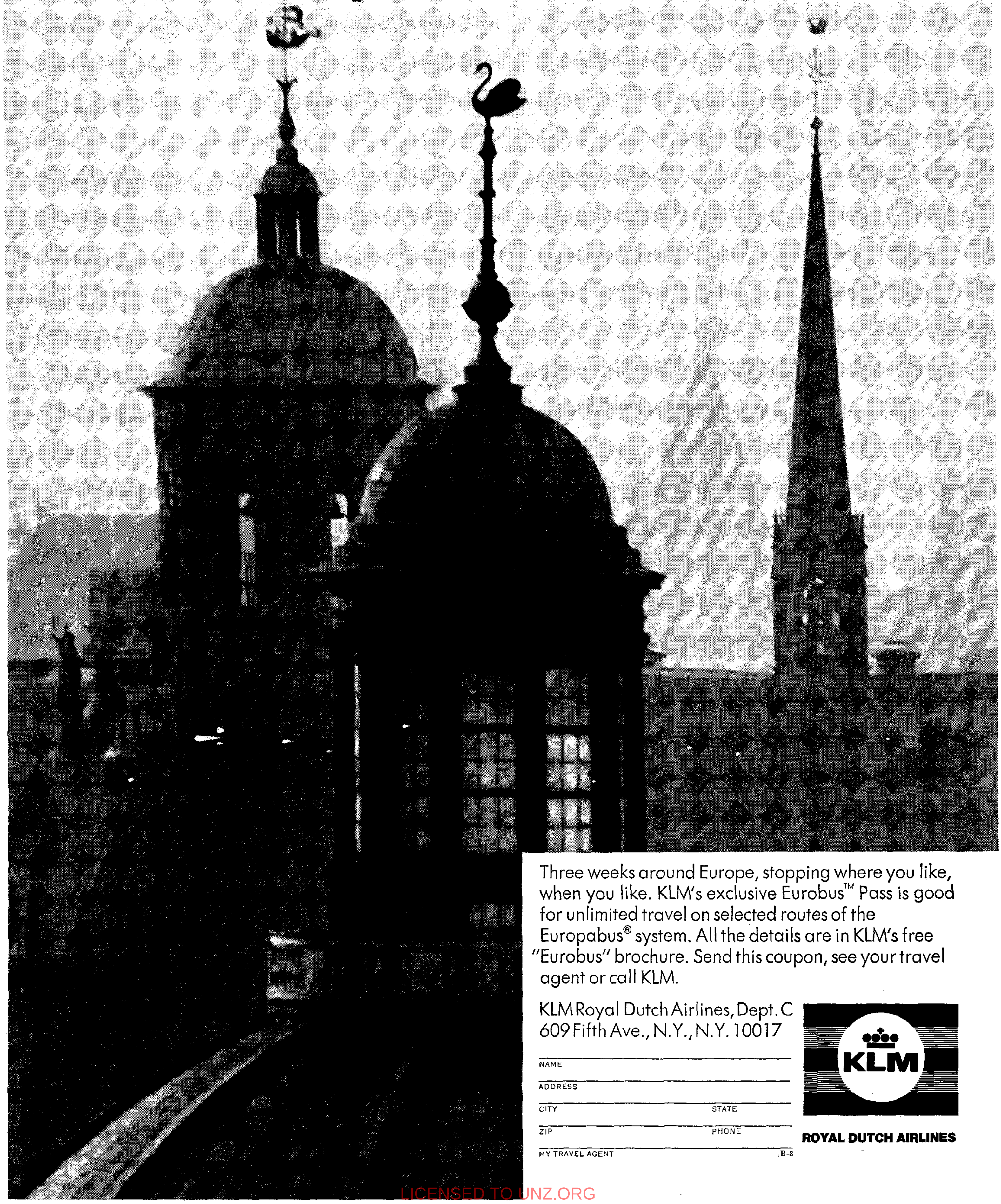

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

FEBRUARY 23

SOMEONE—most likely a Democrat on his way out of the Defense Department—recently turned over to the Washington *Post* a pair of classified documents dealing not with any specific questions of national security but, rather, with the problem of persuading American citizens and their representatives in Congress that the Sentinel anti-ballistic-missile system is a good and desirable investment. The first of these documents, which gave birth to the second, is a seventeen-page memorandum, headed "Public Relations Program for SENTINEL," which was written sometime last year by Lieutenant General Alfred D. Starbird, identified by the *Post* as the "manager" of the Sentinel project. It was addressed to his boss, Secretary of the Army Stanley R. Resor, who was appointed by President Johnson in 1965 and was retained by President Nixon and his Secretary of Defense, Melvin R. Laird. The second document is a shortened and extensively paraphrased version of the Starbird memorandum that was prepared by Resor and passed along to Johnson's Secretary of Defense, Clark Clifford, a few weeks before the 1968 election. In declassifying these documents on its front page last Sunday, the *Post* treated its readers to very little of the seminal paper written by the wonderfully named General Starbird, evidently for the reason—amply established in the few quotations it did publish—that, even though its subject was public relations rather than military strategy, it was so full of military and bureaucratic gobbledygook that ordinary readers would find it impenetrable. The paper did, however, publish substantial portions of the abbreviated Resor version, and that, while scarcely a model of literary felicity, was altogether clear. It advised Secretary Clifford (as if he did not already know) that "several highly placed and reputable U.S. scientists have spoken out in print against the Sentinel missile system," and went on to propose a whole series of techniques for countering the influence of the heretics and assuring congressional support for deployment of the ABM system.

The techniques were anything but new and were not—given the prevailing modes for the conduct of the public business of our society and most other societies this side of the New Jerusalem—in and of themselves immoral. "We will be in contact shortly with scientists who are familiar with the Sentinel program and who may see fit to write articles for publication supporting the technical feasibility and operational effectiveness of the Sentinel system," Resor wrote. This is a sly but routine procedure both in and out of government, and it is employed—or, at least, attempted—in behalf of the most virtuous of causes as well as of the most dubious ones. Resor recommended extensive "briefings" of congressmen and journalists, the preparation of tapes and films to be used by Army personnel in encounters with the public, and "information packets" for interested citizens. This is the way—or a large part of the way—that the consent of the governed is won, whether by the Army when it wishes to plant rocket launchers in the suburbs or by the Justice Department when it wants to build up support for a civil-rights law. The only defense the public can have is an independent press and an educational system that breeds skeptics. There are, however, some important differences between the military's use of public relations and the use that most other institutions make of it. The military, for one thing, has more money than anyone else, and when to its vast funds are added those of the industries it deals with, it seems to have just about all the money there is. (The Starbird memorandum specifically suggested recruiting the assistance of "all individual industrial firms and civilian contractors participating in the production and deployment of the Sentinel system.") The Under-Secretary of Housing and Urban Development may take some doubting Thomas from Congress or the press on a tour of local projects in a government limousine, but his funds are severely limited and more or less subject to public scrutiny, and the agency could not organize a propaganda campaign on anything like the scale of the one proposed to Secretary Clifford by Secretary Resor. Moreover, the military can make a secret of anything it chooses. It chose to "classify" these two memoranda, which contain about as much information on "national security" as might be found in a soap merchant's instructions to his salesmen, with the consequence that Army officials could claim that they would be violating discipline if they discussed the documents with representatives of the *Post*. (One did go as far as to explain that although there was a "freeze" on Sentinel construction, there would be no letup in the campaign to persuade the public of the benefits of deployment.) Other government agencies—and, of course, private institutions—have methods of concealment that are often as effective as the military's, but

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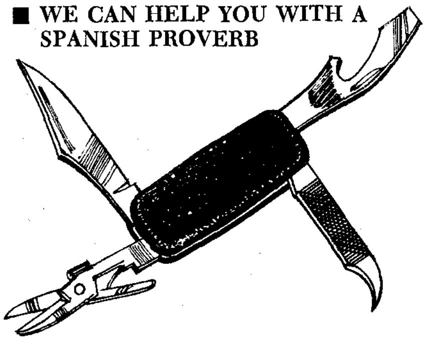

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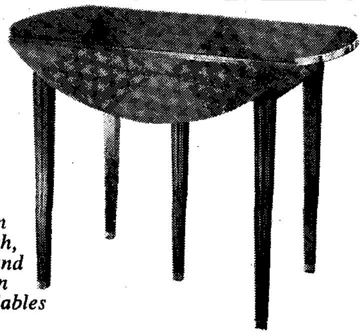
they cannot hide behind them quite as unchallengeably as the military can. If Department of Commerce spokesmen clam up when asked for figures on trade, there are, as a rule, plenty of other sources to which determined investigators can turn. But if the military says there are facts about a weapons system that civilian scientists haven't been told, there is nothing much to do but to plead for the "declassification" of these facts. Not all such pleas are bound to go unheeded. A great deal depends on the outlook of the pleader. Deep in his own "classified" memorandum, General Starbird recommends that in certain cases—clearly those that would favor the Sentinel—the Army take a favorable view of declassifying material "which is responsive to the anticipated questions."

For decades now, the defense agencies have been conducting huge and hugely expensive public-relations campaigns. For the most part, though, the effort has been undertaken with the aim of reflecting glory on a particular service or, less frequently, on the Department of Defense itself. It has rarely been necessary to focus a propaganda drive on any one program, such as the deployment of the Sentinel. Inter-service conflicts over appropriations have sometimes had to be adjudicated more or less publicly by the President or the Congress, but the usual rule has been to ask the generals and the admirals to compose their differences in the Pentagon and then bill the country for whatever they think is needed to keep the flag aloft and unsullied. The bills have been paid on presentation, sometimes with a substantial gratuity. It is questionable whether much in the way of military public relations was ever needed to achieve these results; many societies more strapped for funds than this one give their soldiers and sailors everything they ask for and give their civilians anything that happens to be left over. What is striking and, in recent times, unprecedented about the Army's campaign for the Sentinel is not its slyness or the attempt to keep it secret but the fact that it is essentially defensive in nature and content. It calls for the use of all the loaded devices of propaganda, but its appeal is not primarily to patriotism—though no doubt the assemblers of the "information packets" have not overlooked the possibilities of scoring points with displays of Old Glory—but to reason and logic. The Army's argument this time is not with pacifists or appeasers but with informed critics, who have managed to unsettle certain sec-

BON APPETIT



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tions of the public not by moralizing about foreign and military policy but by asserting their primarily scientific expertise and planting doubts as to whether the military really knows what it is doing, and even whether it is capable of making guns that will shoot.

This, to be sure, is only one of several new elements that have come to light in the Sentinel controversy, which seems likely to be the most important and certainly the most interesting one in these early months of the Nixon Administration. The war in Vietnam has, of course, gone a long way toward undermining public and congressional confidence in military leadership. The senators on the Foreign Relations Committee who have been giving Secretary Laird and other Administration members so hard a time over the Sentinel—while ostensibly soliciting their views, all favorable, on the non-proliferation treaty—had expressed dismay over the competence of General Westmoreland and his aides long before the present disputes arose. But there was a tendency then to put the major blame for Vietnam on the civilian policy-makers and to fault the military men mainly for their complicity in what the senators regarded as an unwise and unworkable foreign policy. The senators did not take it upon themselves to get into disputes over weapons technology with the presumed experts from the Pentagon. Another obvious factor that bred dissatisfaction—though not, as far as is known, disenchantment—with the military was its intrusion, through the original Sentinel deployment plan, into communities that happen to include the homes of influential and articulate citizens. But these citizens' objections, apparently, can rather easily be met by a military rezoning, which the Sentinel proponents would be happy to undertake. This controversy, though, would not be ended—at least in the Senate, where the most widely publicized debate will take place—if the war were called off tomorrow and all suburbanites were assured that there would be no missile sites within five hundred miles of them. For the argument really turns (as such arguments rarely do) on the facts in the case—or, to put it another way, on who, as between scientists and soldiers, is better equipped to determine the facts.

The question could not have arisen in an age when the military dealt with gunsmiths and shipwrights rather than with scientists. A military education was sufficient to enable a soldier to pass judgment on the effectiveness of a rifle, or a sailor on the seaworthiness of

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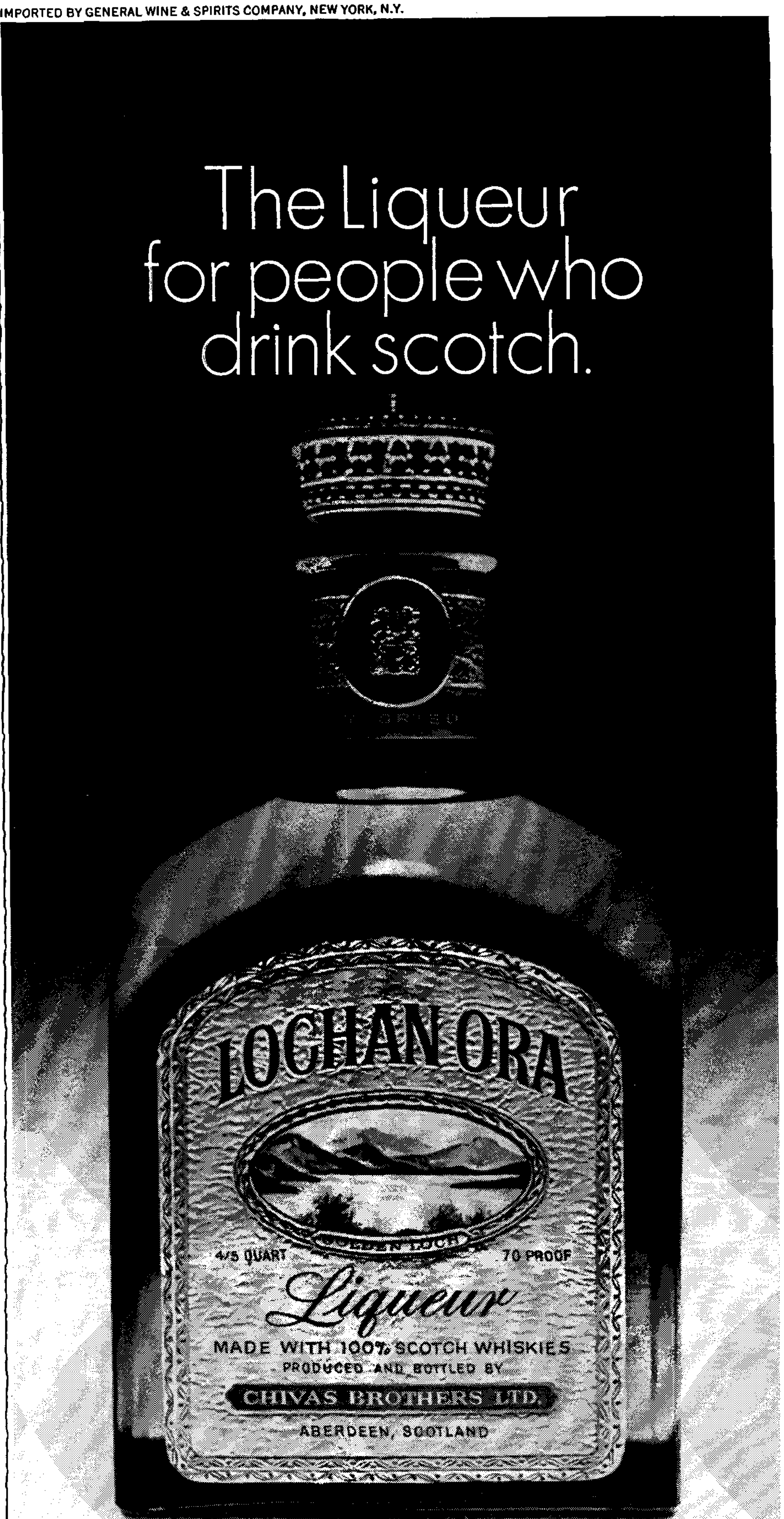

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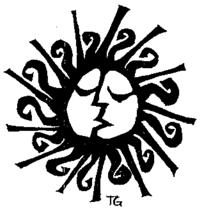
a ship. But if Jerome Wiesner, who was science adviser to President Kennedy and is currently provost of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, knows what he is talking about, the Sentinel, in its present state of development, "is probably the most complicated electronic system anyone has ever tried to put together . . . the most elaborate, sophisticated, dynamic combination of rocketry, radar, computers, electronics, and other technology ever proposed." Wiesner says that the Sentinel is untestable (because it would violate the test-ban treaty, and also because it could never be really tested unless the Chinese or the Russians sent an ICBM our way) and in all likelihood unworkable. General Starbird, a West Pointer of the class of 1933 and an officer with a fair amount of engineering experience, and Secretary Resor, once an Army major and a 1946 graduate of the Yale Law School, may know something about the Sentinel that Dr. Wiesner doesn't know, but there is clearly a growing tendency here and around the country to believe that men like Dr. Wiesner know a great deal about electronics, computers, and radar (in the development of which Wiesner played an important role) that General Starbird and Secretary Resor, like most of the rest of us, do not and probably never could know. The military would no doubt respond by saying that there are scientists who hold with them rather than with Dr. Wiesner, and certainly this must be true, or the Sentinel would not exist. But most of them are presumably working for the government or for defense industries. In the Resor memorandum, it was delicately pointed out that the articles to be written in praise of the Sentinel and in dispraise of such as Dr. Wiesner should be "preferably by nongovernment scientists." As far as is known, the search for qualified debaters free of government ties has been unavailing. Meanwhile, all seven of the men who have served in the sixties as science adviser to the President or as Director of Defense Research and Engineering in the Department of Defense have declared their opposition to ABM systems of one kind or another.



Senator Edward Kennedy, the new Democratic whip and an opponent of the Sentinel, has asked Dr. Wiesner and Professor Abram Chayes, formerly legal adviser to the State Department and now at Harvard Law School, to prepare a lengthy report on the ABM and get it in his hands before the Pentagon completes its own review of the program, which has been promised for early March, when the floor debate will probably begin in earnest. A year ago, it would have been safe to predict that although Senator Kennedy and those who share his view might win the debate, they could hope to win nothing else. When the roll was called, the Pentagon and the defense industries always prevailed, with votes to spare. The case against the Sentinel is abstract and abstruse—and, in the end, as unprovable as the case for it, which is that it could save millions of American lives. No elected official likes the prospect of running against an opponent who can charge him with voting to expose his constituents to death. The import of the Pentagon's review is as predictable as that of Dr. Wiesner's, and it is scarcely conceivable that the President would decline to endorse it. Yet the campaign that Senator Kennedy is mounting, in collaboration with Senator John Sherman Cooper, the leading Republican opponent of the Sentinel, cannot now be regarded as altogether quixotic, or worth making only for the sake of the public record. In the last session, Senator Cooper, joined by Senator Philip A. Hart, of Michigan, and others, three times offered amendments striking from authorization or appropriation bills funds intended for deployment of the Sentinel. As they knew they would, they lost all three votes, their best showing on any one being thirty-four. But Senator Cooper has recently pointed out that on one proposition or another more than forty senators voted as he did, and he and other anti-ABM senators believe that their position has been greatly strengthened in the course of the current controversy. They are claiming that there are now forty-five senators ready to oppose the Pentagon on the Sentinel. The Majority Leader, Senator Mansfield, can be counted on, and the Minority Leader, Senator Dirksen, seems to be avoiding commitment at this time. If, in fact, forty-five senators are siding with Senators Cooper and Kennedy, they constitute at least a temporary plurality, for there are surely more than five straddlers. Among the straddlers is to be found the surprising figure of Senator Barry Goldwater, who has never, up to now, been known to question the good judgment or the competence of anyone accoutred with military brass or braid. Asked where he stood on the

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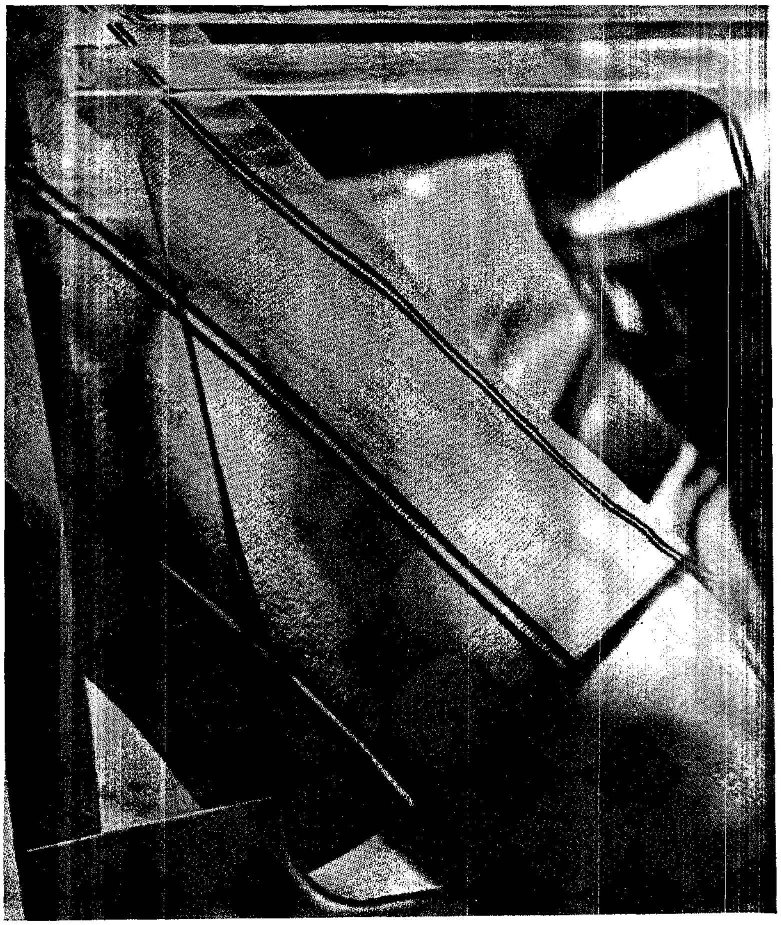

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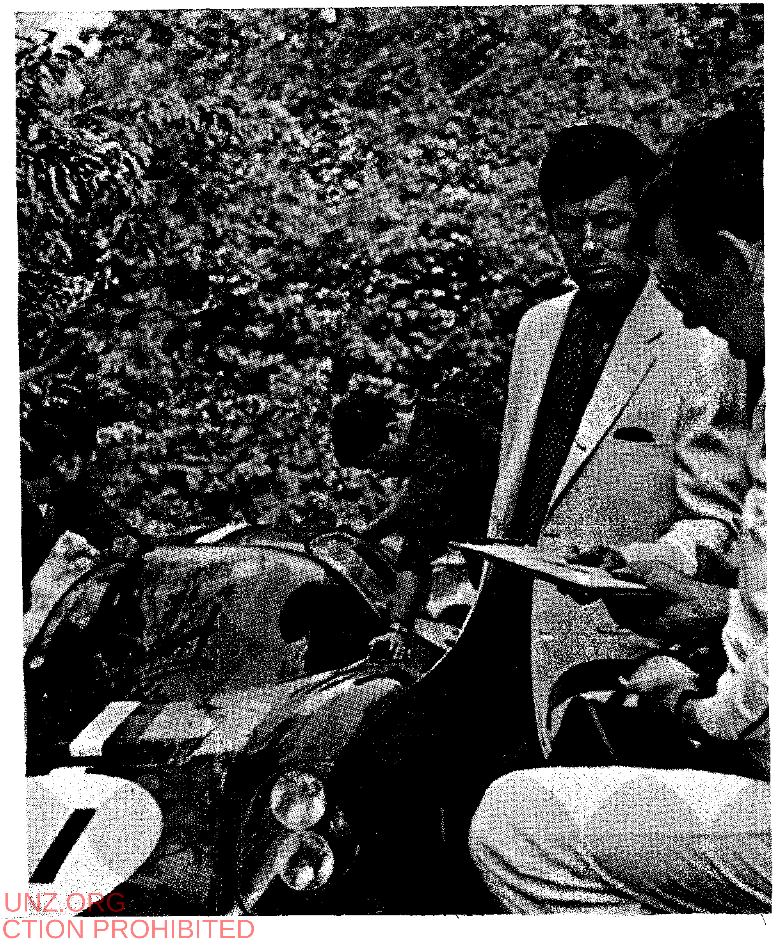

Sentinel the other day, Goldwater said he was "not married" to any ABM system. "It's going to be a devilishly costly thing," he went on, "and I hope we can hear from all sides." At least there is now no doubt that all sides will be heard from.

THE President is in Brussels, and the common feeling here is that the most that can be hoped for is that his travels will be concluded without serious incident and with Western Europe in no worse shape than it is today. Why he thought the trip necessary remains unexplained despite all that he himself has said about it and the lengthy briefings given the press by members of his staff. He and his spokesmen have repeatedly maintained that negotiations with the Russians should not take place until there is adequate assurance that they will produce the desired results. This proposition would seem to apply to negotiations with any power, but if it did, of course, the President would recall Ambassador Lodge from Paris and would himself depart the Brussels Hilton for the White House tomorrow morning. Apparently aware of the contradiction, the President has been insisting that he does not intend to "negotiate" with any of the leaders he will be seeing in the next few days but will be only holding "consultations," in which, he has said, they will do most of the talking and he most of the listening. To emphasize the distinction, he has said that there will be no communiqués. But the distinction is a meaningless one. When heads of government agree to meet, the negotiating process is already under way, and the fact that communiqués—which in any case rarely communicate anything of significance—are not issued does not mean that there have been no substantive agreements or disagreements. Nixon has gone to Europe knowing that he can bring home no agreements that do not already exist—these are precious few, and mostly on the trivial side—and that his "consultations" can end none of the numerous and by no means trivial disagreements that now prevail.

The contention most frequently made by the President and others is that the last Administration ignored Europe in favor of Vietnam and Southeast Asia, and that it is now necessary to dramatize our continuing "commitment" to Western Europe and NATO. But unless the extent of that commitment is measured by Presidential travels, the argument that the Johnson Administration ignored Europe is a difficult

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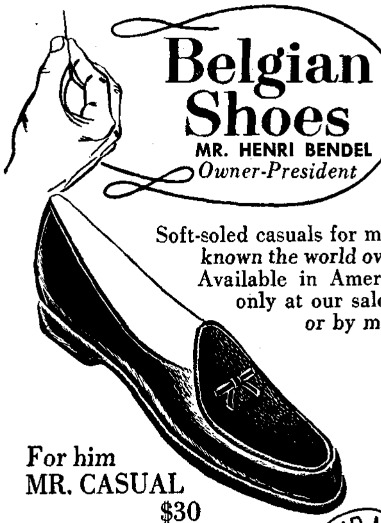

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one to defend. In the last five years, as in the fifteen that preceded them, the United States has been—wisely or not—more loyal to the NATO concept and tradition than most of the alliance's European members, and has made the most substantial contributions to it. In Europe there are fears—by no means ungrounded—that we may at some future time make a deal with the Soviet Union at the expense of our Western allies, especially West Germany. But such apprehensions do not account for much of the present disarray in Europe. To the degree that we figure in the disarray at all, it is our embrace that is feared more than some distant possibility of our abandonment. President de Gaulle makes life hard for us and some of our friends not because he dreads American withdrawal but because he dislikes American participation on its present scale. So it is doubtful, whatever the White House may say, whether anyone in it really regards our relations with Western Europe as the most important foreign problem the new Administration faces. Getting out of the war in Vietnam and preventing war in the Middle East are much more urgent matters, and not far behind them is the control of nuclear weapons. There is no question but that Nixon, when he stops listening and gets in a few words of his own, will try to enlist the support of his hosts on these issues. But he will speak with the knowledge that he really isn't addressing the right people. The French may have a small amount of credit with the North Vietnamese, but they have been reluctant to use it so far, and it is unlikely at the moment that Nixon has enough credit with de Gaulle to compel any extra generosity. The only major powers that can have much influence in the Middle East are the United States and the Soviet Union, and the Soviet Union is not likely to seek the advice of the British, the French, the Italians, the West Germans, or the Pope on its policies vis-à-vis Israel and the Arab nations. Nor will it consult them if it enters into negotiations with us over the control of nuclear weapons. One suspects that the President is in Europe this week not because he is sure of his own course but because he is still most unsure of it and is playing for more time in which to determine it.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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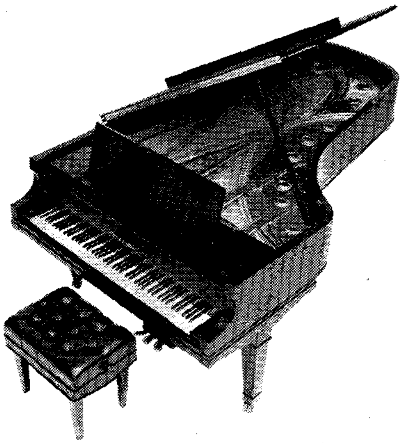

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Civic Wonder

IF I were recommending the wonders of New York City to a tourist, I should place Beverly Sills as Manon at the top of the list—way ahead of such things as the Statue of Liberty and the Empire State Building. Miss Sills makes one forget such great Manons of the past as Bidu Sayão and Lucrezia Bori. Perhaps Geraldine Farrar did an interpretation of the role that approached hers in charm, femininity, subtlety as an actress, vocal passion, and vocal agility. My memory does not go back that far. Certainly Miss Sills is the ideal, and her performance lifts an old sentimental favorite to the status of one of the operas one must see these days, despite the competition of all the "Don Giovanni"s and "Die Walküre"s. "Manon" is not so much a mediocre opera as it is an unpretentious one. It is like a piece of Dresden china—expressive of a former era, nostalgic, tender in an old-fashioned way. Its musical workmanship is of the most fastidious, and its libretto is a keen study in psychology and character. When a great singer assumes the principal role, it becomes transformed into a masterpiece.

Last Thursday night, the New York City Opera opened its spring season with "Manon." The opening was a celebration of the company's twenty-fifth anniversary, although, owing to the City Opera's habit of presenting two short seasons a year, it was technically opening its forty-ninth season. Miss Sills was, of course, in the title role. (She will sing only two more Manons before departing for La Scala, where I predict a huge success for her.) Because of the special occasion, the company partnered her with its finest tenor, Placido Domingo (who now shows signs of becoming the finest tenor of the Metropolitan as well). Mr. Domingo was doing his role for the first time here and was suffering from a cold, but he sang splendidly except in the second-act aria "En fermant les yeux," where his chest tones did not connect smoothly with the ones above them. But even without a cold Mr. Domingo is not, to my mind, the ideal Chevalier des Grieux. He is singing roles of a different character nowadays—heavy ones, of the *tenore-robusto* type—and his approach is more that of an Italian than of a French tenor. However, I cannot think of anybody better for the role in this age of scarcity of good French singers, except perhaps the French Canadian Leopold Simoneau, who has a much lighter voice. The other roles were all extremely well cast, Richard Fredricks as Lescaut, Robert Hale as de Bretigny, and Malcolm Smith as the elder des Grieux standing out. The production, with its Fragonardesque sets by Marsha Louis Eck, its expert direction by Tito Capobianco, and its delightful ballet choreographed by Robert Joffrey, was, as before, a total pleasure to see. And let us not forget the man in the pit. Without the subtle, idiomatic, and carefully schooled conducting of Julius Rudel, this "Manon" would not have been the great occasion it was.

I AM going to have to reverse myself in regard to the production of "Die Frau Ohne Schatten" at the Metropolitan, which I saw early in the season two years ago, at a time when the finishing touches had not been applied to it. I thought then that the sets were unbearably heavy and that the whole thing was overproduced. Last Monday night, "Die Frau" reappeared at the Met, and my reactions were entirely different. It is true that Robert O'Hearn's sets do not leave much to the imagination, but they are a tour de force of the designer's art—quite enchanting in their way and probably the most elaborate ones ever seen at the Metropolitan, or, for that matter, anywhere else in New York. One is transported, via lifts, back and forth between the world of the spirit inhabited by Keikobad (the King of the Spirits), the Emperor, and the Empress, and the more earthly world of Barak and his wife, and all this transportation occurs before one's eyes. Moreover, there is an air of mystery about the sets that suggests—or, rather, gives the illusion of—the dream world in which the action takes place. I have seen many productions of "Die Frau" in Germany, Austria, and San Francisco, but never one that could compete with this one in elegance and splendor.

About the opera itself I still have a few niggling complaints. The music is among the finest scores Strauss ever composed, and in the last act it rises to heights of inspiration that he never sur-

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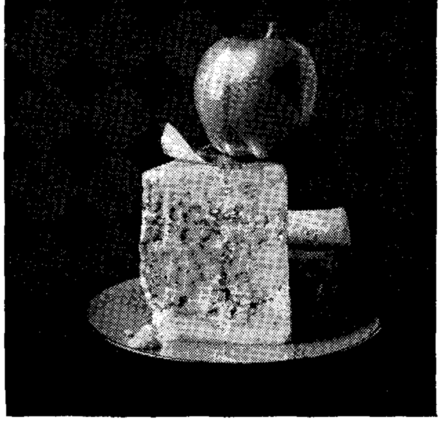
passed. On the other hand, the libretto does not have the power of "Elektra" or the humor of "Der Rosenkavalier." It is, in fact, almost entirely humorless, and it somehow does not strike at the roots of human behavior. Von Hofmannsthal's myth, the basis of the libretto, does not involve passion or death, the two staples of effective opera. It is a slightly bourgeois myth (a myth about what the domestic magazines call "young marrieds"), and its most stirring moments involve family matters—the ability to have children, and, in Barak's case, how to get along with one's wife. These problems, though they are unquestionably real, do not seem to me to be the most exciting material on which to build a libretto, even such a fantasy libretto as that of "Die Frau Ohne Schatten." Thus, while I find Strauss's music extraordinarily moving, I do not find any of the opera's characters particularly memorable. Barak, the hero of the piece, is a good man—a good provider, an industrious, generous model of the virtuous married male. His only worry is that his wife may forfeit her fertility. Well, it's a worry, all right, but it has nothing of the force of passion that courses through the scenes of "Manon." Then, there is the symbolism, which is laid on in great gobs: the unborn children crying from the frying pan, where they are symbolized as fish; the *deus ex machina* Keikobad, whose fatherly rules and regulations smell unpleasantly of Germanic authoritarianism; the "golden" fountain of the last act, which solves the whole problem of who can and cannot have children; and, of course, the shadow itself. I realize that I am expected to take all this as a fantastic fairy tale, but I still think it somewhat artificial and lacking in deep human motives.

Where the performance is concerned, I was delighted. Something has been happening to Leonie Rysanek during the past year or so. Her voice now sounds like the instrument Strauss wrote for, and, on the whole, she sang the role of the Empress with great eloquence—faltering only slightly at the beginning of the last act, where just a suggestion of those hollow middle-register tones appeared. James King was fine as the Emperor, and Irene Dalis magnificent as the Nurse. But the standouts of the evening were Walter Berry as Barak and Christa Ludwig as his wife. Miss Ludwig gave an exhibition of pure vocal beauty such as is rarely heard anywhere, and Mr. Berry performed with enormous distinction. All the minor parts were also well taken, and one star of the per-

Quick course in Danish



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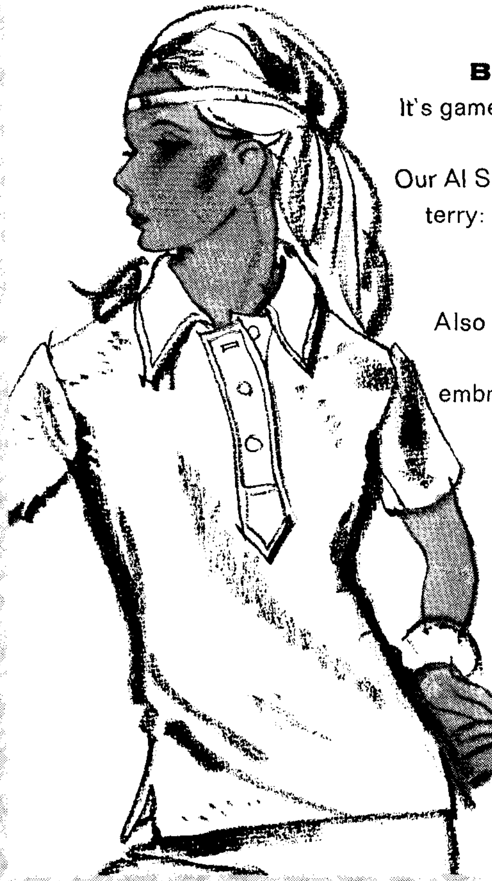
formance was certainly Karl Böhm, who conducted with a masterly feeling for climax and over-all dramatic significance.

LAST Tuesday evening, the Philadelphia Orchestra came to Philharmonic Hall under the baton of a new conductor, Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos. Mr. Frühbeck is familiar to recording enthusiasts, but this was his first appearance in New York. His program consisted of Beethoven's Sixth Symphony, one of his "Fidelio" overtures, and the complete music from Manuel de Falla's ballet "The Three-Cornered Hat." He struck me as a highly efficient conductor, in the sense that he is a master of the baton and has a peculiar and very effective way of telegraphing his ideas ahead of time to the orchestra. He is, in addition, a good-looking, tall, dark-haired fellow, and his batonry shows the influence of Karajan in its inward-gathering movements. I did not think, however, that his way with the Beethoven symphony showed much imagination. The de Falla item was much more stirringly performed, but I couldn't help wondering about the suitability of this ballet music to a symphony concert. It is a disjointed affair, full of brief episodes designed to accompany specific bits of stage business, and these episodes do not mean much to an audience that is not witnessing the ballet.

WILLIAM STEINBERG and the Pittsburgh Symphony appeared in Carnegie Hall last Wednesday evening with an all-Mahler program, and a rewarding evening it turned out to be. To begin with, there were Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano, and Tom Krause, baritone, in the complete series of Mahler's "Knaben Wunderhorn" songs. Both soloists got deep into the meaning of these lovely folkish lieder, some of which are a bit untypical of the composer, and others as typical as one can find. These were followed by Mahler's seldom performed Sixth Symphony. There are strong echoes of Bruckner in this symphony, both in the first movement and in the finale; in the latter, one can detect the main motive of the final fugue of Bruckner's Fifth. There are also many wonderful things in the work. The slow movement is one of the finest and most immediately engaging ones that Mahler wrote. Though I have long been a Mahler enthusiast and student, I shall not pretend that I understand all of the long last movement of this symphony. It



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"MABEL MERCER & BOBBY SHORT AT TOWN HALL" (Atlantic) is a two-record set offering a little more than an hour of a joint recital that was given last spring by our two leading interpreters of the popular song viewed as an art form. Mabel Mercer, an Englishwoman, came to us in the early forties after gaining a reputation in Europe, and Bobby Short arrived here from the Midwest toward the end of the Second World War to develop his craft. For long years, they occupied separate corners of their little world, finding temporary homes in various supper clubs about town, into which a loyal but relatively small band of admirers—among them several more widely celebrated singers—would follow them. Now here they were together, at Town Hall. And here, too, at ten dollars a head, was a full house, overflowing onto the stage, and reportedly including members of the coterie who had come from far-off places to catch the event—which, I should add, I unfortunately missed. As the recording bears witness, Short, who came on first, shrewdly and engagingly established the tenor of the affair right at the start with a few light observations that quickly transformed Town Hall into merely a much larger supper club than either he or Miss Mercer had worked before, and one filled with friends and miraculously free of indifferent waiters obstructing the view—into, in fact, a kind of gala at home. This felicitous aura, captured in the recording, informs the entire enterprise and binds it together—a condition not unlike that in the recording of the Goodman band's 1938 Carnegie Hall concert—and I hope it exerts a spell on others besides those of us who have responded to the efforts of these two for so many years.

Short is essentially a party lad, a host with a piano in his hand instead of a glass, a fellow who evokes in his singing and playing all the garrulity and the variety of inflection that one might encounter in a particularly experienced greeter at an informal but definitely high-toned gathering. There behind the piano, with his bassist Beverly Peer and his drummer Dick Sheridan providing knowing accompaniment, he entertains us with blithe and occasional-

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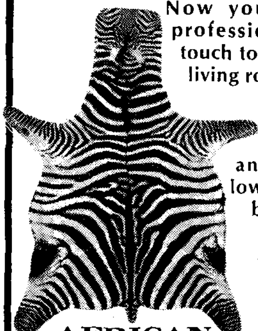

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SCOTTS, *the grass people*

ly sentimental songs from a large repertoire made up mainly of rediscoveries from the past forty or fifty years, a good many of which derive from stage and screen scores. Here, in his part of the presentation, which covers the first of the two records, he gives us twelve such numbers. First, he sails into Cole Porter's effervescent "I'm Throwing a Ball Tonight," a song posthumously discovered in the composer's trunk, with invitations to such bygone figures as Wendell Willkie and F.D.R. and to the staffs of such new sprouts as *Life*, *Look*, *Click*, and *Pic*, and he follows it with three more Porter pieces: "Looking at You," from "Wake Up and Dream," a 1929 revue; "I Love You, Samantha," one of his last, from the movie "High Society" (the audience greets this with all the joy of recognition that is afforded Judy Garland when she launches into "Over the Rainbow"); and "That Black and White Baby of Mine," a new one to me but a whimsey that, it turns out, made its début in "Hitchy Koo," of 1919. He then turns to a pair of Cy Coleman-Carolyn Leigh creations—the very Porterish "When in Rome" and a show tune, "I've Got Your Number," which has won the status of a standard since it was first heard, some seasons ago, in "Little Me." The second side opens with one of Jerome Kern's most interestingly developed tunes, "Bojangles of Harlem," for which Dorothy Fields provided the words. This is followed by Billy Strayhorn's and Duke Ellington's gently affecting "Something to Live for;" "Sand in My Shoes," a tradewindsy old film song that is one of the most popular items in the Short canon (when the Town Hall audience calls for it, he says "Why not?" and does it); an Ivor Novello jest from the distant past called "And Her Mother Came, Too;" "Gimme a Pigfoot and a Bottle of Beer," a work associated with Bessie Smith; and, finally, a very old British piece, "On the Amazon," with a pleasingly fantastic lyric—about "green apostrophes," a "starving equinox," and other jungle menaces—by Clifford Grey, who later became a much sought-after word-man both here and in Hollywood. Short's singing voice is inclined to be gravelly, quavery, and limited in range (he sometimes compensates for the last deficiency with a deft use of falsetto), but, like his piano playing, it is skillfully and imaginatively employed, and his enthusiasm is boundless.

While Short is principally an entertainer, whose turn is guided by show-

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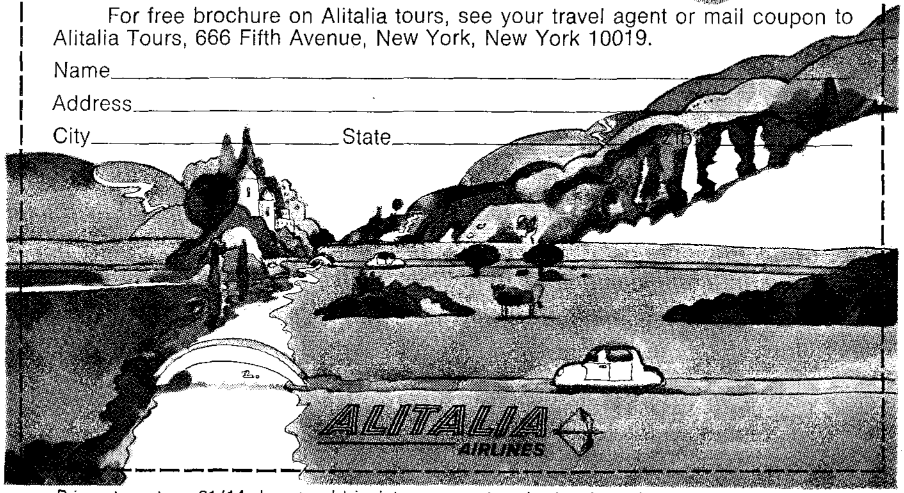

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manship, Miss Mercer is a dedicated high priestess of popular song. His selections seem somehow to be chosen to expand his own personality; hers are a series of miniatures to be sung as accurately and as close to perfection as her art permits. The voice is ravaged by time, but since Miss Mercer's aim is to convey the burden of the song as faithfully as possible, she often simply speaks a phrase, liltingly following the composer's melodic line and cadences—though occasionally she produces some appealing sung phrases as well. Accompanied here by the pianist Jimmy Lyons, she begins her half of the recital with Cole Porter's far from neglected "All of You" (one of his very last successes), and then gives us nine almost totally unfamiliar pieces, a few by relatively unknown writers, before turning to the John Latouche-Jerome Moross "Lazy Afternoon" and, finally, to "Confession," a bit of 1931 audacity by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz out of the revue "The Band Wagon" which has a naughty-but-nice quality that is still, surprisingly, good for bursts of spontaneous laughter from the audience. The in-between songs are mostly sentimental things about young love, the innocence of children, and staying young while all around the world grows old. No fewer than four of them are the work of the aforementioned Cy Coleman, this time in conjunction with lyricists (four of them) other than Miss Leigh, one being the veteran Miss Fields, who did that "Bojangles of Harlem." Her contribution, "You Should See Yourself," is an O.K. bit of direct flattery, but by far the best of the four is one entitled "Isn't He Adorable," in which a girl gushes, but most charmingly, over a passing boy. Coleman, it might be noted here, is still a relatively young, though widely experienced, composer (a trained musician, he spent years heading a jazz-oriented trio of his own, in which he played a dazzling piano, in clubs throughout the land, but lately he has been devoting most of his time to stage and film scores and—a penny here, a penny there—to a music-publishing complex), and this is one of several excellent songs he turned out many years back with his first collaborator, a gifted lyricist named Joseph McCarthy.

The gala closes with Miss Mercer joining Short and his musicians first in Paul Simon's "The Fifty-ninth Street Bridge Song," also known as "Feelin' Groovy," and then in—and why not, as Short might say—"Here's to Us," a musical toast, also by Coleman and Leigh, that ideally tops off the concert.

In a sense, Mabel Mercer and Bobby Short are to the world of popular song what the Met is to opera and the New York Philharmonic is to the symphonic literature—that is, custodians of an art form—though one would have to credit them with generally being much more adventurous than either of those institutions. Oddly, I can't recall ever having heard any Gershwin from either of them. There's no real hurry, though. They'll be around.

—DOUGLAS WATT

• •

DIVORCE

The cat walks over my body in the dark
As if it cared. I can't get out of my mind
That the stars have left tracks on
The floor. I see mating everywhere.

Lately, given to long walks and a certain park,
I have gotten the trees to answer, in a kind
Of finding. When I was little the lawn
Chattered to me through its blades, but bare

Children are allowed all the voices they need.
I should no longer believe in the angels I know
Came down, and would not if they didn't still cling
To the walls and my hands. I decide to survive

My legitimate spouse for the sake of these weeds,
For the love of a cat, constellations, the low
Wild expressions of trees. Before sleep, each night,

I am happy to see the ghosts arrive, bringing
No prerequisites for being alive,
And out of the dark a personal talking light.

—HEATHER MCHUGH

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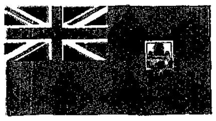

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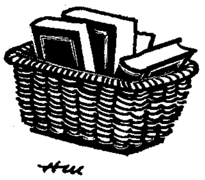
BOOKS

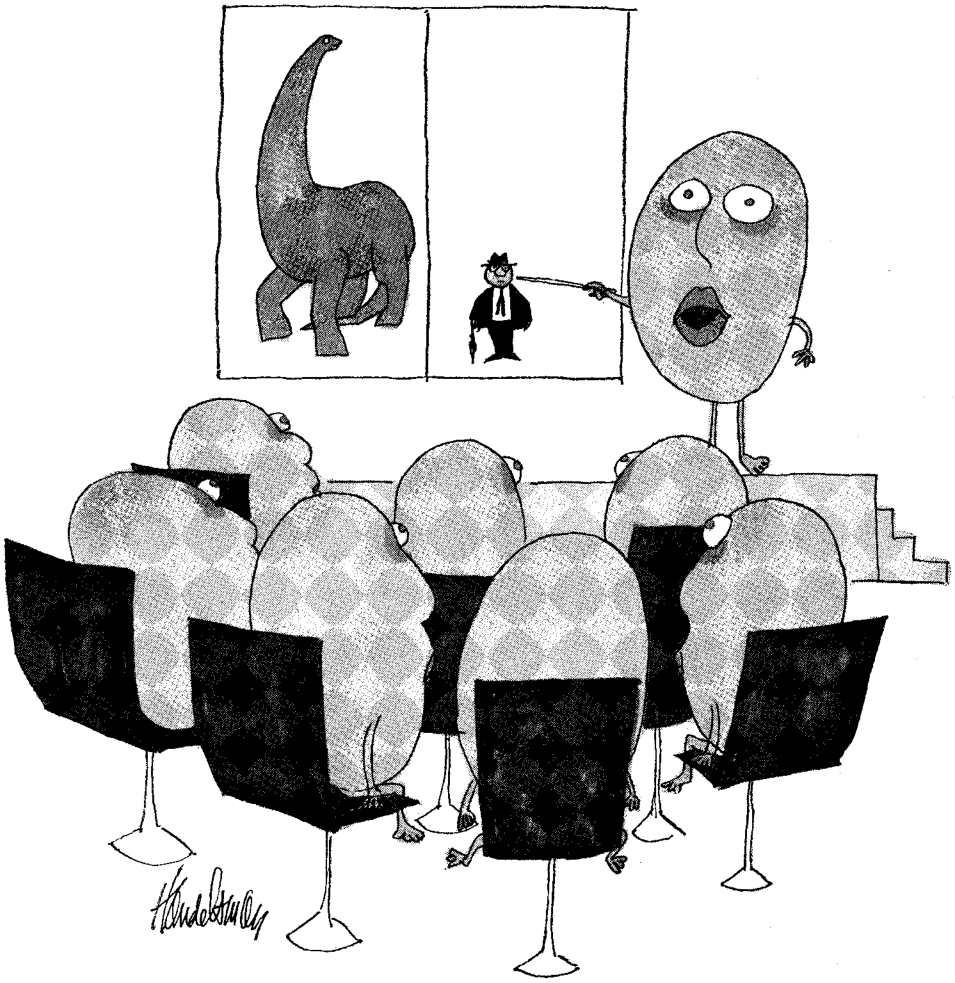
The Other Cost of Living



THE dry-eyed and repressive disguise of the English has worked well for a long time. Not many aliens are allowed to see the amount of anguish and larking in the place. Apart from the Beatles, the front of a rather insensible sort of stoicism can *seem* to be all there is—a high-bred politeness like a rock face, brave and jarring hours of hilarity among commuting men with little enough there to content them, divorce-court reports of starveling marriages lived out by working-class couples who haven't been on speaking terms for twenty years, a large-scale flight into hobbies and obsessive housework, the stony skill in getting-ahead that is chosen as the thing to celebrate about the heroes of cool London's pop-magazine features. The reputation of England as an inhuman country obviously has an element of grinding truth. But an opposite civilization also prospers, less displayed but historically more English. It is violent, demanding, immensely convivial, and not at all resigned to pain. George Beardmore's "Charlie Pocock and the Princess" (Viking) creates it movingly. His book has the fierce good nature and the passionate ethic of the productions of Joan Littlewood.

The novel is told in the first person, and the person is a rent collector's. This is taking a chance, I suppose. It sounds like the offer of a season inside the skull of one of life's customs officials. But Charlie Pocock is liberating company. Like a lot of Englishmen who could be the principal figures of comic novels that are implicitly rather harrowing, he has a permissiveness of temperament deeply at odds with his reproving job. Along with his physical squeamishness, his room for sympathy makes him a buffoon at his calling, for any efficient rent collector in the East End plainly needs a stomach and nerve ends of iron. To hold down the job at all seems to give him a sense of getting away with some farcical slip on the part of authority, for he is on the other side. It is as if he had been handed out a cop's uniform instead of a convict's on his way to the clink. His interest is always furiously aligned with the no-goods whom he is professionally supposed to find a thorn in the flesh, and the immigrants who should strike him as an exhausting threat both energize and please him. He likes their foreignness, just as he likes the warehouses full of slowly ripening bananas from the tropics, and the ropy old buildings full of dockers and Jewish tailors and long-distance vegetable-lorry drivers. The things that affect him about London are what tie many of its citizens there, given a choice: not the miniskirts and Georgian squares but the markets where men swear every other word, the work gangs who spend half the time whistling at girls and drinking hot sweet tea out of tin mugs, the wharves downstream on the Thames where an east wind blowing up from Greenwich can seem to ice one's eyeballs, the old people who carefully line string bags with newspaper to hold scraps scavenged from refuse heaps. Charlie works in a gamy backwater of the city behind Aldgate Pump, in a building that stands over an ancient and reeking artesian well. Old documents in the basement gently turn to mold, and upstairs there are lonely and forgotten people who attend to fusty affairs of conveyancing and titling. He is left much to himself. One of the houses on his route holds a gasworks stoker living incestuously with his sister, and a gravedigger who has two wives; no questions asked. Questions are for the opposite camp and for the proper sort of rent collector. Any inquiring official is an arm of the system that is operated by Them—the police, the landlords, the hospitals that hand you out a bit of medical hope in crisis so as to drive you barmy. Charlie suspects treachery and codswollop in most high places, and would include among those the high-flown theories of the amateur reformers tub-thumping on his own beat. He lands himself in a nasty pub row with an oracular Negro immigrant who severely asks him if he doesn't want to see a better society. Charlie answers, "Not very. It's been going on a long time and I like it as it is, rotten."

His own covert hopes for the future are a very local mixture of the romantic and the blistering. His instinct is always to reach after choices that will defeat prosaicism, and he turns out to be capable of an impractically painful



"As you can see, the creature has evolved. Yet, after one hundred million years, its brain is still quite rudimentary."

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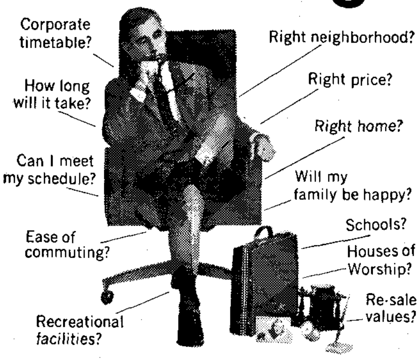
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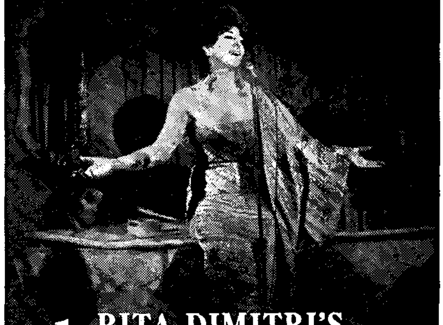

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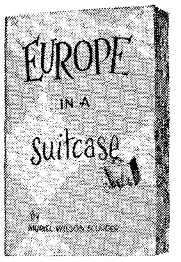

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modern form of courtly love for an Indian fifteen-year-old, but he is also a deep-dyed skeptic and has the strongest belief that passionate emotion should never last more than three minutes. Like most of the population, he regards life in general as a long and blue joke in terrible taste. The most base gag that a blundering creation has yet played on him is his wife. He sees her as rarely as possible. She is a whist-playing, churchgoing, house-proud old bag who allows him near her in a spirit of ghastly duty laced with worse girlishness. Though she says she misses him, he suspects that what she really misses is the sight for the neighbors of a chap clocking in at six o'clock every night. She seems to make him feel netted, like Gulliver, and held down with tent pegs. By a flamboyant stroke of poor timing on the part of fate, he has no sooner narrowly stopped himself floundering into bed with her again than he finds himself cuckolded by a suitor primly called, to Charlie's pleasure, J. M. Simpson. The divorce is easy, and the missus can keep the furniture: "Who in hell wants to be lumbered with furniture? Half the burden on Christian's back was his wife's dressing table."

The things Charlie likes and hates in women become the moral expression of the book. He cares very much for his sister, because she puts up with a lot and because she is without malice. She is a tired, funny woman called Agnes, with a husband who generally has his huge hands inside a radio set while cigarette ash drops into the works. They have a horde of children, whom she dotes on, but her sons die one by one in babyhood because she is afflicted by some undiagnosable capacity to pass on a chemical flaw. Charlie *pretends* to loathe the noisy kids and calls them "the enemy" to himself, but her plight makes him sick at heart. He is also very fond of a girl friend called Florrie, a jolly woman who was a juggler's assistant and trapeze artist before she got bombed out, lost her looks, and came down to a life of select prostitution—a job that she rather undermines by her Robin Hood attitude to getting paid. Most of all, he loves the fifteen-year-old Devi, black-haired, attentive, smooth as a fish. She comes of an Indian group that he has always felt for. He likes their ferocious hawk faces, out of tune with their timid spirits. When Devi's mother dies, extinct of a sickness of Hindu inanition in the ambitious city, the male relatives fail to cope and the child is left to Charlie's yearning mercy. He stokes her up with kippers and gammon, after sausages-and-mash, which the ravenous child has never had in her life: he can hardly credit it. He tries to quench his impossible fantasies about her by recollecting "something nice" or by making a plan to knock off work early and go to the pictures. To speculate about the cops' interpretation of his role gives him nightmares. She is no more to him than a Welsh spaniel asleep on the end of his bed, but who would believe that? He does his best to persuade her to go to school, but she doesn't like English schools "because they're full of black boys and girls." Even in his rapture with her, his ear occasionally picks up a warning bleep of the cautiousness he most hates. It will sometimes strike him, for a vile second, that she is without imagination and possesses only accuracy, which is excellent in rent collectors but dismal in a beloved. Like Lolita with Humbert Humbert, she can make him writhe. He is in a plaguing grip. She has already put him in a medieval vise with his love for someone unattainable, and then he tightens the screws himself by feeling a modern doubt about whether his poetic-eyed lady may not be dreaming only of keeping house. Risking the romantic's course, he packs in his job and expensively turns himself into a travel courier so as to earn money for Devi to go to the boring school that will please her. Over the years, he sends her postcards from stops on his achingly jovial tours. The cards carry grave private jokes and inventions about being Her Royal Highness's subject, but the princess replies practically, with the leaden acumen of child film stars, and slowly turns into an unbearable little climber. She becomes a movie actress, flies from place to place charming the air of hotel rooms, extracts the ritual professional toll of others with nervous crises, and indifferently marries Charlie when she is in extremity, for the bare reason that he is rapt enough to do it. He has the remaining wit to keep his hands off her. When his sister dies, he finds a better family for himself in the wreck by taking on the children. Devi sends them a present now and again from location, going through the actress's mime of being a family woman at heart. She gets Fortnum & Mason to deliver a three-foot cracker with a

le-Tan

pearl necklace inside it, brought to the door of a house full of drying laundry and half-eaten bowls of porridge turning to fossil on the stairs.

The last page is one of the few places where Mr. Beardmore's quizzicality goes out of pitch. Instead of letting Charlie tear away into a rather forced spiel of mock-rhetoric addressed to Devi's future victims, perhaps the author should have ended with her present-giving. But "Charlie Pocock and the Princess" finds a technically interesting way of writing a modern love quest without soupiness, and it is also a very nice book—funny, generous, black enough, alert to wounds, energetic. In England, it was called "Charlie Pocock and His Indian Bride." Why the change? Because princesses are good for sales? Because Indian brides are bad for them?

John Gooding's "People of Providence Street" (Viking) expresses another England altogether. It is a pinched and sensationally cranky place that seems to allure a good many witty novelists now—in fact, I'm not sure they haven't slightly made it up—and it induces books that are strikingly of a kind. They are always acidly funny, though without much amplitude of spirit, and nearly always about lower-middle-class people depicted as genteel vestiges ruled by surprising and musty obsessions that explode into coyly arcane violence. The tone of the accounts may sound tart, but at the same time they often wallow in a particular kind of Christian archness, and the prose is generally lousy with ellipticism—not the racked silences of Evelyn Waugh but simply gaps, self-dramatizing and occult, like the delays of a medium waiting for a signal from the hereafter before squeezing hands under the table. The skulking satanism of the oddball characters is never made really recognizable. What one *can* recognize, from many books of the sort, is the authors' own skulking glee in innuendo and their mincing exploitation of oddness. This is where mandarin writing has fled to in English fiction since the rude revolution of the fifties; the fact that the settings tend to be the muscly provinces doesn't really make the books any more robust. It is typical of the whole hinting genre that Mr. Gooding's very bright first novel doesn't actually say which bit of the provinces he means.

The heroine, called Tue because her father fancied his French and thought of her as the *tueuse* of the mother who died of her birth, is having a break-

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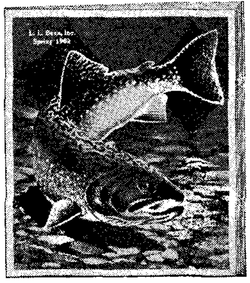

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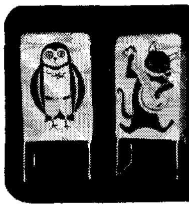

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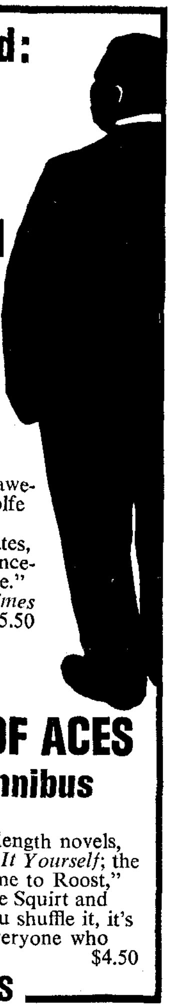
down on the first page. On that page, though, she has no name. She is "the woman." It makes you pine rather for the irretrievable openings of Russian novels: "Mr. X, a man of medium height with a bony nose and an inquisitive expression, had lately resigned as a postal clerk and taken over the administration of the drains." Tue, who is a faceless girl, feels awful about her mother. This is partly why her mind has blown, though there is more to it than that. Out of guilt, she tries to make herself look ugly in sexual situations (the analyst's signals stick up from this book like the arms of the bright kids in arithmetic). And out of dumbness, mostly, she lays herself out to charm two plainly cannibal women because she wants another mother. The hash she has made of the choice is another part of the breakdown. One of the candidates is a ratty religious fanatic who works in the local public library and esteems herself as an enthusiast for Eng. Lit., though the writers of it anger her. She is also a vegetarian, a bully who eats underdogs for breakfast, and a believer in reincarnation. She states that the previous embodiments of her strong personality included both insect and animal forms, and also a defrocked monk led into sin by a serving girl. Tue's other contender, who is already a practicing mother of an alarming sort, is a buccaneering woman with a twee way of talking and the tastes of a Beelzebub. She gives a fancy-dress orgy that makes voodoo look like cucumber sandwiches. Tue comes dressed up as a private in khaki and boots, and goes into a trance in some state of militaristic possession. As in a good many other scenes, there is something here about the frenzy of the book that seems jacked-up and unkind to the characters.

But though the narrative is daft, and though Tue is a cipher, the barbed descriptions of the surrogate mothers can be authentically funny. Mr. Gooding is a young academic, and I'm not sure that the material of a sulphurous farce about dons doesn't lie buried in the two women as they make their competitive references to one another and climb onto their loopy hobbyhorses. The ambitious librarian, who scents a rival to herself even in Shakespeare and who once tore up "Moll Flanders" in a pet, has a fine diatribe about Joyce and "Ulysses," which she finds Teutonic: "If he had honestly announced it as a Teutonic book I should not have objected so violently." Some pages have the real tang of the outer lunacies of Oxford. And there are irresistible passages of dialogue



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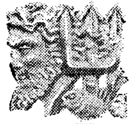

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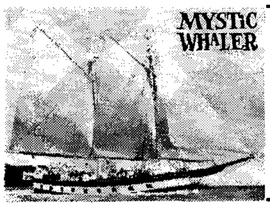

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in which the strained book suddenly starts to freewheel into conversations between people determined not to understand one another and talking at cross-purposes. The sound comes close to a pastiche of great scholars paying no heed to one another at High Table.

I think it is partly the emphases of the book that make it seem affected and trumped up. They feign a deep concern about behavior that has actually been depicted as far more potty than troubled. The two older characters are belittled by the fancifulness lent by the tone of the book, which obscures the fact that they are not far from belonging to an interesting social reality. Some of their winsome attributes are actually quite close to the characteristics that were the motor power of personal betterment in nineteenth-century England—snobbery, contentiousness, the Protestant pride in sects, the compound arrogance endowed by the mixture of business grasp and mysticism, the habit of crushing and consuming weak intimates for the benefit of one's own character drive—and a version of the tradition is still horribly dynamic, particularly in the industrial towns of the North. The author's instinct to diminish his monsters' energies into quirkiness and to take them away from a background into a miniaturized limbo where nothing they do has any felt significance may say something about his sensitivity to the atmosphere of academic England, for the university towns and a good slice of the intelligentsia are full of clever men and women who painfully consign themselves in company to overexhibiting passionate interest in things that don't truly matter to them. An American economist friend of mine, lunching with a tableful of brilliant Treasury officials whom he longed to talk to on their subject, spent the first two courses listening to an excited discussion of fretwork, and the pudding to a quarrel about the humane age to import tortoises. What English intellectuals often have to struggle with now isn't the touted anxiety that their country has been made trivial by loss of Empire but a much older nervous tic of trivializing themselves.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ANGELS IN THE SNOW, by Derek Lambert (Coward-McCann). The theme is sad, and the picture is grimly significant, but all in all this is a jolly novel, and long enough to take

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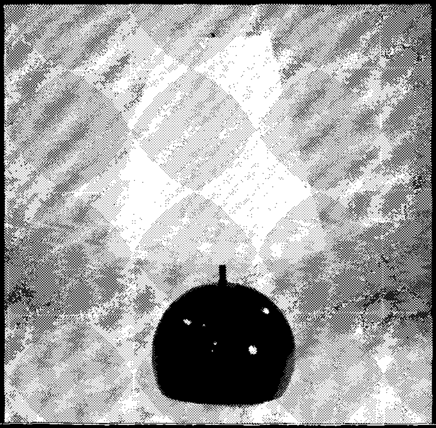

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up the slack of a week of winter nights. It is the story of the year 1967 in Moscow, told mainly from the points of view of two diplomats—a thirty-nine-year-old American named Luke Randall, and a twenty-three-year-old Englishman named Richard Mortimer. Both Randall and Mortimer have unhappily complicated private lives, and one of them, truly unlucky, becomes mixed up in the kind of situation all embassies try to avoid. The untiring and spiteful strength of petty intrigue is heavy in the atmosphere, and so is the common desire for romance, and the common desire for peace and for reassurance, and the not so common yearning for freedom. Mr. Lambert has a sure hand with detail. His portrait of two Russian children terrified by the sight of a street accident, and another portrait of a homesick Cockney who sells his soul for the chance to see London again, are not easily forgotten. The writing is direct and flat and quite free of inner meanings, and also of flourishes, and it is exactly right for the really complete, closely packed story Mr. Lambert tells.

THIS IS THE CASTLE, by Nicolas Freeling (Harper & Row). Mr. Freeling seems all at sea and trying very hard to be at home in this underdone tale of a rich, popular novelist who lives with his family and his secretary-mistress in a castle in France. The novelist, Dutheil, is a capricious man, whose beautiful wife and three handsome children are merely materializations of four of his fancies. The mistress never materializes, in spite of her regulation mousy hair and sallow skin, and the servants never materialize, either, even when they are addressed directly, even when they do their work. Dutheil's publisher materializes rather nicely, perhaps because he is accompanied by a celebrated American journalist seeking an interview. With the arrival of these two, the situation at the castle changes from being domestic to being social, although it remains at a standstill. There is no plot. The publication of a book as conceitedly passive as this novel of Mr. Freeling's forces one to observe, wistfully, that if writers have *nothing* to say they should *say* nothing.

A HIDDEN LIFE, by Autran Dourado, translated from the Portuguese by Edgar H. Miller, Jr. (Knopf). The orphaned Biela, a peasant girl from the Brazilian backlands, is wrenched

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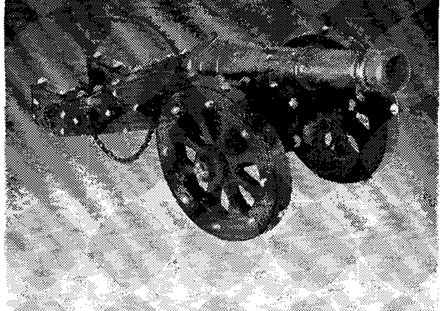

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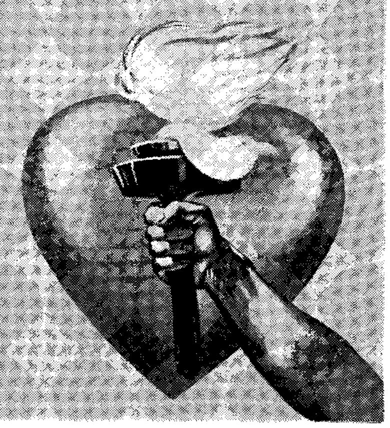

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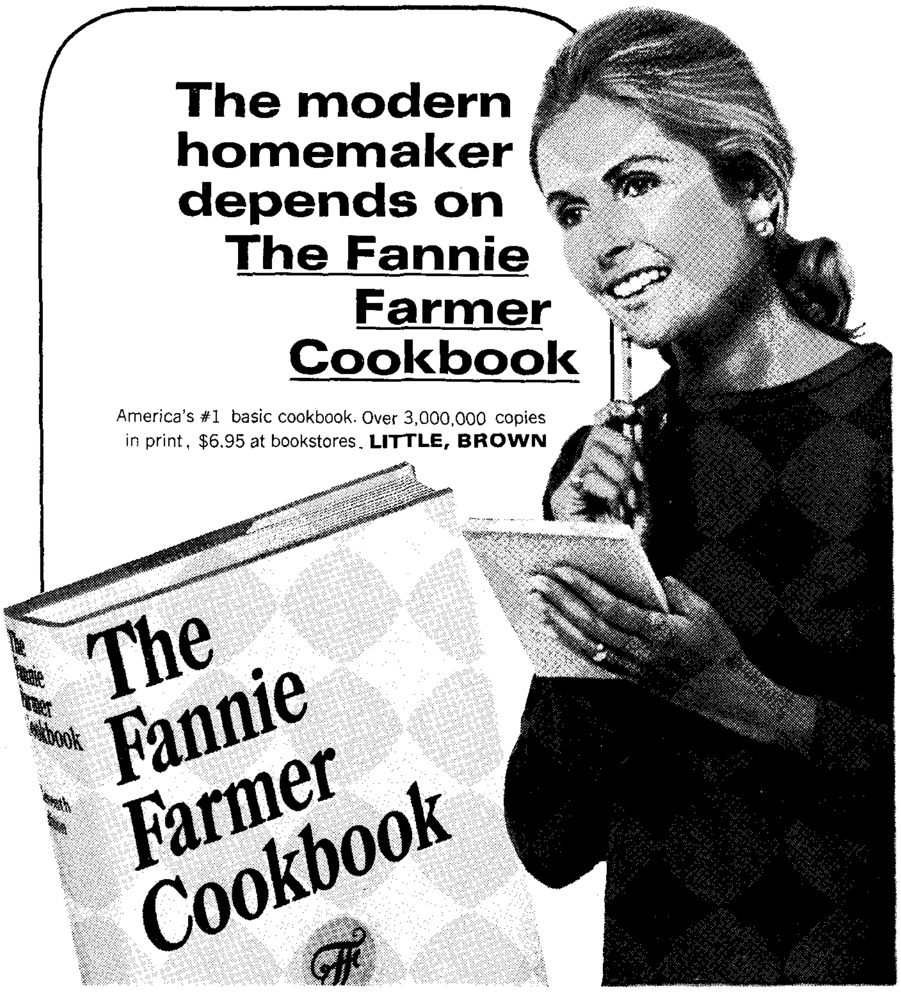
from the familiar world of her father's farm and sent to live with sophisticated urban cousins. The change is almost crushing, but after trying briefly and vainly to emulate their ways she finds her own method of adjusting to her new environment—by living as a servant. She thus sacrifices her tenuous claim to a place in society, and can attach her powerful affections only to painfully unsuitable objects. Unfair as a comparison to Flaubert's "Un Cœur Simple" may be, the tale of a simpleminded peasant woman living and loving in alien surroundings has already been perfected. Pathos demands more skillful treatment than this.

NOTE: Knopf has published "The Love Object," a collection of short stories by Edna O'Brien, most of which were first printed in these pages.

GENERAL

SCOTTSBORO: A TRAGEDY OF THE AMERICAN SOUTH, by Dan T. Carter (Louisiana State University Press). The celebrated case began—as, thanks to Professor Carter, we can now easily see—with a simple fact: in 1931 nine Southern Negro youths were untruthfully accused of rape by two small-town tarts. The struggle to save their lives was complicated, through trials and retrials, by the intervention of the Communist Party, whose activities in the case confused many Americans. (No wonder—since, as the author shows, the Party itself was confused by changing lines from Moscow.) This detailed, unembellished, utterly engrossing history is a work of clarification, and the author's ability to make the reader aware of so much—from the individuality of each of the nine victims, to the social structure of rural Alabama, to what we would now call the level of black power (or powerlessness) in the North—is remarkable.

ANOTHER WAY OF LIVING: A GALLERY OF AMERICANS WHO CHOOSE TO LIVE IN EUROPE, by John Bainbridge (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Mr. Bainbridge goes to work on an interesting phenomenon—Americans who live in Europe by choice, not necessity. Some of his subjects are famous (Princess Grace); most are not. Whoever they are, he lets them tell their own stories. The result is better than gossip and more entertaining than sociology—a sparkling book that radiates hon-



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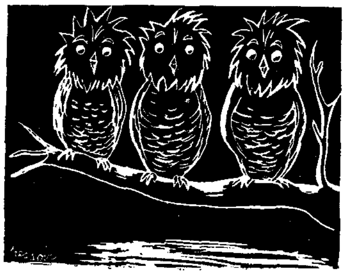

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esty and high spirits. The gallery's star, by the way, is Mrs. Melvin Frank, a woman who hates living abroad. (Her husband loves it.) She may be the funniest woman alive, and Mr. Bainbridge just lets her go on until her hilarious turn is done.

THE PENANCE WAY, by Merton Naydler (Morrow). The story of the two young Englishmen, David Johnstone and John Hoare, who set out on May 21, 1966, to row a fifteen-foot boat called Puffin from America to England and were lost at sea in Hurricane Faith a hundred and six days later. It is a tale remarkable in all its aspects, from Johnstone's magnificent conception of the harebrained scheme to the almost miraculous salvaging of the Puffin five months later, and the recovery of Johnstone's journal of the voyage. This document, in which he wrote down the day-to-day details of a truly terrifying ordeal with a superb phlegm that brings the diary of Robert Falcon Scott to mind, is the core of the book and should have its place in the annals of quixotic heroism. Mr. Naydler, a small-boat sailor, a good writer, and a friend of the two who was in on the early preparations for the voyage of the Puffin, has put the whole narrative together and offers a revealing commentary at the end. A memorable book. Maps and photographs.

THE STRANGLERS: THE CULT OF THUGGEE AND ITS OVERTHROW IN BRITISH INDIA, by George Bruce (Harcourt, Brace & World). Thuggee was a secret hereditary religious sect whose members, called Thugs, supported themselves and propitiated their ferocious deity, the Goddess Kali, by robbery following murder (always ritualized strangulation). It flourished for many centuries in India until around 1848, when it was suppressed, almost singlehanded, and in little more than a decade, by a resolute, multilingual British magistrate in Jubbulpore named Captain (later Major General Sir) William Sleeman. This book is a detailed account of that feat. The subject is unquestionably a curious one, but not, perhaps, curious enough to support the mass of data—letters, reports, courtroom transcripts—in which Mr. Bruce embeds it. Illustrated with contemporary drawings and a map.

WORKING AND THINKING ON THE WATERFRONT: A JOURNAL, JUNE, 1958-MAY, 1959, by Eric Hoffer (Harper & Row). Mr. Hoffer, the attractive sage and longshoreman, kept this diary for nearly a year when he was between books. It is filled with entertaining literary and intellectual trial balloons. Many are speedily punctured by the author, for whenever—as sometimes happens when an original thinker talks to himself—Hoffer seems to be getting cranky, Hoffer reminds Hoffer of the perils and limitations of solitary thought.

EVA BRAUN: HITLER'S MISTRESS, by Nerin E. Gun (Meredith). The documentation of this biography is the author's say-so alone, but he has obviously done a good bit of legwork and cross-checking. What he has emerged with is a tale of such stunning banality as to be almost beyond disbelief. Eva Braun was the ordinary girl extraordinary—ordinarily pretty, of ordinary background, ordinarily intelligent, ordinarily vulgar, and so on—who created for her Führer the atmosphere he wanted: low-key petty bourgeois in a grotesquely opulent setting. Berchtesgaden was not a court of fools or of knaves; it was a court of bores. Full description of dullness, of course, is catching for a reader; what keeps him pressing on in this case, once he has decided that no run-of-the-mill journalist could invent such an ambience, is unceasing wonder at the human personality, and speculation about the kind of man who could spend evening after evening with a small circle of feather-brains and then retire to his study to cook up the schemes that Adolf Hitler did. Photographs.

NOTE: Edward Jay Epstein's "Counterplot," a study of the Garrison investigation in New Orleans, has been published by Viking. Much of the book originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

•

ANTI-AFFLUENT GROUP TO MEET WEDNESDAY

The new Anti-affluent Association of Washoe County will meet Wednesday at 8 P.M. at the Jubilee Club on Highway 395 South.

The group plans to elect officers and formulate plans to halt the dumping of affluent from Incline Village into Washoe Lake.

The association is composed of residents of Washoe Valley, Steamboat and Hidden Valley.—*Reno Gazette.*

Well, they make more sense than the Anti-poverty crowd.

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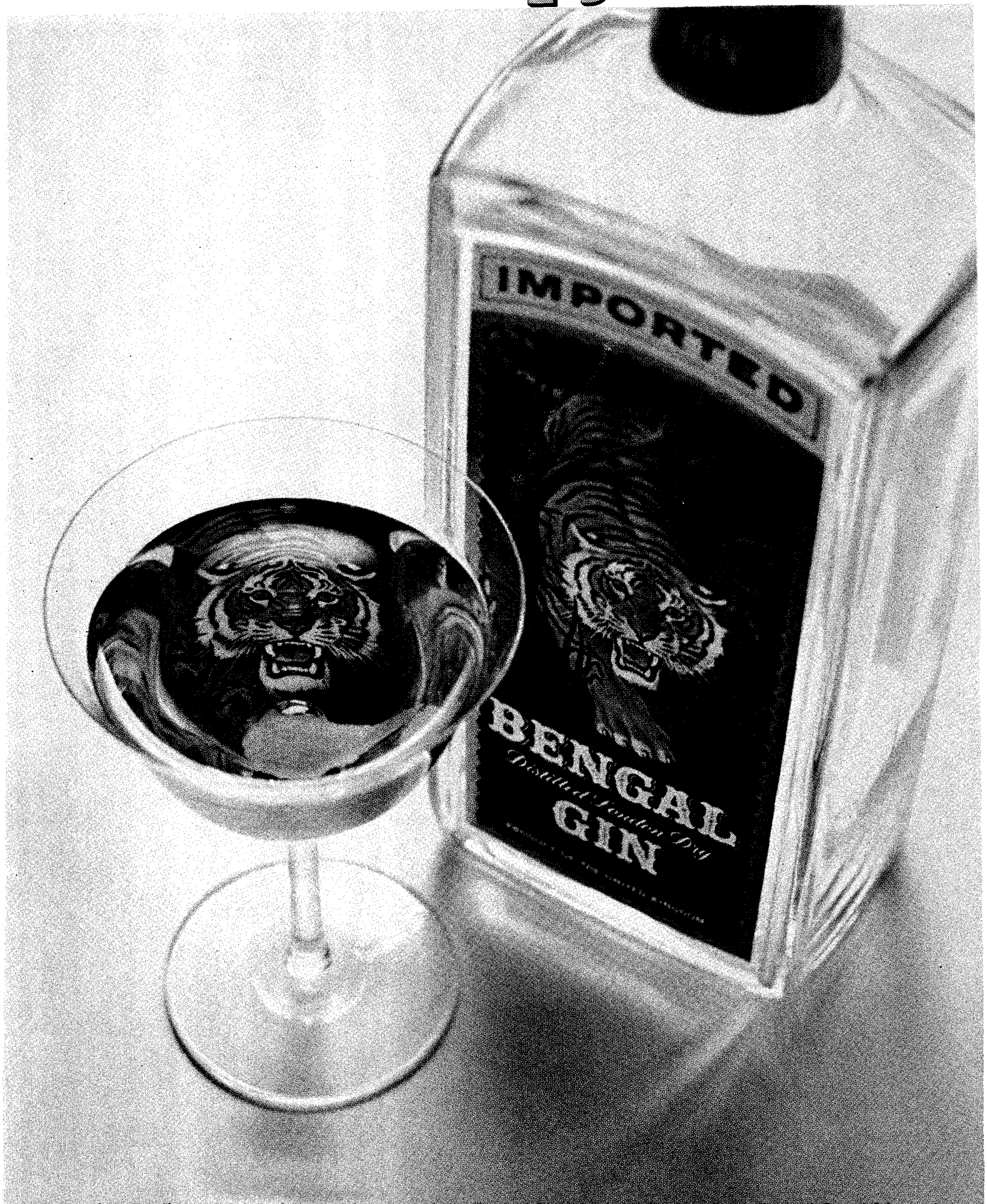
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